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GREECE AND THE GREEKS.

THE NARRATIVE OF

A WINTER RESIDENCE AND SUMMER TRAVEL

IN

GREECE AND ITS ISLANDS.

88567

BY

FREDRIKA BREMER.

TRANSLATED BY

MARY HOWITT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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ATHENS, *August 5th*, 1859.—It is impossible to describe the splendour of the sunset on the evening when I left Constantinople. It is impossible to paint the pomp of the spectacle upon which the sun poured floods of golden light. The shores of the Golden Horn, the hills of the Bosphorus, the mosques and minarets of Stamboul, Aja Sophia, towering aloft from the green parks of the Seraglio Point, above all Scutari, the Turkish city, the ancient Chrysopolis, or the Golden City, which reflected the image of the sun from a hundred thousand windows; everything shone, everything *blazed* out in an indescribable pomp of colouring, whilst the European steamer (Lloyd's) was steaming away from the Imperial City of the East, and rushing through the waters of the Sea of Marmora.

I know not when I ever beheld a more splendid scene

—a scene richer in colour. This glowing farewell glance of the East caused me to disregard the summons of the meal-time bell—of which none on board besides myself were unobservant—to disregard my hunger, everything, except the fairyland-like beauty of the hour and the scene.

And thou, which art now also nearing thy setting, thou, the great power of the East, oh, mayst thou set like this thy glorious sun! A new phœnix will then preserve thy corpse, amidst fragrant herbs, in the Temple of the Sun, and all will forgive thy sins, and praise thee for all the goodness and the greatness which once were thine!

The scene changes. The shades of twilight envelope the surrounding country. All its splendours are past; the shores become gloomy; we rush onward upon the Sea of Marmora, and I go down to take my dinner.

The following day we advance in sunshine through the Dardanelles, and then cross the Ægean Sea. The wind is strong, and the waves, crested with foam, are full of light and power. Old Neptune is still alive—still retains his Olympian youth. Behind us disappear into the receding distance the celebrated islands of Samothrace, Lemnos, and the rest. On the right hand we discern Mount Athos on the horizon—the holy mountain of the Greeks—populated with monks, on the shore of Macedonia. Towards evening the free islands of Greece rise from the bosom of the glancing sea, like twilight shadows. The night voyage is stormy. In the morning we lie-to on the shore of Hellas, in the excellent Attic harbour, the Piræus. "Porto Leone" has nothing of its former glory. Its shores are low, its buildings insignificant. But great memories surround it with the names of Salamis and Psyttalia, Themistocles and Aristides, and at an hour's distance from the harbour lies

Athens, the Acropolis and Parthenon of which we have already caught sight of at the entrance.

A crowd of small boats surround our vessel, and a whole swarm of fishers of men, in white tunics, (fustanelles) and red fezzes—the handsome national costuem of Greece—besiege our vessel, clambering up its sides. They are driven back with cuffs and blows by the crew, and drop down into their little boats, but directly afterwards clamber up again with as much agility as cheerfulness.

I allow myself, after due consideration, to be caught by one of the fishing fustanelled men; and then, under the guidance of Signor Spiro, betake myself in a boat to the shore, and thence in a carriage set out on my way to Athens.

I had so often heard the aridness of the plain, on which Athens lies, spoken of, that I was surprised to find myself driving through richly verdant vineyards and olive-groves, which become ever more and more frequent the nearer you approach the city, and which occupy the entire middle of the long and broad extent of valley surrounded by hills. On the right Hymettus, on the left the long stretch of Parnassus, with its bare summits; at the lower end Mount Pentelicus. Every object is bathed in light. Aloft, before us, stands the Acropolis on its rock foundation, the ancient citadel of the gods, with the expression of a dethroned monarch, but a monarch still, as Œdipus, or as King Lear. Reverence and sorrow are awakened at the same time by its aspect. But at its feet, as if in its vast shadow, arises the young Athens, with cheerful white houses and verdant gardens, extending itself between the rocky plateau of the Acropolis and the pyramidal rock of the Lycabettus, encompassed by the ever-verdant olive-girdle of the mother-city, ruined temples, and sacred

places. The heavens are beaming above in cloudless splendour, and the wind blows—only too strongly. We drive along in a cloud of dust.

We enter the city by a miserable street of ever increasingly miserable dwellings at the foot of the Acropolis, evidently the remains of the Turkish-Greek city. We soon, however, leave them, and enter upon handsome streets with houses of the modern European style. In one of these—the Hôtel d'Angleterre—I take up my residence, amidst all the comforts which I can desire. The peculiar pointed rock, Lycabettus, with its little chapel on the summit, rises at no great distance. From the spacious balcony facing the square—Socrates Square, as it is called, a large square, the greater part of which is, however, yet unbuilt—you have a glorious view over the vale of Athens.

August 8th.—Storm and heat have depressed me, both soul and body, during these first days of my residence here. The street in which the hotel stands, is called Eolus Street, and at its upper end, nearest to the Acropolis, there is an old tower half-sunk into the ground, which is called the Tower of the Winds, ornamented with somewhat clumsy marble bas-reliefs of the afore-named boisterous gentry, the Winds. I could be tempted to believe that the old Eolus actually lived in the tower, and had turned out all his sons adrift over Athens during the last few days, for more violent tempests I have scarcely ever had any experience of. The air has been like a cloud of smoking dust. I have only made one attempt to go out.

Yesterday, Sunday, the storm having at length abated, I attended the German Protestant worship which is held every Sunday for Queen Amalia in the Chapel Royal.

The singing was good, and the service one of the

most rationally arranged which I have seen anywhere. The congregation took an active part in it; the time it occupied was short, but the whole was full of vitality and instruction. The Queen was present during worship, in a seat at the end of the chapel, and behind the congregation, so that she could not be seen by them.

The appearance of the clergyman, and his unassuming delivery, created a desire in my mind to make his acquaintance. I sought him out at the close of the service, and found him to be a gentleman of very kind manners. He is the Queen's chaplain, by birth a Holsteiner, and his name is Hansen. He had the kindness in the afternoon to accompany me to a place of public resort, lying at about half an hour's distance from the city. The road, which is quite straight, planted with young trees, and called Patissia Road, is a rural continuation of Eolus Street. It is the Athenian's Corso, and here the stranger has an opportunity of seeing the fine and the half-fine world promenading, driving, riding, whilst crowds of smoking and coffee-drinking gentlemen sit outside the cafés by the road-side within the city talking together, and gazing at what goes on around them. At a short distance you hear the joyous sounds of military music, which attract the pleasure-seeking crowd to an open space to the right of the high road, where carriages and pedestrians go round and round a sort of temple from the open arcades of which the melodious sounds proceed. About fifty carriages, and from four to five hundred persons—some of whom are on horseback—are circulating in this manner, saluting one another, and conversing together, and evidently waiting for something. Most of the gentlemen wear the handsome Greek costume—white tunic and red fez, kamasches, with rich embroidery and tassels, together with a kind of jacket, also richly embroidered with gold and silver; which costume is especially becoming to

them, and gives to their action and bearing a peculiar and somewhat theatrical grace. Many of the ladies also wear the red fez, which is more becoming to them than the European bonnets. I saw, however, amongst them few handsome faces, and no figures of any remarkable elegance.

An officer in waiting, who came riding up at full gallop, and a general movement which took place in the crowd, showed that what they were all waiting for was now immediately at hand. Very soon, therefore, came riding up at a hand gallop, a gentleman in the Greek, and beside him a lady in the European costume, accompanied by several persons, amongst whom I noticed a pretty sylph-like girl in the Greek dress. They rode into the pleasure-taking circle, in the midst of whom they stopped. It was their Majesties of Greece, King Otho and Queen Amalia.

King Otho looks remarkably handsome when he makes his salutation; the manner of the Queen is prouder and less beautiful. She sits excellently on horseback, but the riding-dress, and particularly the hat, were not, I think, becoming to her. After having sat quietly within the circle of equally quietly standing spectators for about ten minutes, the Royal couple rode on with their attendants, and immediately afterwards the crowd dispersed with incredible rapidity over the music square. The crowd appears to assemble there every Sunday simply for a rendezvous with Royalty. The mutual pleasure, however, of the meeting did not appear to me to be very great, for there was no exchange of greetings, and the King and Queen conversed only together. The scene would have been beautiful if there had been a little more cordiality in it; as it was, it appeared to me dry and unmeaning.

On our return to Athens I enjoyed the view towards

the sea and the beautiful evening light which rested upon it, and the Islands, amongst which Ægina stands out with rocks of a noble monumental form.

Monday Evening.—Eolus having been pleased to-day to shut up his unruly children, I was able quietly to ascend the Acropolis, where Mr. Hansen had the kindness to accompany me. For the many who, like myself, have but an indistinct conception of this celebrated place, I will mention that the name signifies the Lofty, or the loftily situated city; that every city of ancient Greece had its Acropolis, which constituted its fortress, and was the place where its most important treasures and memories were contained, as well as also being the place of refuge to which the population of the city and the neighbourhood fled in the stern necessities of war.

The Acropolis of Athens is a rock, which, plateau-like, rises directly from the plain. The walls, a portion of which are still in good preservation, surround its upper edge. Within these are a great many ruins of vast ancient buildings. The largest and best preserved are those of the three celebrated temples—the Parthenon, or the Virgin, dedicated to Minerva; the Erechtheion, to the ancestor of Theseus, the hero-king Erechtheus; and Niké, dedicated to the Goddess of Victory, of whom a beautiful image in bas-relief still adorns the lovely little temple. In the Temple of the Erechtheion, still distinguished for the perfection and beauty of its statues (caryatides), and other ornaments, you are shown the spot on which Neptune and Pallas-Athena are said to have contested for the dominion of the city. Neptune struck the ground with his trident and caused a salt-spring to burst forth. Minerva caused an olive-tree to shoot up from the earth, and the inhabitants of the city were wise enough to choose the giver of the tree of peace as the

protectress and legislator of the city, but which, in the meantime, did not prevent their living in perpetual feuds. But such was the custom of the age. Nevertheless the people of Athens, beyond any other nation of that time, knew how to value the arts and the beautiful achievements of peace. The spot where the salt-water fountain and the olive-tree sprung forth within the Temple of Erechtheus is now distinguished by deep fissures, which extend far into the earth. But the fountain and the tree have both vanished, if indeed they ever existed there. Of the magnificent colonnades and friezes of the Parthenon, sufficient yet remains entire to exhibit the grand and noble proportions of the Temple, and the splendid propylæa, or entrances to the Temples of the Gods, stand with their steps and colossal columns, as a worthy image of Grecian culture in the Acropolis of the world's history.

The view seen through the uppermost columns of the propylæa over the plain in the direction of the Piræus, towards the sea and the islands, consoled me after the painful effect produced on my mind by seeing the destruction within the edifice itself. For it is not Time which has inscribed its solemn, silent *memento mori* on this great work of antiquity: the hand of Time sanctifies whilst it casts down, heals whilst it smites, and causes new beauty to arise on the sepulchres of the departed. No; it is the blind, savage madness of man which has here ravaged and devastated; it is ignorance and violence which have trampled under foot the works of Solon, of Pericles, and Phidias! Well may the bird of Minerva lament and moan through the stillness of night amongst the ruins of the Parthenon; for the condition of the sacred edifice presents one of the saddest spectacles of the triumph of barbarism over the realm of wisdom and beauty. You wander up there through

an actual chaos of broken and shattered ornaments, hands, feet, heads, draperies, columns, altars, friezes.* It is not until lately that the attempt has been commenced to bring this chaos into order, and to save from total destruction everything that can be saved, as well as to clear away the masses of rubbish which in so many places cover up these magnificent works of art. The Turks had erected here a harem, a mosque, and a powder-magazine. During the last siege a bomb-shell was thrown into the powder-magazine, which blew it up, together with the surrounding buildings, and also hurled to the ground many of the columns of the Parthenon and the Erechtheion. Yet better have ruins, than such Turkish erections on the rock of the Acropolis. From that which yet remains of the fallen dwellings of the gods, it is easy to form an idea of their beauty, and of the feelings which must have animated the great lawgivers of Athens, when from the Temple colonnades of the lofty city they looked abroad over the

* Lord Elgin's plunder—by permission of the Turkish Power—of many of the most beautiful ornaments of the Parthenon, though not to be classed with the deeds of Vandalism, because it tended much more to the preservation than the destruction of these master-works, has nevertheless very justly called forth the indignation or lamenting protestations of noble-minded Philhellenists who demand the restoration of the works of Greece for the benefit of Greece. Greece herself, bleeding and exhausted after her efforts in the War of Liberation, was unable to assert her right to her own treasures. This she feels at the same time that she suffers all the pain of her loss. These feelings have found expression in the touching story which was current in Athens when one of the five beautiful caryatides from the Pandroseum was removed down into the city in order to be carried thence to England. "The four remaining girls" (caryatides), it was said, "were heard lamenting aloud, and were answered by the equally lamenting voice of their stolen sister from the city below." The genius of poesy lives still amongst the ruins of Athens.—*Author's note.*

glorious landscape below, and thought upon the grandeur and honour of Athens. But does not the spirit of Pallas-Athena float anew over the country where she first planted the olive, where land and sea embrace each other, eternally lovely and sun-illumined, and where the young Athens now raises herself at the feet of the old Athens, with a people who resemble the more ancient in love of liberty, native land, religion, and science?

A cheerful murmur ascended from the new city, which we overlooked from the northern bastion of the Acropolis, and the lovely large butterfly, *le chevalier Grec*, danced in the golden evening sunlight, with his lady, in joyous circles above the marble floor of the Parthenon! The setting sun flooded the whole scene with rose-coloured splendour. It was a glorious evening.

Tuesday the 9th.—Increasing feelings of life and interest! I have spent the evening under the Temple colonnade of Jupiter Olympus, in company with the late Minister of the Interior, Alexander Rangabé—a remarkably small man, but unusually interesting in conversation and agreeable in manners, with a lofty forehead, handsome head, and refined expression—together with his wife, an English lady. Of this Temple, the great work of the Emperor Hadrian, but which is said never to have been finished, there are yet remaining a beautiful group of thirteen Corinthian columns, besides the two standing apart, the third brother of which fell not long since in the shock of an earthquake, and now, surrounded by a railing, is admired as much for the symmetrical grace of its fallen parts as for their colossal proportions.

The Temple stands on a lofty terrace, raised on the margin of the river-bed of the Ilyssus—I say river-bed, because

the river itself is nothing to speak of—and the fountain of Callirrhoe, or the Beautiful. There is now a café on the terrace, around which benches are placed for the use of pleasure-seekers and coffee-drinkers who may be inclined to enjoy here the beauty of the evening and the music of wind instruments, which play modern favourite pieces.

We took our seats amongst the columns of the Temple, refreshed ourselves with excellent ices, and talked about the future of Greece. Professor Rangabé spoke of the ardent patriotism which is displayed both by women and men in Greece, and now, in these days of peace, exhibits itself in Athens by the many beautiful institutions, by the interest which the inhabitants evince in the beautifying of the city, and which causes them to regard every handsome new street, every new good building, even though it may be a private house, as an advantage to all. Furthermore, he mentioned the Greeks' love of science and knowledge. Athens is now, by means of her schools and academies, becoming, as formerly, an attractive central-point for all Greeks, even beyond free Greece. Poor boys, of good families, will often take service as apprentices, or even as servants, in Athens, merely to have the opportunity of attending its schools at the same time. With this there prevails amongst the Greeks of the present day a firm faith in the new future and greatness of Greece, which, if it now and then degenerate amongst the youth to boastfulness and arrogance, has yet most assuredly a prophetic glance as its origin. The great increase of the population and prosperity of Athens within the last ten years indicates a strong vitality. The population of the city is now calculated at about fifty thousand, and new streets and new buildings extend its area daily.

Whilst I was thus listening with heartfelt joy to the

conversation of the learned and amiable ex-Minister of Greece, and his views of the new future which was dawning for Hellas, the full moon rose in splendour, and shining through the columns of the Olympeion, cast around us bold lights and shadows. The gardens of the Aphrodisium rose in boskiness through the mystic twilight along the banks of the Ilyssus; the swifts sent forth their long, continuous twittering from the capitals of the columns above our heads; the music on the terrace below played sweetly, and we saw, in the clear moonlight, groups of people wandering or resting here and there in the open spaces of the Temple, whilst the evening breeze blew deliciously cool.

August 10*th*.—An interesting and instructive day! Let me sketch for you the picture which it has left in my soul!

It was thirty years since—the Greek War of Liberation had just been fought out, and its liberty been won; but its land was desolate, and Athens lay like a ruin at the foot of the ancient stronghold of her divinity. From the heaps of rubbish which covered its open space, rose up a few miserable huts and houses, in which a population of about nine hundred souls sought to sustain life. At that time a young couple, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, sent out by the American Missionary Society, arrived here, from the Free States of North America, and going from house to house, they thus addressed the inhabitants:—

"We have come hither to be of service to you. We wish to open a school in your city, and if you desire that your little children should learn to read, to work, and to acquire useful knowledge there—send them to us; we will take care of them in a fatherly and motherly way!"

The handsome exterior of the young couple, their kind manners, and the promise to communicate *know-*

ledge, a word always precious to the Hellenes, awoke the depressed mind of the people into new life. In the course of three days ninety children were introduced into the Hills' school; a month later, there were three hundred.

In this way was the first school established in the new, free Athens. In a few years the school contained one thousand pupils, of all ages and classes; nor was it any detriment to the undertaking, as regarded the Greeks, that it was founded upon Protestant-Evangelical principles, and that the prayers and hymns of the Evangelical Church were made use of by the pupils there, neither that they there became familiar with the contents of the Bible. For the Greeks are very tolerant towards those whose creeds differ from their own, provided only that their religious opinions are left at peace; but in fact they, in many respects, are much nearer to the Evangelical than the Roman Catholic Church, the papacy and proselytism of which they are afraid of. Besides which, Mr. and Mrs. Hill wisely avoided all controverted religious topics with the children, and instructed them simply in such Christian doctrines, prayers, and hymns as belonged alike to the Christian professors both of the Eastern and the Western Church.

Thirty years have now passed since the first school was opened amongst the ruins of Athens. It still remains, but it has now become a handsome house, with spacious halls for instruction, within a handsome city. It has educated, and it educates to this day, a great portion of the Athenian female youth of all classes, The young couple who established it have become old, but their hearts and their glances have still the fresh vitality of youth. They see grown up around them a race and a city which they have contributed to culture

in the noblest sense of the word; they live in a state of activity, esteemed and beloved in the beautiful realm at whose new birth they stood as sponsors: how should they be other than happy? Both beautiful and happy seemed the good elderly couple to me, when they visited and invited me to their house, that they might impart to me, *the stranger*, a portion of their wealth. For they are affluent, both in experience of life and in their ability to enjoy it.

They have made this day rich in enjoyment, during a dinner at their house, and afterwards a drive in company with them to Daphne and the Bay of Eleusis. We drove directly across the Vale of Attica, through olive-woods, along the Via Sacra,—the same road which formerly went to Eleusis, and of which traces are still visible, partly in the rock-foundations, partly in the pavement along the road. Nitches in the rocks by the road-side indicate the former places of ex-votive worship. When you enter the Pass between the summits of Mount Ægaleos, you leave the Vale of Attica behind you, and find yourself in a mountainous, wooded tract; but the wood is poor, and consists principally of the Aleppo pine, the elegant light-green colouring of which produces a cheerful effect. At Daphne, where anciently stood a temple and a grove, dedicated to Apollo and Daphne,—later a Byzantine church, and now a Greek convent,—you find a great number of broken columns belonging to the oldest temple, together with mosaic work and sarcophagi of the Christian Middle Ages and the Venetian rule in Greece. A couple of old women seemed to be the only inmates of the present convent.

From Daphne, the road—a very good carriage-road, which had hitherto been a continually gradual ascent—begins to descend towards the Bay of Eleusis, over

which one of the most lovely views conceivable opens between the mountains. Arrived at the shore below, you might believe yourself standing on the margin of a Swiss lake, so surrounded is this ocean bay by mountains; but the forms of the mountains here are of a softer character, and less lofty than those of Switzerland. Nevertheless, the vast mountain of Megara rears itself grandly in the back-ground. On the right the sea-shore makes a graceful curve, which the road to Eleusis follows, and the white houses of which are seen exactly opposite on the other side of the bay; on the left lie the Island and Straits of Salamis, the scene of the overthrow of the Persian fleet, and on the opposite side, on the shore of Attica, rises Mount Ægaleos, where the Persian monarch, as it is said, had his golden throne placed, that he might thence conveniently witness the triumph of his fleet, but where he was compelled to behold its defeat. Two thousand years have carried down the fame of this day with the name of Themistocles; but to my mind this day shines more beautifully upon that of Aristides. His victory was twofold.

The country is of idyllian beauty. Grazing herds on the shore, and little fishing-boats on the water, gave animation to the scene, whilst the sun, which descended in quiet grandeur behind the Cape of Eleusis, lit up the shores, the sea, and sky with an enchanting display of colour.

During the forenoon of the same day I had an audience of the Queen. As I do not intend to remain long in Athens, I wished as early as convenient to see the first Queen of Greece, the fame of whose beauty and energy had awakened an interest even amongst us in Sweden. My young friend Mrs. Grant, in Rome, furnished me with a letter to the Baroness von Plüskow,

the Queen's first Lady of Honour, by whom I had been kindly received, and from her, in accordance with my request, I was promised an early presentation to Her Majesty.

I found Queen Amalia to be still very handsome; she is about forty, and her manners are simple, lively, and extremely agreeable, causing you soon to forget that you are conversing with a queen. In figure she is strong, but remarkably well made; her whole appearance indicates health and vigour of mind, her forehead and glance a sound intellect. The expression of womanly grace in the Queen's countenance and manners astonished me, because I had expected the reverse, and it is said that such can be very much the case. Indeed, I know not how it can be otherwise with an energetic nature. She, however, charmed me equally both by her appearance, her friendliness, and her conversation, which on this occasion turned principally on the Greek Church. The Queen spoke of this Church with interest and affection, although she herself belongs to the Lutheran-Evangelical, and she listened with deep sympathy to what I told her of its decline in the East. The Queen, who was dressed in white and black, being in mourning for King Oscar, received me in her private room and invited me to a seat beside her on the sofa. She is, after the Queen Dowager, Carolina Amalia, of Denmark, the handsomest queen I have seen. The active part she takes in the beautifying of Athens, especially by planting both within and without the city, as well as the attention she gives to educational and benevolent institutions, are much commended. So also are her blameless, excellent character and conduct.

I closed the day with Mr. and Mrs. Hill in a small select circle of both Greeks and foreigners. We sat on the piazza of their house, under the shade of the beauti-

ful drooping terebinth tree (*Pinus Mollis*); and in the glorious moonlight and the deliciously cool air, most comfortably enjoyed the refreshments and the conversation. Several of the Greeks, both gentlemen and ladies, spoke French extremely well; Professor Rangabé, whom I had again the pleasure of meeting here, speaks it both correctly and with facility. Our conversation was on Christianity and the Greek Church. Rangabé believes in an approaching higher development of this most ancient Christian Church, which must be preceded by a deepening or a quickening of the feeling for truth and justice. "Has Christ spoken to the world His last word in Palestine? Has He not left it to the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, to declare the Divine consciousness of the regenerated humanity?"

August 15th.—Every day gives me new acquaintance, new interests, new subjects of thought. I feel a kind of alarm at the wealth both of the old and the new which here presses itself, as it were, upon me, and at the short time I have to devote to them, because, if I do not return to my northern home late in the autumn, I yet see no prospect of remaining here over the winter. Life in an hotel is both too expensive and too solitary for me. I require, now more than ever, domestic life and its quiet, animating intercourse, especially in the evenings; and my ignorance of the language of the country closes to me the homes which otherwise would open themselves to me even here.

But I will return to my diary.

On Thursday, the 11th, I drove with Mr. Hansen and his wife to the Queen's country-seat,—*Amalien-ruh'*,—also Heptalophos, or the Seven Springs, a considerable farm which Her Majesty has laid out on a group of hills which stretch between Parnassus and Pentelicus, a good hour's distance from Athens. The house itself,

Pyrgos, or the Tower, containing a few handsome rooms, is inconsiderable, but the barns and out-buildings with their well-housed cattle, their thousands of other four-footed creatures and poultry, are an important establishment. So is also the park, for the whole estate may be called a park of wood-covered hills and luxuriant vineyards. Each hill has its separate name and its own peculiar growth of wood and cultivation. Mulberry trees, pine-trees, cypresses, and many other trees grow here in luxuriance, but the greater part of them are still quite young, and afford no shade. There is a deficiency of running water, although the Queen has had dams and wells dug. The views over the Vale of Athens, towards the city, the Piræus, and the sea, are on all hands open and beautiful. The Acropolis and Lycabettus are magnificent objects. Rhiga Palamedes, the Minister of the Interior, a stout gentleman in a fez and fustanelles, together with some other people, came to see the estate. It is visited almost daily by Greeks from both far and near, who thence obtain good ideas for their own rural undertakings. The Queen herself seldom lets a day pass without driving over and spending a few hours at this favourite place, this scene of her wholesome activity. Late in the evening, as we were driving back to Athens, we met her carriages. The small village of Loxia, with its pretty houses, which stands at a little distance from her estate, and which rejoices in the especial protection of the Queen, has the same beautiful situation as the Amalien-ruh', but it does not seem to flourish like her other plantations.

On the 12th, after dining with the Rangabés, where a whole troop of little Themistocléses and Aristideses gladdened the heart with cheerful anticipations of the hopeful future of Greece, I accompanied the amiable father of the family, and the ex-Minister Christopolos, to the

Temple of Theseus, which lies a little below the Acropolis, and which is the best preserved of all the Athenian ruins. Its magnificent rows of columns, in which not a single column is wanting, although some of them have been shaken by earthquakes, now enclose a museum containing the remarkable antiquities which have been more lately found in the neighbourhood. The most remarkable and the latest found of these is from Eleusis, a large bas-relief in white marble, representing Ceres and Proserpine, who are blessing or consecrating Triptolemus. The figures are stiff, but have, nevertheless, a character of nobility and beauty about them; the body of the young boy standing between the two draped and lofty figures, is considered a masterpiece.

In the light of the full moon we afterwards ascended the Acropolis by a broad, excellent road, which leads up to the sacred edifice by gentle windings. This splendid road has been lately constructed; Mr. Christopolos, during the time he was Minister, having done a great deal for the opening up and planting the hills around the Acropolis, as well as for bringing into order the remains which lie there and in the immediate neighbourhood. Since his retirement from the Ministry, the work has been discontinued.

The learned antiquarian, Mr. Rangabé, supplied me with much information regarding the Temple of the Acropolis, as well as with reference to some altars and other monuments, which, covered with Greek inscriptions, lie or stand amongst the heaps of ruins within the palace of the goddess. These inscriptions constitute a portion of the archives of ancient Athens. Every new law, every remarkable transaction, obtained its stone-tablet on the Acropolis. Every citizen of the State, who achieved any deed worthy of praise, obtained there his

monument. Many altars and statues were ex-votive to the gods. A little altar has been dug out from the rubbish at the base of one of the columns of the Parthenon, which had been raised to Minerva Hygeia, as a thank-offering to the goddess, for the revelation which she had been pleased to make in a dream to Pericles, of a plant by which a labouring man, who had been employed in the upper part of the Temple, and had fallen down and seriously injured himself, would be healed. By making use of this plant the man was perfectly restored, and this narrative was inscribed at the foot of the altar. The wonderfully curative plant appears to have been no other than my old Swedish friend and acquaintance, the camomile-flower—*Matricaria chamomilla*—which still grows and flourishes on the rocky ground of the Acropolis, wherever a little soil has collected.

The justly admired work of Phidias, the celebrated statue of Minerva, whose golden mantle and spear were seen shining from afar by the mariner who approached the harbour of the Piræus, did not stand within the Parthenon, but a little in advance of it, probably on a lofty pedestal, so that Pallas-Athena could not alone direct her divine, instantaneous glance to her faithful Athenians on land or water, but also to her lofty sister, Venus Anadyomene on the height of Acro-Corinthus—which hill, now without its Temple of Venus, can be seen very well from this point. A portion of the pictures which represent in bas-relief, on the frieze of the Parthenon, the great festivals of Minerva, the Panathenean festal scenes and processions, are still in very good preservation. Mr. Rangabé considers the Grecian temples—the low roofs of which do not please me—perfectly to express the Hellenic conception of the gods and their life. The Grecian temple is a

dwelling-place of the god. The gods have descended to earth, dwell there, and have intercourse with man as men. They are more powerful, but not essentially more noble in life or character. They do not draw mankind upwards. The Temple does not express any higher yearning. The earthly life is indeed possessed of everything which humanity can wish for itself! In the Byzantine Greek-Christian Church the cupola of the temple expresses a higher conception of God and a higher longing in humanity. The human mind has raised itself to a God, and a Heaven above the earth.

It was, however, reserved to the Gothic edifice of worship, to express, by its lofty ascending spires, the consciousness which exists in humanity of an infinite distance, and an infinite yearning towards a holy and perfect God, who dwells on high, not in temples made by hands.

It was under the last Minister, who did a great deal for the future of Athens by the promotion of public instruction, and for its antiquities by the collection and careful preservation of its remains, that the theatres of Dionysius and Herodes Atticus—both lying on the north side of the Acropolis and without its walls, have been laid open to-day from masses of rubbish. The former and the oldest theatre is erected on one of the uppermost terraces of the rock, and contains a grotto in which a lamp is now burning before the image of the Virgin Mary—Pan-Hagia, the All-Holy. On the outside stand two Corinthian columns, upon which, I have been told, the garlands and crowns of the successful dramatic poets were hung. The Amphitheatre, of which the seats may still be seen, although now in ruins, appears to me small for a theatre-loving public such as the Athenian. The view from this

place to the sea is grand and glorious. But there is not a point in the Vale of Athens where grand and beautiful views do not meet the eye.

The interior of the Theatre of Herodes Atticus, at the foot of the Acropolis, is in excellent preservation, although the outer walls are blackened ruins. It is not long since they lay deeply buried in the earth, but when it was dug out the beautiful amphitheatre was found, with its white marble seats in perfectly good condition, as were also many other parts and their ornaments. This theatre likewise strikes me as small in comparison with the theatre-saloons of the present time; but it is built and finished in a style of costliness such as is scarcely possible in these days. The history of its founder is a perfect and beautiful little episode in the life of antiquity, and, like the plastic images of Greece, good for all ages to contemplate.

Thus it has been related to me. There was, during the dominion of the Romans in Greece, a certain director, or recorder, of the theatre, named Herodes, who was at one time wealthy, and becoming poor, died. His son, who had resided for a long period in foreign countries, returned home at length, and going to his father's house, at the foot of the Acropolis, found it desolate and poor. One day, however, the young Herodes discovered there a buried treasure, of so vast an amount that he wrote regarding it to the then reigning Emperor, Nerva, to inquire from him what he should do with it.

"Use it!" was the short reply which he received from the Emperor.

Again Herodes wrote, saying that the amount was quite too large to be used by a private individual.

"Misuse it!" was then the answer of the Emperor.

Herodes did not again pay the Emperor the compli-

ment of asking his advice, but taking upon himself the task of using the found treasure, so employed it that the whole of Attica was benefited thereby. He ordered large bakeries and breweries, and many such places, to be built, in order that the people might obtain at a lower price than hitherto their daily needful food; he gathered around him all the remarkable men and all the rising talent of Attica, encouraged their plans for the public good, and employed, under their direction, a great number of work-people in the beautifying of Athens. He built a costly theatre for the exhibition of the favourite and most highly cultivated popular amusement —that of dramatic representation; and also laid out, in the village of Cephisia, two hours' distance from Athens, handsome country houses, with gardens, and where, in a select circle of friends and artists, he lived a beautiful and generally useful life. And to this day you are shown in Cephisia the house of Herodes Atticus —for this surname was given to him by his grateful countrymen.

Whether he sought at the same time to elevate his fellow-citizens to a higher degree of moral responsibility, of moral nobility, I know not. But the fact of his applying his wealth, not for selfish or low enjoyment, but for the well-being of his native land—as he understood it—makes the name of Herodes Atticus worthy of being everlastingly remembered and honoured. The best thing, it seems to me, which ancient Hellas has given to the world, is not its statues and temples of the gods, but its example of patriotic virtues.

On the 13th I was taken by my kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, two hours' distance through the Vale of Athens, up to one of the hills of Pentelicus, where the English Minister, Sir Thomas Wyse, has his summer residence in a simple little dwelling-house—one of the

many which were erected by an eccentric lady, the Duchess of Plaisance, who some years since built and dwelt in the Vale of Athens. The fresh mountain air, and the rural freedom and peace which may be enjoyed on the hills of Pentelicus, seem to be the principal attractions to the British diplomatist, who needed nothing besides to make life rich and beautiful. The weather on this day was too stormy to allow us to make any longer excursions amongst the wild and picturesque scenery of the mountains. For this reason I enjoyed all the more the life within doors, and seldom have I passed a day in company which was so extremely interesting to me, and yet required so little effort. Because the listening to a conversation which is always entertaining, which, let the topic be what it may, contains something important, and which spices the fruit of an inquiring and keenly reflective mind with a delicately satirical Attic salt, or elucidates it by the light, or by the words of noble thinkers and poets—this is to sit at an Olympian repast and to enjoy ambrosia. Such an enjoyment was afforded me by the conversation of Sir Thomas Wyse, and I do not know whether most to admire in it the incredibly fresh flow of the fountain or the quality of the beverage which it affords.

Sir Thomas has resided long in Greece—above a quarter of a century, I believe—and now seems firmly rooted there. Perfectly master, as he appears to be, of all possible subjects—even of Scandinavian literature, both of its oldest and latest production—he seems to occupy himself pre-eminently with subjects of political economy and popular education, and in this he shows himself, although an Irishman by birth, a genuine son of Great Britain. His views of the condition of modern Greece are rather unfavourable than hopeful. He censured the laws and practice of agriculture, the

system of taxation in the country as destructive to agriculture, besides other errors, ascribable as well to the Government as to the people.

"All blood with the Greeks has a tendency to the head; every one wishes to be learned; every one wishes to be a statesman or a politician: nobody will live as a simple, laborious countryman."

"But was it not always so, even in the most ancient times, amongst the people of Pallas-Athena?" I inquired.

I was told various amusing anecdotes about the eccentric Anglo-French duchess who built the palaces and small houses scattered through the neighbourhood of Athens, but who never completed any building which she began—who gave away and took back again—who loved dogs more than men—who believed that she should live for ever, but now reposes in the soil of Pentelicus, beneath a large white marble monument, which I visited. Other anecdotes made me acquainted with those former robberies in the country round Athens, which only a few years ago placed the lives and property of the inhabitants and of travellers in continual danger. Since war, however, has been made in good earnest on the malefactors, and many of them have been shot, these outrages have ceased; still, nevertheless, the fear remains, and a sense of insecurity pervades every mind, and Sir Thomas Wyse has, on the solitary heights of Pentelicus, a guard of *gendarmes* for his defence.

Sir Thomas has been married to a Buonaparte, a near relative of the French Emperor, but is now separated from this lady, who styles herself Madame Wyse Buonaparte. A noble and attractive woman now, however, gives beauty to his domestic life. This is his daughter-like niece—to him a valuable friend, and to his numerous guests a most agreeable hostess.

Early in the forenoon of Sunday, the 14th, the foundation of an academical building which is to be erected at the expense of Baron Sina, an Athenian and banker resident at Vienna, was laid in Athens. In the square in which the building is to be erected of marble, a very tasteful pavilion had been raised, decorated with blue and white banners, the Hellenic colours. Hither came in carriages the King and Queen—he in the Greek and she in the Parisian costume—together with their court, bishops in their golden vestments, and other high dignitaries. Speeches were made and military music was played, and the King laid the stone with the usual ceremonies. The people stood around, men and women in red fezzes, with long blue silk tassels, sometimes with gold cord. The whole scene looked sunny and joyous in the bright sunshine.

I heard at the *table d'hôte* of my hotel the new academy building discussed and criticized.

"It seems to me," said a Greek, in French, "just like giving a crinoline to a poor woman before you have provided her with under-linen. It would have been better to have applied the large sum of money which the academy will cost in the erection of a hospital."

I related what I had heard in the evening to a small circle of German gentlemen, long resident here, at the house of the royal chaplain Hansen, because I wished to hear what they thought on the subject. The King's physician, Dr. Rœser, well-known alike for his learning and his humanity, said, that "the halls of the new academy would be made use of for public speeches and lectures, in order to provide thereby for the knowledge-seeking people of Athens a useful and agreeable evening entertainment, of which they are now in want."

It is very singular that in this anciently so theatre-loving Athens, where dramatic representation seemed to

be the bread of their souls' life, no pleasures of this kind succeed at the present time. Whatever has been begun of this nature has soon declined. Taking their pleasure in gardens, either within or without the city, the enjoyment of refreshments, ices, or lucumi—a Turkish delicacy—and a glass of water, to the sound of music performed by Germans—or it may be without any music at all—seem to be the exclusive evening enjoyment of the Athenians.

I mentioned gardens. Let me hasten to describe to you the garden of gardens in Athens, the Queen's garden, and her own creation, the admiration of all strangers as of all natives.

You imagine perhaps that it is the elegant little garden below the Palace Square, to which we go by the handsome Hermes Street, and which shines out brightly from a great distance, with its thousands of orange-trees, *Portogalli*, as they are called here. But that is not what I mean, that is called the *carré*, and we can go through it, and then up the marble steps to the boulevard and the great Palace Square. Let us notice, as we go along, how extremely charming is the little *carré*, with the children and the nursemaids walking about in the paths beneath the shade of the sunlit trees, and higher up the handsome pendent terebinth-trees, also called pepper-trees, with which the boulevard is planted. Those delicate drooping flowers, those now crimsoning, grape-like bunches, are in harmony with the light green and the delicate foliage—a soft southern beauty. The palace! No, it is not exactly handsome, and perhaps on this side, as has been observed, it bears somewhat too great a resemblance to a caserne, but its situation is beautiful, free and lofty, and it is not without its imposing character, as it looks over the city and the country. The Queen's garden, or, more properly speak-

ing, *park*, surrounds the palace on two sides, those sides which are turned from the city; hence you have no idea from the city of the extent of the park, scarcely, indeed, of its existence. That which delights the mind is the great number of beautiful trees, and shrubs, and flowers, from all countries and climates which are here brought together, and blossom under the watchful care of a Semiramis. The palms of the South, the firs and pines of the North, the flowering shrubs of Japan and America, blossom and bear fruit on the most amicable terms with each other. Groves of oranges and lemons intermingle with coppices of the Aleppo pine; roses shine out on all hands, and fling themselves up even into the tops of the dark cypresses—it is a park engirdled with a band of roses. Here you come upon vineyards, there upon shadowy, leafy bowers, where you can sit and rest, listening to the soft plashing of the water amongst flowers; in other places you find open, lawny meadows, which care and irrigation keep ever verdurous. From one of these, on which stand some beautiful groups of palm-trees, you raise your eyes to the southern front of the castle, the handsomest also, and the most ornamental, its peristyle shining out with double rows of brilliant white marble pillars. It is on this side that the dwelling-rooms of the King and Queen are situated, and above them are those of the First Lady of Honour. The view across the park from these apartments is enchantingly beautiful.

But let us go on, for the peculiar beauty and value of the Athenian garden does not consist in the manifold variety of its plants and growths, neither in the art by which it is laid out—in these respects it may be, and is surpassed by many other such gardens in Europe—neither does it consist in its exhumed treasures of mosaic floors and plastic monuments of art, nor yet in

the fragments of beautiful fallen columns, which are supposed to have belonged to the classical Lyceum, in which Aristotle walked with and taught his scholars; no, - its unequalled, peculiar beauty consists in the views which it presents from its rose-courts of the most celebrated places and historical monuments of Athens.

Let us leave the castle, the orange-groves, and the flower-garlanded grottoes in its neighbourhood, and proceed along the labyrinthine walks to where a verdant Stoa opens for us between its rows of pillars, a straight road, and the view of a group of lofty ancient columns in the distance. With these as our point of sight, we soon reach the limits of the park on this side, and recognize the group of columns, as the remains of Hadrian's Temple of Jupiter, of which we have already spoken, called the Olympeion, on the river-bed of the Ilyssus, near the fountain of Callirrhoe.

It is the first object which reaches the eye amongst a great number of the remains of antiquity, extending over the plain and the hills between Athens and the sea on the side of the harbour of Phalerus, and of which we can obtain the best view from a picturesque little rock which rises out of a rose-parterre, a little to the left of the Stoa. Here we will sit down, under the protection of the little Oread, who, resting upon one foot, holds a flower-covered parasol over our heads, whilst we allow our eyes and our thoughts free range over the surrounding scene.

Far away to the left stretches Hymettus towards the sea. Just opposite to us, on the other side of the river-bed, we see a lofty elliptic-formed amphitheatre, which is now covered with earth and overgrown with grass. It is the ancient Stadium, the scene of the Athenian Olympic games and prize-fights. On the hills both to the right and left have stood temples, and monuments,

and amongst them the tomb of Herodes Atticus; but now, besides unimportant ruins, they are covered with young plantations of cypresses and pines, the offspring of Queen Amalia's care. Below these to the right, from our point of view, stretches along the Ilyssus, the verdant extent of gardens which are still called those of Aphrodise, where the people enjoy their coffee, lucumi, cold water, music, and repose in the shade of the trees. These gardens cease at the fountain of Callirrhoe (the Beautiful), in the natural ponds of which, lying at the base of the rugged rocks, you may see every day the daughters of Athens washing their linen. Near to this point are the remains of a temple, above which the Greek Christians built a little chapel, where a lamp is kept burning before the All-Holy, *Pan-hagia.*

Along the banks of the Ilyssus, and in the bed of the river itself, the Queen has had a great number of plane-trees planted. They will become a glorious grove in time. On this side of the shore lies the lofty walled terrace of the before-mentioned Temple of Jupiter, and its splendid group of Corinthian columns, which are now tinted a golden crimson by the rays of the descending sun. Not far from them, but nearer to the city, is the grand arch of Hadrian, with its two-storied arcades, bearing the following inscriptions; the one facing the city:—

"*This is the old city of Theseus, not of Hadrian,*"

and on the other side:—

"*This is the city of Hadrian, not of Theseus.*"

Of this "city of Hadrian," there is, in the meantime, nothing remaining except the ruins of the Temple, which is said to have had one hundred and twenty columns, and which, according to the will of the Emperor, was intended to surpass in greatness and splendour all the temples of Athens; but the few remaining columns are

not highly esteemed by connoisseurs in architecture, in comparison with those of the Parthenon, as being too high in proportion to their girth.

Those of the Parthenon! Yes, there they stand in transfigured splendour, facing the bright sky on the rock of the Acropolis, far away to the right—the grandest object which this scene embraces, and nothing grander exists on the soil of Athens. How sharply and purely are the clear outlines of the rock-citadel and its temple cut by the sunset behind the rock, and how beautifully shines the sky above them! With this grand form, every lesser form which the neighbourhood presents loses by comparison, as, for instance, the peculiar monument of Philopappus on its bald height, and the new buildings which rise along the road to the old sacred edifice; but that which we cannot and will not overlook, that which attracts our glances again and again with the power of fascination, beyond the Temple of Jupiter, beyond the Gardens of Aphrodise, is the glorious background of the blue glittering sea, with the soft, wavy contour of islands and the Peloponnesian coast, sketched in a dark-blue border along the distant horizon. Add now to all this a lighting-up of the whole, such as I saw it this evening when the setting sun dyed Hymettus and the islands with many-changing hues of purple, whilst rosy clouds flamed above the Acropolis, on a sky-ground of the tenderest blue, and you will then also acknowledge with me that it is not possible to behold a more lovely evening scene.

Let me now show you a morning scene, such as is presented to me every morning from the balcony of my hotel, and which every morning enchants me anew with an indescribable freshness of thought and of feeling—even the purely physical.

We are now standing in a direction precisely opposite

to that in which we were yesterday. We have now the Acropolis on our left hand; on our right the pyramidal rocks of Lycabettus; between them Athens, and before us the Vale of Athens, with its olive-groves, beyond which lie the mountain chains of Cithæron and Parnassus, following the extension of the Vale from the Bay of Eleusis on to Pentelicus. It is early in the morning. A soft mist rests on the valley, half concealing the white houses and churches which here and there rise up out of the dark-green woods—the ever-verdant girdle of Athens; but farthest away to the left shines out the sea, heavenly blue, to the Piræus and the Bay of Salamis, whilst the mountain-tops glow in the light of the morning sun. The Acropolis, with its Parthenon, shining transfigured high above the veil of mist at its foot.

The Temple of Theseus, with its beautiful row of pillars below the old sacred fane, stands forth, and beside it a line of lesser hills, all bearing immortal memories. Here the rock of Ares (the Areopagus), there the Pnyx, with the orators' tribune, the Museum, now ornamented with a splendid observatory. Everywhere, in the neighbourhood of these hills, you find walls, tombs, and all kinds of monuments of ancient Athens, without mentioning the remains of the old classical city, the gymnasiums of Ptolemy and Hadrian, and many other large buildings which are included in the young increasing city. We will now, however, not busy ourselves with the city, but with its more immediate environs.

Exactly opposite us, on the other side of the broad valley, shines out the peak of Corydalus, the mountain where Theseus overcame the giant-executioner Procrustes, and, with the exception of the Acropolis, the first mountain which the sun salutes in the morning when he glances upwards above Hymettus. Behind Corydalus and the Mount Geranea is the Valley of Daphne and

the Bay of Eleusis. We do not see them from this point, but the road thither—the *Via Sacra*—still goes, as formerly, straight across the plain of Athens, and standing here, we may trace out its windings, where, issuing from the olive-wood, it goes over the plain and finally loses itself amongst the hills opposite Athens. It was this road which anciently, on occasion of the great Eleusinian festivals, was traversed by innumerable crowds, even by the wise men of Greece (but not Socrates) and the Emperors of Rome, that they might, in the famous and mysterious temple of Eleusis, be initiated into the awful secrets of death and of life; that they might obtain light regarding them. Now you see upon that road only country people with their asses, or carriages containing inquisitive tourists.

The glance which from this point follows higher up the wavy mountain-chain of Parnassus, discovers there a pass with steep, rocky walls,* and a round hill in the bosom of the mountain. That is Phyle, the place where Thrasybulus saved himself and freedom, whilst the thirty tyrants ravaged Athens, where he fortified himself, with others equally devoted to liberty and justice; where, from his eagle's-nest in the bosom of Apollo's * wood, he was able, gazing freely over the fields of Attica and Eleusis, to nourish his heart with noble thoughts during several months, until he, one day, or rather night, burst forth thence, like a spring-flood through the valley, overpowered Athens, slew or drove away the tyrants, and reconquered for his country and people their former freedom, their former independence, for a whole generation.†

* The mountain-chain of Parnassus, bald and naked as it appears on the exterior, has in its interior considerable woods, mostly of the dark Apollo-pine, as well as beautiful grazing land —*Author's note.*

† Four hundred years before Christ.—*Author's note.*

But let us descend into the valley where the mists are dispersing from the olive-woods and the banks of the Cephissus. From the dark groves of the beloved tree of Minerva now stand out groups of pale-green, gigantic poplars, fruitful gardens surrounding pretty dwelling-houses—pictures of idyllian loveliness. The Academy in which Plato interpreted and taught the doctrines of Socrates, lay in this neighbourhood—although the place itself cannot be pointed out with accuracy.

Two rounded hills elevate themselves on the edge of the olive-wood, the one bearing a little chapel, and the second a monument of modern style. They are both called Colonus. On the one of them stood, according to the tragedy of Sophocles, Antigone with her blind father, and described to him the city which she saw—Athens. On one of them the aged, unhappy king found reconciliation and peace in the grove of the Eumenides, says the affecting, immortal poem. Which of these two hills it is that Sophocles indicated, is not rightly known. Athens and its vale can be seen equally well from the one as from the other. They stand side by side in the midst of the vale, and from both the view is equally glorious and free. The nearest—that upon which a young German Philhellenist and antiquarian, Ottfried Müller, has his monument—is generally pointed out to strangers as the right one. But the little chapel on the other hill makes me believe that there stood the temple consecrated to the Divine powers of punishment and reconciliation; because the Greek Christians have always had the custom of erecting their churches where the heathen temples formerly stood, probably from an indistinct belief that by so doing they effected some conversion.

The village in which Sophocles was born lay near Co-

lonus. But now its situation is not known. Further up the valley, however, we see to the right the umbrageous groves of Ampolokepi,—the birth-place, and long the residence, of Socrates. Its gardens now supply Athens with juicy fruits and the most delicious figs. Far away, towards the foot of Pentelicus, we catch glimpses of Cephisia and Marousi, villages on their cool heights, with memories of Herodes Atticus, and with their gardens and country-houses, in which the wealthy inhabitants of Athens love to take up their abode when it becomes too hot for them in the city.

Two things strike me in this hasty survey: the small space within which so much that is great and memorable is comprised, and the Phœnix-like vital power which is inherent in this soil and its people.

The drama of centuries, with its splendid or sorrowful scenes, its heroes and poets, its manifold transformations, all can be here received into the mind at a glance; can be, as it were, lived over anew. Besides the most ancient of the sacred edifices, the Temple of Theseus and the Acropolis, we see the Pnyx, the tribune of the orator, on which the last Athenian champion, Demosthenes, called up his people to battle, or, it might be, to die; and just beside it the Areopagus, where, a few centuries later, Paul stood up to declare the hitherto "Unknown God," and the immortality of man—the new watchword of the world's development.

And is it not this watchword which, even now, gives new life to these fields, over which the Angel of Death had passed so many times, mowing down all with his scythe, transforming the Vale of Athens to a field of blood, the City of Athens to a heap of ruins? And that merely thirty years ago! And yet, and yet, how

verdant are now its fields, how full of youthful vigour rises up the new city!—how fresh stand the classical woods around the old and the new temples!—how the harvests flourish, ever extending themselves in the vale, from which the mists retire, how cultivation increases under the protection of liberty and peace! And this air, this fresh morning air, so pure, so vitally strong, so ethereal, that you feel as if you were lifted up by it, and this morning scene, are they not prophetic? Do they not convey the word of the Immortal, at the present time, to all nations who are called by His name, "I live, and therefore you shall live also!"

Thou hast faith in them, thou, the latest prophet of Italy, noble Gioberti, and confident in the truth of thy views, thou hast said, "Christian nations may fall sick, may become rigid, but they cannot die!"

May both Greece and Italy verify thy words!

August 17th.—I set off early yesterday morning, in company with the Rev. Mr. Hansen—whose kindness and attention to me I cannot sufficiently acknowledge—for a ramble over the celebrated hills round the Acropolis and the Temple of Theseus; the hills of the Areopagus, the Pnyx, and the Museum. You find in every case steps hewn out in the rocks, traces of dwelling-houses, walls, cisterns, together with innumerable small, inconsiderable fragments of marble and of red-brown clay vessels, but for the rest nothing which reminds the beholder of the ancient grandeur. The hills are desolate and naked, and the asphodel only seems to flourish on their thin, stony turf. The rock of the Museum, the highest of all, alone possesses a beautiful little temple in the observatory, which the Greek banker of Vienna, Baron Sina, has erected, and which, together with its highly gifted astronomer, Dr. J. Schmidt, is amongst the ornaments of New Athens. Fine fresco-paintings

on the wall represent the most ancient natural philosophers and thinkers of Greece—Meton, Anaxagoras, Archimedes, Pythagoras, and many others. The view from the summit, over Athens and its vale on the one side, over the sea and its islands on the other, is of the loveliest description.

We found the wind very strong on the Pnyx, and the place seemed especially convenient for practising the voice. Yet, if the wind blew usually here from the sea, as it did this morning, it would be a great help to the orator in carrying his voice and his words out to his audience. Besides, there appears to have been a lofty wall of rock, smoothed by the art of man, in which are the marks of places where beams have been laid, as well as of niches, showing that this wall presented a defence for the speakers against the sea-wind, and under which they could stand, turned from the sea and towards the assembled populace, who were grouped on the broad artificial terrace below the tribune. Stone steps, yet in good preservation, lead up to the place which is supposed to be the tribune, and whence you have an unimpeded view over the Vale of Athens, its elevations and depressions. I love to think of Demosthenes, from this very place exhorting the people of Attica to fight again the Macedonian conqueror, and to fear nothing excepting—disgrace.

"One precaution is good, to defend the Fatherland!"

say Hector and Homer, and after them the last great orator of Athens.

Mr. Hansen, who has spent eight years in Athens, considers that the love of their country, which was the life-element of the ancient Greeks, is also the life of its later people, and that, too, closely united with its religion. Religion is to the modern Greeks a national property, equally sacred and dear to them with their liberty, their

native land, their nationality. It has been their defence against Turkey and Islamism during the vassalage of four centuries; their weapon during their last struggle for liberty, when their bishop himself led them to the fight for "the freedom of Hellas." It determines to the present moment their political and national aspiration —the vanquishing of Turkey—with a decision and unanimity which is seldom found to the same extent amongst nations of the present time. Mr. H—— sees in the unanimity of the political life and religion which permeates every sphere of life and unites all minds, an advantage which the Greeks—the modern as well as the ancient—have beyond any other European nations.

The wind was cool and quite too violent this morning, but the morning sunshine was beautiful, with ever-varying lights and shadows over the olive-garlanded Athens.

I have this day passed the whole forenoon on the Acropolis and in the Temple of Theseus, in company with a young Swiss professor, Mr. Cherbuliez, and a young archæological scholar, the Secretary of the Prussian Legation in Athens, Mr. Von F——.

We lingered somewhat longer in the Temple of Theseus over a sarcophagus of dark-red marble, with a bas-relief which represents a troop of little Cupids, who are carrying away one of their companions who has drunk a little too much, and has in consequence fallen into a deep sleep. The countenances of his companions express good-natured compassion, half-laughing, half-sorrowful. The group is executed in a masterly manner, and the whole is from the "best time of Greece," so say the learned.

Mr. Von F—— commended the sound views of life and death entertained by the Greeks. "Live merrily and die easily," that was the rule. Mr. Von F—— declared

that he had in Greece imbibed a new view of life, together with the power of enjoying a new and more cheerful existence. He avowed himself as wholly a convert to the cheerful life-wisdom of the Greeks, "living merrily and dying easily," like the little fellow on the sarcophagus, who is carried away drunk from the feast.

I suggested the question as to how it might be with the waking; neither could I find that this doctrine of life was particularly high-minded.

But Mr. Von F—— is not the only one whom I heard remark that life in this country is found to be easier than in any other on the face of the earth. The very exterior of the people, their easy and quick movements, their enterprising, vivacious, and gay temperament, seem to show this, as does also their propensity for levity. The pure air, the abundant sunshine, the lovely climate, and more than all the rest, the richly-varied scenery of hill and valley, land and sea, which in a thousand bays and creeks, islands and capes, playfully embrace each other, as it were, all contribute to the same cause. When heaven and earth are so beaming with light and beauty, man may be readily tempted to forget that life has a higher object than its mere enjoyment!

There is a lyrical tone in both nature and history here which resembles dithyrambic inspiration. The rocks rise up boldly from the valleys or on the coasts, forming natural altars and pyramids. Upon these altars of nature the Greeks have erected their sacred edifices and temples to the heavenly powers which descended to the earth as protectors or givers of victory, to Zeus, Poseidon, Apollo, Pallas-Athena. The temples of Athens are the offspring of inspiration; those of Rome are the product of imitation.

The latter, in general, are placed low, on a level with the city, surrounded by its houses, gardens, every-day

existence, and rubbish. The former stand upon the heights, or free beneath the clear sky, in some larger space open to the valleys, the mountains, and the sea. The earth lifts them aloft above the earth towards the realm of light. Continually lit up by the sun, continually open to the breath of the freshest, purest winds, the centre and object of all eyes, which meet them on every hand, they seem like the outpouring of a national heart drunk with victory, like its highest word and expression. They bear memories of a great history and of great men, who taught and still teach us how the love of country and heroism may be victorious over all the human masses and means of despotism; how *the few*, in unison with the gods, overcome *the many* who were guided neither by any God nor by any Divine object. It was after the victories of Salamis and Marathon, it was when the people of Athens felt themselves to be advancing upwards in heroic power, in the freedom and independence of citizenship, that the Acropolis of Athens received its most beautiful temple of sacred columns. Out of the highest bloom of political life and freedom burst forth art into blossom, as the natural product of the light-replenished life. Therefore they elevate us also.

I confess that the effect produced upon me here by life, and surrounding objects, would make me almost dread to remain here for any length of time; dread that beneath this clear Olympian heaven, and the excellent entertainment which is offered to the senses, it might be possible, not to forget, but less forcibly to feel the object, the purpose of that life for which the God-Man lived, died, and rose again from the dead. "They who cannot bear strong wines should not make use of them." For this reason, therefore, I shall soon leave Greece, and return to my Northern home, the cloudy skies and long winters of which, besides other

things, will not entice me to find our earthly life too bewitchingly beautiful. I am glad, nevertheless, that I shall be able to say to men and women in our high North, if there be amongst you any one who suffers both in soul and body from the bleak cold of the North, or from the leaden weight of life there—send them hither! Not to Italy, for there prevails too much sirocco, and when it begins to rain it never leaves off—no, but hither, where the air is pure as the atmosphere of freedom, the heavens free from cloud as the dwelling of the gods, where the temples on the heights lift the glance upwards, and the sea and the mountains expand vast horizons to the eye, rich in colouring, thought, and feeling; where everything is full of hope-awakening life, antiquity, the present time, the future. Let him, beneath the sacred colonnades of the temples on the hills, or in the shade of the classic groves in the valley, listen anew to the divine Plato, enjoy the grapes of the vales of Athena, the figs from the native village of Socrates, honey from the thyme-scented hills of Hymettus and Cithæron, feed the glance and the mind, the soul and the body, every day with that old, ever young beauty—that which was, and that which now springs up to new life—and he will become again sound in health, or—dying, thank God that the earth can become a forecourt to the Father's home above!

And Thee I thank, my Heavenly Father, upon this my fifty-eighth birthday, when I feel soul and mind younger and more hopeful than in my youthful years. I thank Thee that I have been enabled to behold this beauty, to drink of this nectar and ambrosia of life, and still more that I can drink them without becoming intoxicated by them. For I know something still higher, O Hellas, than thy sacred temples—something nobler than thy wine!

SECOND STATION.

A Home in the Country near Athens—Patriarchal Family Life—Pan-hagia Festival—A New Helen—The Romaïka—Cephisia—The Grotto of the Nymphs—The Virtues and Longevity of the Country-people—Again in Athens—The Academy—Plato's Memory—Last Sketch in Athens—Demosthenes—Unexpected Alteration in my Plans of Travel—Departure for Nauplia, Argos, and Corinth.

GRILLA AT MAROUSI, *August* 19*th*.—The groves whisper, the water rushes and murmurs; how cool and refreshing it is! I am in a Swedish home, and feel as if I were on Swedish soil, breathing the summer air of Sweden—than which I know none better in the world!

It is the Swedish *chargé d'affaires* in Athens, Mr. Von Heidenstam, who has created in a wilderness between the villages Marousi and Cephisia, this little Swedish Paradise. I say *Swedish Paradise*, although its Greek name, Grilla, indicates an unbroken field, because the plantations which have converted the place into an umbrageous park consist, for the most part, of wood of the pine-tree class, the form and fresh sough of which remind me of our forests at home. The streams flow down from the affluent springs of Cephisia, and fill the park with the life of mountain torrents, causing you to

forget that you are here in the high, dry champagne land of Athens. The Swedish statesman has himself planted every tree and every shrub here, during his more than twenty-five years' residence in Athens.

In the unpretentious but most comfortable dwelling-house which the park surrounds, dwells a united and amiable family, in whose midst I feel myself happy to be able to rest and to refresh myself for a few days. The air here is to me at once refreshing and full of repose, as is also the simple, kind mode of life which is practised here, conversation with my well-read and far-travelled countryman, who knows Persia, Turkey, and Greece as well as I know Sweden, and with his wife, an English lady, gifted with that good sense, that unassuming and gentle demeanour, which so often distinguish the English gentlewoman. The children of the house—three sons, an elder son employed in the English Consulate at Aleppo, and a little girl, a real rosebud—are handsome, good, and intelligent; indeed, the whole family, the Greek servants included, are evidently united by that bond of love which alone can make the home into a paradise. The Persian name for a garden, a court of delight, is applicable in its best sense to *Grilla*.

How excellent it is for me to have here, amidst this rural peace and rural freedom, a little time for thinking and writing! I am more capable of doing these well amidst the whispering groves and the song of the rushing water, than in the street of Eolus, in that hot, dusty Athens, where wind, clouds of dust, and the oppressive heat of the sun have, during the last few days, considerably abated my rapture over the climate of Greece.

Grilla, 24th, in the Morning.—Calm, rural calm,

delicious peace and freshness! The plane-trees outside my window do not move a leaf, they seem now to sleep, but below them rushes on merrily the mountain-stream from the fountains of Pentelicus; the morning air is full of life, of unspeakable freshness. Under the trees stands the old *Palicar*, Dimitri, a champion of the War of Freedom, tall and slender, in his white fustanelles, smoking cigarette after cigarette, glancing up at the sun which peeps down at him between the leaves of the trees. Everything is as yet silent, everything is as yet reposing; but I must go out and have a stroll.

Later.—After walking for awhile along the umbrageous paths in the park, breathing the odour of the pines, and contemplating the incomparably clear sky, I have now taken coffee under the plane-trees, in company with the eldest sons of the family—seventeen and fifteen—have told them about Sweden, which they have not seen, about its beautiful scenery, its grand, ever green forests, its calm winter days, when the snow falls silently, or when the sun shines in splendour over the snow-covered fields, and makes them glitter as with millions of diamonds, and the air feels so fresh, so light! The young gentlemen, on their part, have told me—and as I suspect with some little exaggeration for the sake of effect—about the stormy winter season in Athens, about the icy wind which cannot be excluded from the interior of the house, and which pierces through marrow and bone, about the sleet and the frost, which alternate with clear and warm sunny days—not an agreeable picture! Short as this Greek winter-season is, it is true, yet, when I take into consideration the difficulty of obtaining warm rooms, I should fear to remain over the winter in Athens.

They lead here a patriarchal, idyllian life, which is to

me an actual elixir of life. The mornings and forenoons are entirely at my own control: the family and I meet only at meal-times and in the evenings. Breakfast at eleven or twelve o'clock, and dinner at five, are the principal Greek meals; there are in the meantime, however, coffee and preserves, to which you may add fresh cold water. In this family the day is closed with tea, but it is not the Greek custom. After the noon-breakfast at twelve, Mr. Von Heidenstam smokes his tschibouk, and I a cigarette from a little pipe with an amber mouth-piece, to which indulgence I have been persuaded by Mr. Von H., and which I find very agreeable, especially whilst conversing with my learned countryman, who thus gives me a great deal of interesting information both on Oriental and Greek manners and customs. On the latter, however, I have also learned much from Mrs. Von Heidenstam. After an hour thus spent together, each one goes their own way: Mr. Von H. to take his siesta, I to my writing, for cigarettes of nicotiana from Argolis have the effect of making me unusually lively, when otherwise, after a dinner in the middle of the day, I have been accustomed to feel myself sleepy and heavy, which is a torment to me. I would wish always to be lively, always be living and learning, thankfully enjoying the nectar of life, which life is now presenting to me.

In the evening we have generally the company of the amiable and learned Professor Rangabé—a learned man who does not smoke!—and his wife, a sister of Mrs. Von Heidenstam. They live in the neighbourhood, and we take a walk together, whilst the setting sun gloriously lights up the surrounding scenes. Hymettus, a grey, unpoetical, and every-day-looking mountain, there glows forth in the most splendid rose-colouring, and gives reason for poets styling it "the Rosy Hymettus.'

The alternations of colour on the mountain and in the sky, from the brightest fiery red to dark purple, with green, yellow, and blue middle tints, is a spectacle which strikes me as becoming more beautiful every evening. In the twilight we return home, drink tea, converse, sometimes have social games for an hour before we separate, and it is my own fault if, after such a day, I do not carry away honey to my hive from the day's flowers. Delicious then is the sleep which I enjoy, lulled by the fresh purling sound of the Cephissus outside my window.

A few days ago a great festival of the Greek Church was celebrated—the Ascension of the Virgin; and on the same day, after a long fast—for the Greek fasts are numerous and very strict—the people were again able to eat animal food. The commencement of the vintage received also its consecration on the same day, in honour of *Pan-hagia*—the Madonna—in consequence of which bunches of grapes were carried on their branches to the church during the time of service, which, in the Greek Church, is always in the morning, where they were blessed by the officiating Papa. The remainder of the day is devoted to dancing and pleasure.

As I greatly wished to see the various scenes of the festival, I went early in the morning to the village and church of Amatousi; but the latter was so crowded that a great number of people were obliged to stand outside. You could see through the open church-doors the glimmering lights, the cloudy atmosphere, and could hear the unmelodious, screaming voices of the priests. To this was added also the crying of numbers of small children, because the pious custom is not to give the children, not even babies at the breast, anything to still their hunger before they have been to church; and this, naturally enough, causes the famishing little ones to be any-

thing but in a good humour. The mothers endeavour to console them and themselves by making many signs of the cross on forehead and breast, and this, together with the bowings of the body the while, was the only sign of devotion which I perceived in the assembly, into which people came, and from which they went, according to their own good pleasure, looking about them, and talking, and being anything but attentive to the psalm-singing, and other occupations of the priests; at which, however, I did not greatly wonder.

Some women of the village-population attracted my attention by the costliness and magnificence of their costume. Below a white tunic shone out the broad, red border of what I suppose to be an under-skirt. The dress of white woollen stuff, with its embroidery and fringes, was heavy, but the covering of the bosom, which with the neck was richly decorated with gold ornaments, was especially beautiful and natural. From the head hung down a long, transparent white veil, which was thrown across the bosom, over the shoulders and back, the ends adorned with long gold fringe. I was struck by a couple of women wearing this costume with a naturally noble bearing, and also by the regular beauty of their features, in particular of one of them, who stood outside the church, holding a little boy by the hand. So, it seemed to me, might the ancient Helen, or rather Penelope, have looked! The beautiful woman turned her proud head a little aside, and—blew her nose, with her fingers! Nay, but it may be possible that the departed Lady Penelope, and even the beautiful Helen did the same, but the whole thing seemed to me absurd in no small degree.

This splendid costume belongs to the women in this part of the country. In Athens, the lower class of women, when they do not wear the red cap, the fez,

have a thick plait of hair round the head, as well as a kerchief rolled or bound round it, which kerchief is not becoming. They walk about huddled up in shawls and pieces of linen, and for the most part look anything but neat and agile.

In the afternoon of this Pan-hagia day, there was, as is usual on Greek holidays, dancing in the market-place of the village. And in order to see this we went, all the inhabitants of Grilla, to the village of Amarousi. There are in the market-place three cafés, which were now crowded both within and without by throngs of smoking gentlemen in red caps and white fustanelles. At length was formed, by degrees, in the market-place, an open circle of men, who slowly moved round, with measured steps, to a screaming, unmelodious song, and with countenances of the utmost gravity. Anything more monotonous could not be witnessed; but the leader of the circle gave life and significance to the dance—the *Romaïka*, also the *Sirto*. Every now and then he made the most marvellous leaps and gambols, pirouetted, hurled himself backward like a creature out of his senses, swung himself up again with the most incredible elasticity, and then placed himself again at the head of the train, with upraised head, upraised arms, snapped his fingers as if to challenge out the others, until, after a few minutes, a new paroxysm of leaping, and desperate twirling and twisting, interrupted the monotonously rocking dance, and riveted the gaze of all the spectators. During the whole time the ring of dancers was singing a monotonous song with a melancholy key-note, around which they flourished and quavered more or less unmelodiously. The dancers held each other by the hand, or more frequently by a bright-coloured handkerchief, which linked them one to the other. They entered or came out of the ring at

their own pleasure; the men only danced—the women stood at their doors and looked on. Sometimes, perhaps, they may take part in the dance. On this particular day the dancing was not lively, partly because, a violent rain having fallen during the night, the dancing-ground was wet and full of holes; and partly because the Demarch of the village had, in consequence of a somewhat too turbulent scene in the market a few days before, forbidden, on the occasion of this dance, the customary music of kettle-drum and fife, and without this music the Greek dancing cannot be rightly performed. I have never witnessed a more grave dance, and for the performers themselves—with the exception of the leader—one less life-inspiring. Yet it is said that the Greeks are passionately devoted to their *Sirto* or *Romaïka*, and make use of every opportunity to dance it. It has evidently a symbolic significance, which excites my interest. The Sirto, or *thread*, must be attached to some important occurrence in the most ancient Greek history, the memory of which has entwined itself firmly in the minds of the people, who continue to spin on, during the dance, its thread of memory from century to century. I must endeavour to catch hold of this thread.

Amongst the interesting rambles which I have made in this neighbourhood is one to the village of Cephisia, situated a little higher than Amarousi, and a quarter of an hour's walk from Grilla. You see there some remains of the country residence of Herodes Atticus; some beautiful modern dwellings of the wealthy inhabitants of Athens, and of foreign diplomatic gentlemen. But the chief remarkable characteristics of the place are its healthy situation, its fresh, pure air, its glorious springs of water—the reservoir for the water-supply of the whole Plain of Athens; and for its most ancient, magnificent

plane-tree—a patriarch amongst plane-trees—beneath the widely-expanding crown of which hundreds of people may enjoy the Oriental, and in Greece also universally beloved, siesta, at a little table with coffee, fresh water, the Turkish delicacy, lucumi, and cigars or nerghilis. Here, too, were sitting fustanelled Greeks at their little tables, and before long we also were seated at ours, regaling ourselves with lucumi and the fresh, delicious water from the springs of Cephissus. The plane seems to be the most splendid tree of Greece. It can only be rivalled in size and beauty by the live oaks of America.

Another place in this neighbourhood of a more romantic character is the so-called Grotto of the Nymphs, a vaulted excavation in the earth, caused by the bursting forth of a spring of water, formerly dedicated to the Fates, which has formed for itself here a basin, and then leaps murmuring along its way, beneath the shadowy branches over the tree-roots, between deeply-embedded banks. The grotto is so pretty in its surroundings, the place itself so wild, solitary, and naturally beautiful, that I wish I could here exchange my pen for a pencil. A more lovely locality cannot be imagined for a group of bathing girls. The latest tradition attached to this grotto has, however, nothing to do with any nymphs, but is connected with a highway robber called Bibi, one of the most dreaded of those who, of late years, have made the neighbourhood of Athens insecure. You are here shown a cave, or grotto, on the margin of the river, where for a long time he was concealed. He was a man of good natural endowments, whose life was of a romantic character; a poor, not wicked, natural son of the Greek war and the times of lawless rule in this country. He was one of the last of the robbers whose head has been

made to pay the penalty of his deeds, and to evidence a better state of things.

The grotto is not far from the road to Marathon.

During my rambles in the country, as well as through the villages of Amarousi and Cephisia, I have seen a good deal of the peasantry, who have invariably produced a favourable impression from their appearance, manners, and well-kept and decent clothing. The women in particular have a good and creditable look, as different as possible from the Arab witches in and about Jerusalem, and much more like our women of the Swedish peasant class. I have also learned from my kind entertainers various things which prove to me that this fair outside is not deceptive. The Greek country-people are moral in a high degree, industrious, and also God-fearing according to their own way. Mutual helpfulness and an obliging disposition belong to their family virtues. Domestic life is pure and patriarchally simple. Extreme longevity is not by any means a rare occurrence amongst these children of the country and of agriculture.

Yesterday afternoon we met a cheerful old man, with red rosy cheeks, riding on an ass, whilst with a loud voice he was driving on before him some calves and sheep.

"How old do you suppose that man to be?" inquired my companion of me.

"About seventy," I replied.

"He is above a hundred. His mother died last year at Cephisia at the age of one hundred and twenty," was the reply.

Children often die here at an early age, as well as in Athens, but evidently from injudicious treatment and bad nursing, especially in regard to diet. As there is no physician in the whole neighbourhood, and

my countryman, Mr. Von Heidenstam, has naturally a medical turn, and a very good heart, he is often consulted by the country people about their complaints, especially the complaints of their children, and has thus an opportunity of seeing the wretched state to which they are brought by irrational fasting and by being fed with coarse food, which the delicate infant stomach cannot bear. The patriarchal condition needs, evidently, some enlightenment from civilization in various ways.

And now I must bring to a close these rural *jours de fête et de verdure*, and again turn to the dusty, dry Athens, in order to prepare for my departure.

Wednesday, August 30th.—Once more in Athens, where I arrived the day before yesterday. But how beautiful was the morning drive across the Attic plain, in the ethereally pure air, whilst the mountains glowed in the light of the ascending sun! The plain itself, between Hymettus and Parnassus, presents no very cheerful aspect, at least not that portion through which the road runs, because it is arid and dreary, as destitute of cultivation as of human dwellings. It is not until you approach towards Athens that these begin to show themselves. But the beauty of the morning, and of the sky, and the conversation of my countryman, prevented me from dwelling upon anything depressive to my mind, which like a bird of prophecy would so gladly raise itself with a jubilant lark-song above the new-born soil of Hellas.

Tired of letter-writing, paying visits, and packing up—for I am making preparations for my journey—I drove yesterday afternoon with my kind friend Pastor Hansen, to that portion of the olive woods—the girdle of Athens—in which tradition places the Academy. The exact situation is unknown. Devastation and cultivation have alike contributed to remove all reliable traces.

You drive for about three quarters of an hour along a gently descending but good road, before you reach the classic wood, through which the silver waves of the Cephissus flow in many directions.

Arrived at the academical neighbourhood, we alighted and rambled for a considerable time amongst the gardens and vineyards which abound in this vicinity. At no great distance from the hill of Colonus we came to a verdant Stoa, or columnar portico, overrun with the wild tangle of a neglected vine, in the neighbourhood of which broken marble pillars, and other remains, gave us an assurance that we were on a site of classic memory. The ignorant husbandmen who inhabited the wretched garden-houses there, could tell us nothing about the place; but various fragments of bas-reliefs and broken statues, which have been found here and built into a wall which is now covered with dust, the remains of fountains, cisterns, and many other things, leave no doubt of the place having anciently been inhabited and visited by lovers of science and art. Why should we not therefore believe that we were here in the ancient garden of the Academy? As nothing forbade our doing so, we thought it as well to take it for granted, and I gladly plucked and ate the grapes which grew in the fields which the feet of Socrates and Plato had trodden. Here or there, or a little further off, yet in these very environs, lay the Academy. In this all the learned are agreed, and the thought was dear to me, that the olive and the vine are now cultivated on the soil in which the immortal lovers of truth and wisdom sowed the seed of wisdom for endless ages and for countless generations—even also for me. Oh, let me here, at least by a few grateful words, discharge the debt which I owe to you, my greatest benefactor amongst the sages of antiquity, truth-loving, profound-

thoughted Socrates, and thou, his disciple, wise, eloquent Plato! I also have indeed wandered in your academical grove, guided by your hands, drinking in your words, your doctrines, as if they had been draughts of Olympian nectar. Through you my chaotic world was reduced into order and coherence; through you I learned to think, to distinguish, to connect, to seek in everything the innermost, the essential. By you I was led through the verdant Stoa of thought to that Divine Teacher who then first became to me that which He is from eternity—the Light of the World, the Perfecter, Eternal Life. Through you I learned the better to understand Him and His work. Blessed be ye! *He* only, who led me to you and taught me to look beyond you, is to me, amongst the sons of earth, a greater benefactor than you. But as your disciple he became my teacher. I shall soon seek him, in his verdant grove on the plains of Skœne, and tell him of your native land, in the great future of which he believes as I do.

To-morrow I shall leave Greece to return to my own country.

It grieves me, however, after only a residence of so few weeks to leave a country possessed of an antiquity and a future so rich as is this; but it seems now as if it could not be otherwise. I must be contented with what I have seen, and I rejoice that I see the new Hellas on the basis of the old cultivation, that of intelligence and free states, beginning to erect a city and a state for a higher object than of old, to build temples for a higher humanity. Because none others will stand, even though they may have a Phidias and a Pericles as workmasters, and Minerva as protectress. The ruins of the Temple of the Parthenon on the Acropolis of Athens is a sufficient witness of this. Neither are they fitted for the dwelling of the Supreme God. Socrates saw this,

and dug deep in order to find a better foundation. The Greeks of the present time build upon this foundation, but do they yet fully comprehend it and their own position?

Before I leave Athens, let me sketch some traits of the Athenian who, ever since the days of my childhood, made upon me a powerfully educational impression, and who even now, fifty years later, engages my mind, because it is that of a model character, one which applies equally to all ages alike—I mean the orator Demosthenes. As the pyramidal rock, Lycabettus, with the chapel of St. George on its summit, stands dominant over the valley and city of Athens, so stands the last great orator upon its historical scene dominant over his own age and futurity. Of all the great men of ancient Hellas there is scarcely one whose *rôle* is so kindred also to modern history, whose sphere of activity appertains so much to all times, to all nations, who has won for himself a place amongst the nobly free and progressive nations of the earth. The *popular assembly* is a daily extending power —the power of popular opinion and right of voting, which is continually on the increase. The tribune of the public speaker is soon raised, not only in every state, but in every city, every commune. Well is it for them and for us, if one and all of them have their Demosthenes in will and in activity, if not in eloquence. Then may the powerful old voice be able again and again to make itself heard on the great forum of that public, above the waves of the sea, above the stormy roar of the passions, above the hissing of pusillanimity and cowardice, and may, as in the days of old, pour forth the oration of the noble thinker.

Besides this, there is in the single-minded, victorious combat which Demosthenes had with his natural defect and disadvantages, a something which it is well for every

honestly striving, combating soul to contemplate. It has been so, it *is* so still for me; it will be so also for you, my R——. Do not take it amiss, therefore, if I for once conduct you to the old, well-known form.

Every one is well acquainted with the unwearied efforts by which Demosthenes endeavoured to overcome his natural defects—his faulty utterance, his shortness of breath, the jerking and spasmodic action of his body. But fewer, I believe, are aware that the orator who afterwards became so celebrated was hissed when, at the age of nineteen, he came forward to speak in a popular assembly, and was obliged, amid public disapproval and derisive laughter, to descend from the tribune. The dejected young man found friends, however, who consoled and encouraged him. Eunomus assured him that he had something of the Pericles manner about him, and the actor Satyrus let him declaim some verses of Sophocles before him, and then showed him how the same words might lose much power by a poor, and gain also much by a good delivery. Thus encouraged, and having the right way shown to him, Demosthenes commenced again his rhetorical exercises, which he continued in the silence of private life for several years.

In his thirtieth year he again made his appearance in the popular assembly in a speech against a certain Lepidus, who wished to induce the Athenians to adopt a law which implied ingratitude towards their great men. The orator who had been hissed ten years before, now came forward as a master of his art, elicited general applause and general admiration, and exercised ever after, during the uninterrupted combat for justice and nobility of a long life-time, a spiritual dominance over his people. For it was his enthusiasm for the ideals of his country and of humanity, which gave their power to the orations of Demosthenes and its strong fascina-

tion to his art. Love to them and to his native land are with him one and the same. They constitute his inspiration, his greatness, and his strength. He encourages, he commends or chastises his people, according as they conform themselves to these. The honour of Hellas transcends with him every other consideration, but then the honour of Hellas is everything which is noble and magnanimous. Demosthenes bore the original type of all nobility and magnanimity in his own soul. Hence his demeanour is so calm, his voice so powerful, his courage so immovable, his word so noble—so uncompromising. This is shewn especially in his Philippics. They are full of noble, bitter anger. He calls up examples from former great times and men, in order to stimulate his countrymen to combat against the Macedonian bully, or to make them blush at their own weakness and indifference. Thus powerfully have alone the prophets of Israel dared to speak to their people, and so doing have, in fact, become examples to all times.

And still later, when, after the unfortunate battle at Cheronea, and the loss of the freedom of Greece, Demosthenes is accused, by his rival, Æschines, of being the cause of his country's misfortune, how grand are his words in the speech which is called "For the Crown!"

Demosthenes reminds his hearers of the beautiful times "when the Athenians did not wish to live if they could not live as free men; because one and all believed that they were not born merely for father and mother, but also for their country. Therefore, the right thing had now been done in resigning the uttermost for the maintenance of freedom; for who could foresee the end?" . . . But even if this end had lain revealed before the eyes of all—if everyone had known before-

hand—and if thou, Æschines, hadst foretold it and hadst protested it with tumult and shout—thou, who didst not once open thy mouth on the subject—still, for all that, Athens ought not to have turned aside from her path, not if she had regarded the honour of her forefathers, and the judgment of generations to come.

"No, ye men of Athens, you have made no mistake in undertaking to fight for the deliverance and the freedom of all! No; I swear it by our forefathers, who fought at Marathon, and who stood at Platea against the foe, and by those who strove on the sea at Salamis and at Artemisium, and by the many other brave men who repose in the public mausoleums, and to whom the whole city paid respect by an equally honourable burial—not alone they, Æschines, who were fortunate—and not alone the victorious. And justly so, for that which was the duty of upright, honourable men they had all done; but success can alone be bestowed by the gods."

Æschines, afterwards banished from Athens, established at Chios a School of Eloquence, in which he was accustomed to introduce and declaim, as examples of this art, orations of Demosthenes. One day when he was thus delivering one of these orations, and saw the rapturous effect produced by it upon his pupils, he exclaimed in sudden transport:

"What, then, would you have said if you could have heard him himself!"

This testimony to the talent of Demosthenes by a vanquished enemy and rival, is of the noblest kind.

Demosthenes was not vanquished, like Athens, by Philip and Alexander, but continued also under their sway his spiritual combat for the freedom of his native land. They seem to have honoured his candour and his genius; after the great conqueror's death, how-

ever, the generals of Alexander persecuted the champion of Hellenic freedom, whose tongue and whose pen they dreaded more than the swords of the Athenians.

Surrounded by the enemies of himself and his country, when in the Temple of Poseidon, in the island Calauria—now Poros—whither he had fled, Demosthenes escaped from this last bitter humiliation by a voluntary death. He took poison, which, it is said, he carried with him concealed in a pen. He was at that time upwards of sixty years of age; he had lived a life much richer, in the best sense of the word, than most men, and died as a noble pagan in his circumstances had a right to die.

His likeness, as preserved to us by the plastic art of antiquity—especially the excellent statue of him in the Vatican—is beautiful, even in its ugliness, from the character of calm power, harmonious development, and inflexible energy which it expresses. The rock crowned with the Temple of the Dragon-Conqueror, which stands aloft in the Vale of Athens, is to me another good image of Demosthenes.

And now, farewell, Athens!—the immortal city of Minerva—the mother of great men—sometimes their murderess! Thy ancient times seem to me worse, thy present times better, than their fame has represented them. How could I feel other than regret in so soon parting from thee? For the shades of thy sages and thy heroes make thy vale dear to me, and in their protection it would be good for me to linger and to think over the old and new Hellas, but . . . .

Later.—How wonderfully things happen in this world! Just when I was in the midst of my packing, in order to have everything ready that the day after tomorrow I might set off for Venice, and so on through

Germany to Sweden, Mr. Hansen came and proposed to me to make the journey with him and his wife to Nauplia, where he was going to visit the little Evangelical Church, and so proceed with them to Argos and Corinth, whence I might, by a Greek steamer, pursue my homeward journey.

At first I was a little frightened; because in order to reach Corinth I should have again to ride on horseback, and I said, "No, I thank you!" It was not long, however, before I repented of the cowardice which had led me to decline such a journey with such companions, and accordingly I went to the Hansens', and said, "Yes, I thank you."

Everything is now therefore decided, and early tomorrow morning I proceed, not to Venice, but to Nauplia, Argos, and Corinth!

"It is not every one that can go to Corinth!" says an old Greek proverb.

THIRD STATION.

Sunny Morning Sail amongst the Islands, Ægina, Poros, Hydra, Spezzia, and many others—Arrival at Nauplia—Morning Ramble—Grand Views—Memory of Count Capodistria—Visit to Palamedes—The Executioners' Island—Excursion to Argos—Journey to Arcadia—Tripolitza—Arcadian Scenes—From Tripolitza to Sparta—First Evening in the Vale of Eurotas.

NAUPLIA, *September 2nd.*—We rose with the sun yesterday, and drove in the early morning splendour down to the Piræus. I had not yet seen the sky of Hellas so transparently clear and beautiful. It was Olympian weather.

At the Piræus we went on board the little steamer, the *Otho*, the oldest but not the best of its class on these waters. The deck was crowded with people in the Greek costume, and the whole state of things appeared to me so chaotic that when the sun began to be hot I grew a little uneasy, seeing that there was no means of escaping from the heat, and neither a chair nor a bench upon which to rest oneself. Greek men and women threw themselves down in Oriental fashion on the floor, or moved about, cheerfully talking. The hot sun was their life's element. Some polite Greek gentlemen, however, discovering that it was not mine,

I was conducted, shortly afterwards, into the captain's saloon—the only apartment on board—where his handsome and agreeable wife received me in the kindest manner, and gave me a comfortable seat by an open window, by which the pleasant fresh air freely entered. The voyage now became one of real enjoyment to me.

But very few people entered the bright and elegant little saloon, and these only such as were invited by the Captain Zachini and his wife. The latter lady, born Mauro Michalis, and the daughter of the old well-known Mainote Prince and champion of freedom, Petro Beij, I found to be an interesting Greek, with somewhat of the heroic temperament which distinguished so many of the daughters of Hellas during the late Liberation War, and besides this, a really fascinating woman. She spoke French with ease, and related to me various incidents from her father's and her own life; read to me some patriotic songs in Greek, and was in every respect a most amiable hostess. My eye was attracted by a small bracelet of pearly shells which she wore on her white arm, and no sooner had I expressed my admiration of the pretty ornament than it was removed from her wrist to mine, where she insisted upon its remaining.

The weather was glorious, and the day's sail upon the Ægean Sea, in the midst of its celebrated islands, was one of the most beautiful imaginable. We steamed round Ægina, the birthplace of Solon—over the soil of which his ashes were strewed—and where a noble fragment of its ancient Temple of Jupiter—the Panhellenion—still crowns one of its highest hills; round Poros—the old Calauria—celebrated for its ancient Temple of Poseidon, its now existing groves of orange and lemon, its beautiful harbour, where the Greek fleet has its arsenal, as well as for its convent in a mountain ravine

on the sea-shore, in the midst of pine and orange woods, for the purest water and the most salubrious air; round Hydra, upon the pyramidal, naked, and hideous rocks of which shine out throngs of white marble houses, but all so dry, and barren, and bald that you are heartily tempted to compassionate the inhabitants, until you learn that these Hydriotes are the richest of the Greek islanders, in consequence of their coasting voyages and trade, as also in the war of freedom they were its most patriotic; round Spezzia, a sister-island to Hydra in hardness and baldness of character, in its white marble dwellings on the rocky heights, in its rich and patriotic inhabitants—amongst whom was the heroine Bobolina.

After Poros the islands became more and more rocky and naked; nor was it till we entered the Bay of Argos that we again saw verdant shores and hills. The sun set, and the moon in her first quarter ascended in beauty the transparently clear sky, but it was quite dark before we reached Nauplia.

Our amiable hostess entertained us with a cheerful, home-like, comfortable tea in the saloon of the *Otho*, and later on in the day we were received in the most hospitable manner, at Nauplia, by the German Captain Steinhauser and his young wife.

On the following day, the 1st of September, we took a beautiful morning ramble along the old fortress-ramparts which overlook and follow the shore. On all hands you command beautiful views of celebrated places. On the right, just across the heavenly-blue bay, shine out the plains of Argos, green and famous for the feeding of horses as in the time of Homer, and the city of Argos with its bright white houses at the foot of the loftily-situated fortress Larissa, crowned with gloomy-looking ruins. On the other side you see Tiryns with its cyclopean walls and memory of the childhood of

Hercules. Just opposite Nauplia, across the bay, the scene of the first achievements of his manhood against the Lernean Hydra loses itself amongst green woods. It is a bottomless marsh, which to this day remains unpenetrated; and here Hercules, it is said, slew the monster, the Hydra, with its hundred heads. Beyond the plain of Argolis rises an amphitheatre of lofty hills, the massive combs and peaks of which elevate themselves, one behind another, in many stages, becoming higher as they recede in distance. This is the mountain-district which divides Argolis from Arcadia. At the foot of the mountains, where by the high hill of Larissa they approach the sea, a green belt of shore stretches itself out from the plain, narrowing as it approaches the Lernean bay, and there terminating. To this succeed rocks and sea. In the blue distance you behold the mountains of Laconia.

Nauplia is of a triangular form, and lies on a point of land at the foot of the lofty rock Palamedes, one thousand feet high, with a fortress of the same name. This name belongs to one of the half-mythological, half-historic heroes of ancient Greece. Palamedes, according to Homer, was one of the heroes in the Trojan war, and is afterwards mentioned as distinguished amongst the peaceful benefactors of Greece, as he who regulated and established boundaries, weights and measures, introducing besides much useful knowledge. It is with justice that his memory is held aloft by the rock of Palamedes.

The fortress has stood many sieges under various rulers; Greeks, Venetians, Turks. Latest it was blockaded, during the War of Independence, by the eccentric heroine Bobolina. At this time immense cactus-plants are the only assaulting powers which clamber up the steep rocky walls. The beautiful

promenade on the ramparts of Nauplia is terminated by a little chapel of the Virgin, picturesquely built into the wall of rock. The town may be said to be well built, and has regular streets. Immediately on the close of the Liberation War, it became the seat of Government.

It was in Nauplia, in the church of St. Spiridion, that the first President of Greece, Count Capodistria fell before the hand of the young Georgio Mauro Michalis, before the hand of the son who would avenge his father, the old Mainote prince, when captive in the same fortress which Capodistria commanded as a Greek leader; a tragedy worthy to be written by a Sophocles or a Schiller. The youth—the murderer—was torn to pieces by the populace, at the entrance of the church, his brother and fellow-criminal going to death, with the blessing of his aged father. Over the resting-place of Capodistria, in the church-yard of St. Spiridion, stands a white marble monument, with a Greek inscription to his memory and in his praise. His political views are censured as too Russian, by the present friends of liberty in Greece; but there is an ever-growing unanimity of opinion as to the purity of his character and the remarkable gifts of his mind.

The many old buildings and walls in the city testify to the many masters, partly from the East and partly from the West, who have ruled over the peninsula of the Peloponnesus. On one spot grimaces the winged lion of St. Mark's, the emblem of Venice.

In the afternoon we took a carriage to Argos, and drove for two hours over the plain before we reached the city. On the way we visited Tiryns, the castle of the Cyclops, which tradition gives as the scene of the boyhood of Hercules, and the place where he, in his cradle, strangled the serpents. The remains of the walls and covered passages, the immense polygonal stones of

which lie one against the other, without mortar or any other means of uniting them, and so have lain for thousands of years; these, and the foundations of the castle, are now its sole outward remarkable features. This foundation exhibits very plainly the form of a foot, or more properly speaking of a shoe-sole; a really gigantic trace of the Herculean ages.

The city of Argos at the base of the mountain, and the fortress Larissa, are of great extent, but the city is ugly, consisting for the most part of earthen and clay cottages, from which a multitudinous and impudent swarm of children issued. Nevertheless, we saw neatly-dressed women sitting here and there before their houses, spinning cotton on the distaff.

Amongst the ancient scenes of interest, we visited the ruins of Agamemnon's castle and the dwelling of the *Danaæ*, as they call it, but which, for the most part, consist only of walls, which look blackened and repulsive; also the splendid old amphitheatre, a Titanic work of the time of the Romans. Here stood the first great popular assembly of the new, free Hellas, under the presidency of Capodistria. Here the second would have been held, but was deferred by him until it was too late. From the uppermost stages of this amphitheatre you have an incomparable view over the Plain of Argos and the beautiful bay. This view is the only beauty of which Argos can boast. Its most remarkable feature at the present time is its tobacco! The greater part of the plain is occupied by the growth of this plant. For the rest, it is as advantageous for the feeding of horses as in the time of Homer. The studs are at no great distance.

There lie in the market-place of the city some antique marble columns and bas-reliefs, which seem to me worthy of preservation. In a little Greek chapel, which we entered, two priests were performing mass to

each other, no one else being present. The café on the other side of the square was, on the contrary, tolerably well filled. Here we also took seats, and refreshed ourselves with lucumi and cold water, stared at by the Argolic juveniles,—young Orestes and Ægisthus material, I fear, unless they soon get into a better school than that in which they are now being taught.

On Friday, the 2nd of September, we were present at the Evangelical service and the administration of the Holy Sacrament in a large hall of the former palace. A violent storm of thunder and lightning came on at the time, causing the hall to vibrate, and overpowering the voice of the preacher. I scarcely ever remember experiencing a storm equal to this. It was magnificent, but at the same time almost terrific.

In the afternoon we climbed up the eight hundred steps hewn in the rock, to Palamedes—an easy but steep ascent. The view was magnificent the whole way. Arrived at the fortress, we were received by its commandant, an old German Philhellenist, and a very worthy man, Major S——, who conducted us to his house, where we saw traces of the effects of the lightning in the morning. It had entered the bed-chamber just as Mrs. S—— had left the room, had rent and riven various things there, as also in other parts of the house, merely injuring one person, a servant-boy of the family.

We went round to see the fortifications, the most important of which date from the time of the Venetian rule; and the lion of St. Mark's, with his half-sweet and half-savage expression, was mounted on more than one wall. The fortress of Palamedes is now a prison for criminals confined for life; but it is not, it may be feared, a prison of the model class, of which we had a proof. Whilst we were walking amongst the fortifica-

tions, we heard violent cries of suffering and distress from the bastion "Miltiades," where the prison is located. Several officers hastened thither, when it was discovered that the provost of the prison was flogging and maltreating a prisoner, who was violently exclaiming:

"You have a right to keep me prisoner, but not to flog me!"

I have heard many complaints of the manner in which prisoners are treated, not merely here, but all over Greece. The prisoners, it is said, are in more than one place obliged to fight with the rats for their food, which is frequently also of the very worst description. Neither does there seem to be any control over the treatment of the prisoners. The Nomarch of this district is also the director of the prison of Palamedes, and the last time he visited it was two years ago. Alas! alas! young Greece! In this respect thou art yet in bondage to Turkey and to barbarism.

Whilst the wailing and outcries were going forward in the Miltiades bastion, the soldiers were dancing the *Romaïka* on the bastion just below, to the same screaming song, with the same bounding and leaping of the leader of the dance, as I had witnessed in the dance at Amarousi. Such seem to be the every-day occurrences at Palamedes.

On the lofty, naked rock, however, a pleasant sight was presented to us—namely, the garden which the Commandant has made, with great industry and love, in the bosom of the rock. Beautiful fruit-bearing trees and shrubs had been caused by him to grow, but I scarcely know how. It resembled a miracle. Juicy figs and beautiful Corinthian grapes came forth from the fissures of the rock. The garden hung, as it were, over the sea, nine hundred feet above it.

My attention was also attracted by the singularly furrowed stones and blocks of the rock itself, which prevail everywhere on this height. It is as if millions of worm-like creatures had crept upon it and left there their traces. I could not meet with any one who could explain to me this peculiarity, and I do not know if it can be explained.

From the height where the fortress prisoners have to fight with rats and gaolers, I will now descend to a little rocky island in the sea, near to Nauplia, and which is called the "Executioners' Island." Its peculiar and almost gloomy aspect had already awaked my curiosity, for it has the appearance of a fortified convent. There is about it a something romantic, mysterious, and hideous—like an episode in some romance of the Satanic school; neither does its appearance belie its character. The island has been inhabited for the last several years by a couple of executioners, who, during the last war with the banditti of the neighbourhood, had a great deal of business to attend to. For King Otho's Government, finding that it was absolutely necessary to commence a bloody war of extermination against those hordes which were ever increasing in daring and cruelty, sent the robbers, as they were taken prisoners, to Nauplia for execution, two of the fortress prisoners for life being pardoned on condition of their assuming the office of headsmen. But so great was the sympathy of the common people for the robber hordes, for these descendants of the "Klephts," or robbers—lawless soldiery known for their hatred of the Turk, and their savage love of freedom—so little did the people as yet comprehend the demands of true freedom, and their own well-being, that they took part with the robbers against the servants of justice, and the executioners were obliged to flee for their lives to the

little islet below the fortress, where they were guarded by the military. There they lived at liberty, and if they so wished it, in luxury. When their services were required—and that a few years ago was very often—they were conducted by an armed guard to land, and when their work in the city was done, they were returned under guard to their island. For every head they were paid eighty drachmas, about seventy-five francs. The executions were accomplished without much ceremony. The executioner smoked his cigar and saluted the condemned prisoner in a friendly manner, who would also be smoking. The two seemed to be on good terms with each other. To the exhortations of the attendant priest the condemned made the sign of the cross, commended himself to Christ, and then, without compulsion, ascended the steps to the scaffold. Nevertheless, he was well watched the while, for it not unfrequently happened that he would have a knife concealed about himself, and in the last moment strike wildly about with it.

The two headsmen, in the course of years, grew rich by their handiwork. But what advantage could they have of their wealth? They themselves were prisoners, and prisoners they must remain, if they would preserve their lives. They were excluded from all human companionship, excepting that of each other. One of them was a man of large stature, and seemed also to be of a well-disposed character; the other was a little man, but of a savage, saturnine temper. One day the latter was seen to take three hundred drachmas in his hand, and fling them into the sea. The tall man and the little man were not good friends, and accordingly, one day, or night, two years ago, the little man was murdered by his tall companion.

What a subject for an author of the Eugène Sue class!

Greece is now in peace as regards the banditti. Murders and robberies are no longer the events of the day. The headsmen have done their work. But still they must be guarded on their island.

And now, away from these scenes and subjects, away to the home of idyllian and pastoral life—to Arcadia! We are at this place merely one day's journey distant from it, and have resolutely determined to enable ourselves henceforth to say:

"I, too, have been in Arcadia!"

Tripolitza, September 5th.—I am in Arcadia! Before me extends a gloriously green valley. I am in an Arcadianly kind and hospitable family. But in the first place a word about the journey hither.

"You must avail yourselves of the wind from the north, which springs up every morning at four o'clock, and with it cross the Bay of Mylos, where you must have a carriage to meet you."

Such was the advice given us by our good host, Captain Steinhauser, and according to it we acted.

By starlight, before the first streak of dawn, we stood on the Bridge of Nauplia, and descended into our little sailing boat. The wind from the north had not yet risen. Nevertheless we put out and hoisted sail, and behold, immediately afterwards sprang up a breath of wind from the north, but as soft and gentle as a western zephyr, swelled our sail and curled the mirror-bright bay. How beautifully gleamed the stars,

"And sounding waves
Rushed purple-foaming round the flying keel." *

for the dawn broke of a rosy purple, "the rosy-fingered Eos," and tinted the waves and the lofty mountain-tops

* "Odyssey," 2nd Book.

before us. The sail was glorious in this light across the Bay of Argos. Before we reached Mylos the sun had risen.

At this place we found ourselves in the home of the Lernean Hydra, and although, according to the old story, Hercules had slain it some thousands of years before, yet we still saw some of its hundred heads glancing up at daylight from the swelling, streaming springs and pools of unfathomable depth; true it is that they are now harmless; nay, that they are even compelled to be serviceable to mankind, to grind corn, to water gardens, to perform other useful work. And this change is, in fact, the meaning of the saga of the monster-slayer. In this sense Hercules is a demi-god, who lives and fights even at this day on earth.*

We found the carriage and driver which we had engaged waiting for us in Mylos, for we were actually to drive by a carriage into Arcadia! And so we did, and that by a very good *chaussée*, which had been made between Nauplia and Tripolitza, the present capital of Arcadia—and through what a region! Everywhere rocks, rocks, rocks, a very wilderness of mountains. The horses drew us wearisomely, ever upwards from the Plain of Argos, along the rugged dried-up bed or ravine of the Inachos, into the gigantic mountain fortifications which separate Argos from Arcadia. Every tree, every green thing had disappeared, and bold, strange rock-formations, as if the Cyclops of antiquity had here erected their ramparts and towers, are the only objects of interest. Through this stony desert we journey hour after hour, and see nothing but rigid mountain-combs

* But, after all, he has not entirely overcome the Hydra. The exhalations which rise from its watery throat have caused ever since, the prevalence of dangerous miasma and fever in the district.—*Author's note.*

and peaks. It really requires a little faith to believe that after all we are on the way to Arcadia. But Arcadia is a highland region, situated two thousand feet above the sea. The road ascends uninterruptedly, and it is especially heavy and fatiguing in the great heat of the day. We can hardly get up any interest either about two large villages which we pass, or some ruins which show themselves in some of the more open spaces of this rocky world. But, however, they do not seem very interesting. Tree-like bushes we see here and there in the hollows between the mountains.

At length we behold, at no great distance from the road, two beautiful large olive-trees, and not far from them a few low houses. It is a khan, or public-house, a friendly place of rest on the road. But a caravan of trading people have unloaded their bags and packages in the shade of the olive-trees, and all around the trees from twelve to fourteen fustanelle-attired men are in full career dancing the Romaïka to the customary singing. They are traders from Athens, who thus convey every kind of manufactured goods to Sparta. Mr. H——, who speaks modern Greek with as great fluency as his own mother-tongue, went up to the dancers and requested permission from them for us to make use of their packages as table and chairs whilst we took our breakfast. This was most kindly granted, in addition to which they also offered us wine from a large round tin bottle. Mr. H—— took a draught, but found it very sour and bitter, from the resin with which the Greeks generally flavour their wine—partly from old custom, partly from an actually perverted taste. Our good housewife, Mrs. H——, spread out her abundant store of provisions on the sacks in the shade of the olive-trees, and we took our seats around, both for rest and for refreshment, whilst we watched the dancing, which was

once more in full operation. The head dancer, a splendid elderly man, made gigantic leaps, flinging up the while with his foot his shoe high into the air, and taking every now and then, dancing all the while, a draught from the tin bottle. The dancing and the good-humoured merriment continued for near an hour, after which from eighteen to twenty mules were led out to be reladen with great dexterity. Each beast carried two large packs—one on each side of the saddle, so that the one balanced the other. Every mule also had his own leader. The reloading did not occupy ten minutes, and then the whole party set off merrily on their way to Sparta.

Scarcely had the Athenian caravan left the olive-trees before a second, consisting of about the same number, arrived there from Sparta, conveying oil in skin bags to Athens. They also unloaded here their mules, and politely invited us to partake of their breakfast. This kind of hospitality is said to be the universal custom in Greece.

And yet a third group enlivened the scene. It consisted of a stately old Greek of a princely bearing, and rich, gold embroidered costume, together with his attendants, five younger men, all dressed in fustanelles, and all on horseback. The prince dismounted, greeted us politely, informed himself who we were, and then, accompanied by his palikars, went to take his breakfast under some bushes a little farther off. My friends had recognized in him the old general, Hadschi Petro, well known for his wealth and his achievements in the War of Independence. He is said to be about eighty years of age, but he has an Herculean form, and the bearing and step of a man of scarcely fifty.

The men of Sparta who were dressed like the Athenians, were handsome, and seemed brisk and cheerful.

In our civilized countries men of business would look down with compassion upon the loss of time and labour caused by such trading journeys and modes of doing business. And with justice. Things move with greater rapidity by railway, but by them people do not keep such good health and so much good temper; neither do they dance the Romaïka at their various stations in the shade of the olive-trees.

We again take our places in our carriage and proceed on our desert way. We are four in number, because a German professor—an out-and-out German professor—joined himself to us at Nauplia, to make the journey into Arcadia. He is also a poet, according to the classical type, an ardent Philhellenist, and, considering his age and his appearance, a somewhat too ardent lover of beauty. He is a widower, but is looking about him for a new wife, and—he may look a long time for one! A pretty Greek girl had already won his heart at Nauplia, but did not give her own in exchange. However, let us now proceed on our way to Arcadia.

In the course of the afternoon we began to have some little presentiment that we were approaching Arcadia. Now and then we heard the sound of a shepherd's pipe amongst the mountains; here and there we saw green spots, as well as flocks of goats and sheep which were gathered near some spring of water.

Towards evening the mountains opened, and we drove down into an extensive gloriously verdant plain, surrounded in the distance by hills, on the lower terraces of which lay picturesque villages or towns. It is the plain of Tegea and Tripolitza. We are now in Arcadia. The evening sun beams in beauty over the country, the hills shine in purple splendour. We bound lightly along over the wide champaign, amongst large vineyards and cultivated land, planted with maize,

tobacco, and potatoes. Bushes of blossoming oleander indicate here and there the course of a rivulet. On the delightfully level road we frequently meet country-people, mostly young women and men, with handsome countenances, gay and cheerful expression, all indicative of health, cleanliness, and prosperity. The complexion of the girls is like milk and cherries. We are evidently in Arcadia! We could not possibly have imagined Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses to be handsomer.

Neither could we have been received more cordially or more kindly in the ideal Arcadia than we now have been by the German Doctor Schimpfles and his handsome Italian wife, at their home in Tripolitza. And very soon we were seated at a table spread with Homeric abundance, partaking of Arcadianly delicious food, and drinking Arcadian wines, of which the resinously flavoured seemed to me like an extract of wormwood from the apothecary, whilst the champagne, on the contrary, was as good almost as that of France, and it is probable, also, was made by a Frenchman who has lately come to reside in the city.

To-day, Sunday, we looked about us in the town and neighbourhood during the morning. In the first place, however, we went to church, because there was a wedding, and to resist the witnessing of a wedding in Arcadia was a thing not to be thought of.

The church was full of people, even to a crowd; but as soon as people became aware that we were strangers, they made way for us, and gave us good places in the choir, so that we could see the whole ceremony most conveniently.

The bride and bridegroom stood there with burning candles, decorated with ribbons, and flowers in their hands, and on their heads white garlands, which were

bound together from head to head with ribbon. A number of priests, with flowing hair and beards and long capes, stood in a ring round the bridal pair and performed mass. Between these and the young couple were crowded their godfathers and godmothers, and all their nearest relations, a whole throng. The priests officiated for certainly three quarters of an hour, repeating everything which occurs in the Bible about marriage, not forgetting St. Paul's strict command about the wife's subordinate position to her husband. In the midst of all this the ceremonies proceeded, which seemed to express a condition of unity and reciprocity between the contracting parties, more in conformity with the most ancient, the primeval creative record regarding man; "Male and female created He them," Gen. i. 27, and more in accordance with the Saviour's words regarding the perfected condition, Matt. xxii. 30.

The wreaths were exchanged—I know not how many times—on the heads of bridegroom and bride, in token that thus they were to share together the pleasures and the wants of life. Wine was given them to drink from the same vessel, whether it were sweet, or sour, or bitter I know not, and they were fed by the bishop who married them with various things which stood on the altar—with bread, the kernels of pistachio-nuts, and much more—the wreaths being in the meantime changed about from the one to the other by the officiating god-parents. When all this was over, the bridal pair, with their hands firmly clasped, and their heads bound together by the wreaths, and each with a candle in the other hand, began a kind of dance, or rather promenade, round the altar, in which they were headed by the bishop and followed by the god-parents and a considerable number of relations and friends. Three times did they thus promenade round the altar, accompanied by the inhar-

monious singing of the priests. The bridegroom this while looked like a sacrifice, and the bride—a very pretty girl of twenty, dressed in the European style—looked likewise annoyed. But they both brightened up again when the altar-dance was ended, and looked very much pleased, as, still closely bound together by the wreaths, they stood there to receive the congratulations which were offered them. These were accompanied by kissing, as well from the men as from the women. Some of the congratulating friends kissed merely the wreaths, which in so doing they lifted off the head of bride or bridegroom, and then replaced. This part of the ceremony must have occupied a whole half-hour.

I observed amongst the people in the church many who wore very rich costumes—dresses of gold-stuff, gold-embroidered velvet bodies, and red caps (fezzes); all the men wore white tunics (fustanelles), and jackets ornamented with silver cord or embroidered with gold, as well as kamasches. Some of the people were poetically handsome in appearance, bearing, and costume. The expression of the people in general was kind and amiable—really Arcadian.

On our way from the church we met two guitar-players with garlands on their heads. They were playing and singing merrily, and were accompanied by a number of people. They were celebrating either a birthday or a nameday in this manner. It was a purely Arcadian scene.

It may be then a very natural suggestion that Arcadia is really and truly a home of idyllian and cheerful pastoral life. Alas! Arcadia has not long since witnessed other scenes than these, and Tripolitza has been the theatre of one of the most bloody scenes of the War of Liberation—a deed of revenge of the Greeks against

the Turkish population of the city, at the memory of which people shudder. After this massacre the city was changed into a heap of ruin.* It is now again recovering itself, although slowly, like a feeble convalescent after a mortal sickness. But the handsome and lively appearance of the population——. I am now called to dinner.

Sparta, Sept. 8th.—Nothing during my three years' journeyings had occurred to me so unexpectedly, and appears to me so incredible, as the fact that I am now at Sparta, in the valley of Eurotas, in the native land of Lycurgus and Leonidas,—in Sparta, in the capital of Laconia, in the capital of my childhood's admiration and delight, at the time of my earliest acquaintance with Grecian history!

Yet it really is so; I am in Sparta, but in the modern Sparta, which has sprung up on the site of the old. The idea of coming hither suggested itself to us in Arcadia, in Tripolitza, in the first instance to Mrs. H—— and myself, when we discovered that from

* I cannot resist giving a single fact from this dreadful occurrence. One of the Philhellenists who fought for and with the Greeks during the whole of their struggle for freedom, entered the room of a house during the storming of Tripolitza, in which he found two Turkish women lying dead on the floor, and a child, a little girl of five years old—the only human creature left alive in the house—crying bitterly, and calling "Mana, mana!" (Mother, mother!). The rough, fierce-looking soldier took the weeping child in his arms, set her upon his horse, and saved her from the slaughter in which ten thousand men, women, and children perished. This child, whom he placed under the care of a Mrs. M——, in Syra, was afterwards adopted by the French Duchess Damas, brought up by her in Paris in the Christian faith, married well, and became in all respects an amiable and happy woman.—*Author's note.*

Tripolitza hither was merely two short days' journey, and the idea hastily matured itself to a resolve when the head of our little caravan, Mr. H——, made no objection to our wish. We were never likely again to be so near to Sparta. If we were not now able to see the Vale of Eurotas, to see Sparta, the rival of Athens, we should never afterwards be able to see them—that was certain. And the very fact that the next day we might be in Sparta was of itself sufficient to overcome all other considerations. It was in vain that our hospitable host exclaimed,—

"No, no! It cannot be done! You will be deluged with rain, shut up in a wretched khan, wet to the skin, sick and ill! It will be the death of you! The rainy season here is just beginning; just look how the clouds are gathering. It will never do! never can be done! No!"

"Happen what may, Sparta we must see!" said Mrs. H——, with Spartan determination; and I, just at this time not much less Spartanesque, would have blushed to show any want of spirit.

Horses and guides (*Arrieros*, as they are here called), six brisk Lacedemonians, were engaged at once, and we all mounted our steeds in the market-place of Tripolitza, whilst dark, threatening clouds were gathering in black masses above our heads.

The Greek saddles, clumsy machines of wooden framework and skin cushions, do not look at all inviting. They are very well constructed for the carrying of sacks and packages of goods—but for human beings! And the rest of the horses' equipments are no better. In the place of a bridle a rope is fastened round the creature's nose!—instead of stirrups a loop is made in a rope, into which the rider sticks his foot! It may be perhaps an Arcadian state of things, but I must confess that I

never before felt less admiration for the Arcadian style.

In the meantime, they covered the clumsy saddles with pillows and quilts; the tall Spartan, Dimitri, the leader of the train, lifted me, like a child, into the saddle, in which, to my surprise, I was seated as in an easy arm-chair, and found myself riding again in Arab fashion, most comfortably on horseback.

I was furnished with a small white-gray horse, with a reddish nose, and hoofs to match, and which I soon discovered to be the nicest little creature possible, safer and better in all respects than any of my good Palestine horses. My attendant was a Spartan of sixty, named Constantis, who had refined features, light curly hair, who sprang over streams and stones, and stepped along as with the feet of a dancing-master—a real Spartan dandy he might be called. The others were handsome, well-grown young men, in fez and fustanelles, brisk and alert, so that it was a pleasure to see them. The German Professor and Philhellenist also accompanied us, and our little caravan of four merrily trotted along, amidst the loud, lively talk of our Spartan attendants, over the plain of Tripolitza on the road to Sparta. But first to Tegea, the ancient capital of Arcadia, and the scene of many a bloody battle, but the peaceful daughter of which, young Tegea, now lay in idyllian peace, surrounded by gardens. Farther to the north was Mantinea, the remains of which and the memory of Epaminondas would have been well worthy of a day's journey thither; but we were now bent on seeing Sparta, and would not be turned aside either for great or small.

We halted at the picturesque ruins of the church of Hagios Sosti, at which point we left the pleasant Vale of Tripolitza, and entered the mountain-pass, which

was as devoid of beauty as it was of wood, excepting for low bushes, where we pursued the course of a dried-up river, called Saranda Potamos, a branch of the Alpheus, the chief river of Arcadia. We are still in Arcadia, and this is the place at which may be raised in some degree the rose-coloured veil which, in the eyes of most North Europeans, rests upon it. Poetical the country is, in any case, although not exactly in the same way as we generally imagine.

The Arcadian scenery lies in the centre of the Peloponnesian peninsula, and constitutes its Switzerland. It is a country of lofty mountains, and deep, wild ravines and valleys, a country of great beauty, but more frequently of a terrific than of a sweet and enchanting character. The Styx is an Arcadian mountain stream, the awfully gloomy scenery of which gave rise to the legends of the Greek poets respecting the dark regions of the under-world, and of the river Styx, across which the death-ferryman Charon conveyed troops of the shades. "By the river Styx!" was, as we know, one of the most terrible oaths of the ancient Greeks. And to this day the Arcadian Styx is styled by the people of the neighbourhood *Mavro Nero*, the Black Water, and is believed to be drunk only at the risk of life; which, however, modern travellers have proved to be pure imagination. In the lofty mountain regions, round the snow-covered giants, Cyllene, Stymphalus, Mænalus, and Erymanthus, with many others, the winter is severe, and snow and hail of frequent occurrence. The oldest inhabitants, who are called Prehellenists, Pelasgians, wore sheep-skins. They loved freedom, and were in a condition to maintain it by force of arms. This, and still more the repulsive rather than inviting character of their mountain realm, enabled them to remain there in peace. With freedom and

peace came, by degrees, the blessings of peace and freedom. The pastoral people of Arcadia extended their flocks and herds along the rivers which then, as at this day, flow through the country, Eurotas, Alpheus, Neda, and the romantic Ladon, green as the emerald. Here they found glorious, ever-verdant pasturage, luxuriant woods and groves, filled with the music of singing-birds. They then erected temples to Pan and Æsculapius, the divine powers of nature and of healing. Music—the Arcadian flute—and the dance became a part of their every-day customs. By degrees the Arcadian States and Confederacy were founded. They entered into alliance with or made war upon their neighbour-states, acquired a higher degree of cultivation, more gods and more temples, nay, even had an indistinct idea that Jupiter himself was born in one of their lofty mountain-caves. The people, nevertheless, continued to be especially that for which nature had destined them, a pastoral people, free and peaceful within their rock-engirdled valleys.

Arcadia has only two large plains, the one on which stands the convent of Megaspelion—the scene of one of the most picturesque incidents of the War of Independence—and the other between Tripolitza and Tegea, of the bloody and idyllian scenes of which I have already spoken. As you penetrate still farther into the mountain regions, you find glorious primeval forests of the oak, pine, and plane, which grow to gigantic proportions, and on the banks of many of the rivers romantically beautiful groves and luxuriant vegetation. In one portion of the more wild districts, the people are said to be so poor that the traveller runs the risk of perishing from hunger, if he do not provide himself with food for his journey. In other villages and towns, more fortunate in their situation, especially if Heaven

have blessed them with a good Demarch, you find patriarchal prosperity and the gentle, hospitable manners of patriarchal life. In their solitary rock regions, and in the depth of the forests, the traveller who has the courage to venture his life on their unfrequented paths, will sometimes come upon a beautiful ancient marble column, embraced by a primeval oak, sometimes on the fragments of a fallen temple almost wholly overgrown by creeping plants and shrubs. In two places he will find temples still standing, which in beauty are inferior only to the Parthenon — the Temple of Phigaleia, on the frontiers of Messenia, and that of Apollo-Æsculapius, at the foot of the mountain Paleo-Castro. Mr. Rangabé thus speaks of the latter, in the description of his travels in Arcadia:

"Two hours after having left Andritzena, we passed over a hill of no great height, and found ourselves on an open plain, in the middle of which rose the Temple of Apollo-Æsculapius, the most beautiful Grecian temple now in existence, after that of the Parthenon. It reigns in solitary grandeur over the desert, where there is nothing to disturb the memories of antiquity which it calls forth. From the Peloponnesian War to that of the Liberation, how many tempests have passed over this monument without bowing its proud head! It exhibits to us Greece still such as in the days when Ictinus, with his triumphal artist-power, showed that he could still astonish and even charm, after he had produced the Parthenon, for it exhibits her in the perspective of distance always beautiful in her outlines, always bathed in light, and adorned with harmonious colours. Beyond the precipice on which the Temple stands as a ruler, and at the base of which the Neda flows, the mountains, which to the left strike out into the craggy peaks of Taygetus, open and separate like the two sides of a

theatre, revealing at the same time between their terrace-like ascending masses the plain of Stenycleros, watered by the Pamisus, in the centre of which rises, like an immense tent, the plateau of Ithome, and in the background the bright mirror of the Bay of Calamos, with the summit of Corone to the west. The mountain, which lowers itself on this side, opens finally the view along the coasts of Triphylia and the Ionian Sea, with the outlet thence of the Neda."

For the rest, it is evident from what I heard about Arcadia and its people, that it is in many respects a *terra incognita* for the scientific tourists of the present day, whose hidden natural treasures—of which marvellous stories are told—would abundantly reward the fatigues and the dangers of a journey of discovery.

I now return to our road to Sparta; which was continued undeviatingly along the dried-up bed of a river between hills, and in which bushes and heath struggled up amongst the stones. In the meantime we heard the melody of the pastoral pipe, and saw flocks of goats and sheep tended by shepherds—handsome young men with white woollen mantles thrown over their shoulders, long shepherds' crooks in their hands, and on their heads white woollen caps of the style of the old classic Phrygian cap.* They were well-dressed, picturesque figures, very unlike the ragged, dirty shepherds of the Roman Campagna. Their dogs—which the traveller could not venture to trifle with—were firmly held back by their crooks, or between their legs, as our little procession passed by.

The clouds gathered threateningly above us, and the

* The national Greek cap—the fez—is also of the same form; tall, and with its point bent towards the forehead; in this particular essentially differing from the round-cut fez of the Turks.—*Author's note.*

wind blew by snatches raw and cold. The prophecy of our good host at Tripolitza, that we should be "wet to the skin," in the miserable khan where we had to pass the night, and the name of which was *Krya Vrousi*, or cold water, recurred again and again to my mind as a very dismal prospect in the darkening evening, and under that darkening sky. Our arrieros, although they declared that we should have no rain, were at the same time evidently not easy in their minds, and kept looking up at the sky, and urging on, both by shouts and blows, the horses, which seemed unwilling to proceed. But still, in the midst of those desolate mountain-passes, in the midst of the threatening clouds, glanced at me every now and then, a bright countenance from under the cloudy veil like a friendly assurance. This was my old friend *the Moon*, now in her first quarter, and the sight of her gave hope to my soul.

At length we arrived at a few low cottages situated in a deep solitude of the mountains. A river, swollen by the late rains, rushed here roaring along its course, turning, as it went, the small wheel of a mill. The buildings were so low and so small, that we could not but question if they were designed for human habitation. In the house at the mill we found, however, a large, and not very dirty, upper-room—very like a barn with us—on the earthern floor of which were some straw mats. Here we were to remain over the night. We took possession of one half of the apartment, where we settled ourselves down; in the other a fire was lighted, and our arrieros, together with the owners of the place encamped in the centre. Mrs. H—— having ordered boiling water, made us tea, and each of us a good mess of arrowroot, whilst our arrieros were seated in a circle on the floor round a dish of hot meat.

By this time it was night, and everybody prepared

their own bed, each in their own place, in the best manner they might, with rugs, travelling bags and pillows. The fire burned down, lost itself in ashes, and a small lamp on the wall alone cast its feeble light over the nocturnal little encampment. Our arrieros were soon fast asleep, singing in the usual inharmonious manner, and after awhile my travelling companions also. For my part I could not sleep a wink. In the noise of the mill I seemed to hear the roar of thunder, and deluging rain in the rushing of the river. At half-past two I slowly got up, and walked out to the steps that I might breathe a little fresh air, and look about me—and behold! there was neither thunder, clouds, nor rain: nothing but the clearest heaven, full of kindly twinkling stars! Such a sight, during such a journey, and after such an apprehension, was worth more than pearls and gold. Full of joy, I returned to my dark corner, and now listened to the roar of the stream and the noise of the mill with feelings very different to those just before.

At the break of day we were again on horseback. The tall, merry Dimitri lifted me, like a feather, upon my steed, but with my face to the tail. On making him observant of his mistake, by my laughing protest of "*Ochi! ochi!*" (No! no!) he also laughed, and swung me lightly round into my right position.

And lightly and merrily we proceeded on our way, from the gloomy vale of the Cold Water, in the increasing light of day. Our couches had been miserable, we had slept but little through the preceding night; coffee we could not obtain, because there was none at the place, but again a warm cup of arrowroot had refreshed us; and the clear morning sky, the pure, delicious morning air, the prospect of a lovely day's journey, and that before evening we should be in Sparta, was

more to us than coffee and soft beds in gilded chambers.

How beautiful everything seemed to me, as I rode along this morning on that ever-memorable ground, beneath a sky from which every threatening cloud had vanished, but in which the sun, veiled by a gradually dispersing mist-cloud, was shorn of his burning rays, and the air was calm, fresh and soft at the same time—so divinely pleasant! With what thankful joy I inhaled it, whilst my agile, rosy-footed, white horse carried me easily over the torrents, which had been formed by the river and the rain! And—there is no disavowing it—you see everything around you, both of small and great, both at hand and afar off, so infinitely better when you are on horseback than by any other mode of travelling. With a good horse, and in fine weather, it is beyond all question the most agreeable. I now understand the love which the English ladies have for this exercise, and regret that our Swedish ladies are, by their education, deprived of so animating and so healthy an enjoyment.

The hills on both sides of the narrow valley, or mountain-pass, Klisura, which separates Arcadia and Lacedemonia, were all alive with sheep and goats. Handsome, white-attired shepherds stood amongst them with their dogs and long crooks.

After leaving this pass the country opens out, assuming a more cheerful and cultivated aspect than we had seen in Arcadia after leaving the beautiful Plain of Tripolitza. We were now in Lacedemonia. Our road through the whole day lay partly over desolate hills, partly down dry sandy beds of rivers. Road, properly speaking, there was none; nothing but paths more or less inconvenient, yet still not to be compared with those of Palestine. The further we advanced southward the more

agreeable and fertile became the character of the country. Lofty mountain-summits arose before us, to the east and to the west. We were approaching the Taygetus.

We made our noonday halt at Krevata, a wretched little khan. The most ancient historical memory of the place is, that there the Spartans were so thoroughly beaten by the forces of the Achæan league (the day and the year you must be so good as to discover for yourself if you desire to know them), that they never again recovered their courage—never again regained their former power. The remarkable incident of the place to us was, that the German Professor laid himself down to rest on our eggs, which spoiled our dish of buttered eggs, but caused a deal of merriment.

The journey, after leaving Krevata, increased greatly in interest. The scenery was of a more magnificent character. The paths by which we travelled, were, it is true, very bad sometimes, but the mountain-chain of Parnon revealed on the left—we were riding southward—its imposing masses of wooded hills, amongst which lay valleys with their large villages and cultivated fields, whilst on our right towered aloft the naked peaks of Taygetus. We were approaching Sparta.

From one of the high hills of Parnon, we see at one glance the whole extent of the vale of Eurotas—from the north to the south—a plain almost unsurpassable, gloriously green, through which the Eurotas winds its silver way between the wooded heights of Parnon and Taygetus, which with its lofty peaks and cupolas of from seven to ten thousand feet high, forms the western boundary of the vale like a wall, and runs out southward into the wild mountain-ridge of Maina, down to the sea at Cape Matapan.

The high-lying country to the north drops down by a

chain of green hills, like steps to the Vale of Eurotas, between the two mighty mountain-chains. At one place we observed, about the middle of the vale, that this ridge of hills ceased, and that here, upon its lowest step, a village or small town shone out in the sunlight. That was the modern Sparta, standing on the site of the ancient city. Bordered with oleanders, the river Eurotas gleamed like a silver belt through the vale. A grander, more beautiful, and at the same time more easily comprehensible picture can scarcely be conceived. It is Spartan in its grandeur and simplicity. It operates like an invigorating draught on soul and sense.

After we had contemplated this picture for some minutes from our elevated position, we were obliged again to become absorbed in mountain-ravines and the beds of streams, during which we lost all traces of the grand scene which we had just witnessed. But the little brooks murmured freshly from the mountains, and the blossoming oleanders bordered their courses on every hand. One tradition places the Royal Palace of Menelaus and Helen in this district.

Our road now pursued a continual descent, and was often very fatiguing to ride down. In the meantime views were opening over the grand vale, with Eurotas, Taygetus, and Sparta! An hour later and we were descending a mountain-path, from which we had an uninterrupted view over the vale in its whole extent.

The sun was now approaching the west, and flung from black cloud-masses brilliant floods of light over Taygetus, lighting up here and there bold rock-formations, heights and ravines. Lights and shades, forms and colours, height and depth,—everything is massive, grand, powerful, almost overwhelming. O Lycurgus and Leonidas! Grand spirits, worthy of such scenes, how weak, how poor, do I now feel myself to be! And

yet I have believed that I could comprehend you—could resemble you!

Strange! On the immense prairies of America, with those infinite horizons, I felt myself free, happy, at home like the bird in the free air; and here, in the face of natural scenery not less grand and beautiful, but of quite another character, I feel myself oppressed, almost dejected, I know not why. Never did I feel myself so little Spartan in spirit as just now, when I am approaching Sparta.

We ride through a well-built village, with a church, and many handsome houses on an eminence almost perpendicular over the vale, and so down into the glorious vale between vineyards and hedges of oleander; we ride through the Eurotas river, clear as silver, broad but shallow, and onward over low hills—the overgrown ruins of ancient Sparta—with broken columns, walls, and ramparts standing up here and there out of the earth; we ride through a beautiful olive-wood, where white marble pillars show the sites of former temples, and at the end of the wood reach a handsome little town, with regular streets planted with trees, and white, well-built, though not large houses. And now we are in Sparta, but in the new Sparta which was laid out in 1834.

A German gentleman, Dr. K——, lived here, and to him we brought letters; and he, a little alarmed, perhaps, at the sight of so large a party, pointed out to us a place in the city, where he said we should be able to find quarters. The house seemed to us an unprosperous *restaurant*. We found there some empty rooms with a great deal of dirt and litter; but wholly unfurnished, with the exception of a large billiard-table, also covered with dust. Everything was empty, desolate, and ruinous. We stood in a state of bewilderment,

wondering how we should obtain refreshment and the means of rest. As some sort of preparation for this a servant-lad now entered with a great garden watering-pot in his hand, the contents of which he streamed forth here and there upon the floor, causing by so doing the dust to rise up in clouds to the ceiling. We sprang up at once, with all our travelling bags and rugs, upon the billiard-table.

Our situation was anything but enviable. But who is he who now approaches, sent to us by Jupiter the Hospitable? Lycurgus himself could not have a nobler appearance. He is a man of about forty, with handsome, regular features, and the bearing of a gentleman. He addresses us in French, and says:

"I have just learned that strangers have arrived at the city. This is not a fitting place for you to be entertained at. I have, however, a house and garden not far off. Come and be my guests!"

We feel like poor shipwrecked mariners who are conducted to land from a desolate rock, and not a little grateful for the extremely kind invitation, we descend from the billiard-table with all our traps. I accept politely the proffered arm of the benevolent Justice of the Peace, Theodor Fengarâs, and walk by his side along the streets of Sparta, to a handsome house, where we are conducted into light, spacious rooms, regaled with delicious fruit, figs, grapes, &c., whilst a large table is being spread for our evening meal. It is not possible to describe how kindly and hospitably we were here made welcome by the Spartan Justice of Peace and his young wife. We could not have been received with greater cordiality if we had been their near relations and friends.

This evening was devoted to our entertainment and refreshment, as well as to conversation with our host,

whose sentiments inspired us with great respect for Spartan humanity and culture of mind.

We have arrived in a fortunate moment at Sparta, because to-morrow begins the great annual fair at Mistra —the former Frank capital of Laconia, an hour's distance from this place—and we may there have a good opportunity of studying the life and people of the neighbourhood. These prospects made a cheerful close to our first day in the Vale of Eurotas.

FOURTH STATION.

Morning Ramble amongst the Ruins of Sparta—View of the Vale of Eurotas from the Acropolis of Sparta—Eternal Memories—The Spartan Ideal of Life—Grave of Leonidas—Mistra—The Great Fair—Ride to Platanista and Parori—Lacedemon, anciently and at the present time—Women of Sparta—Departure by way of Hagios Petros to Astros and Nauplia—From Nauplia to Mycenæ and Corinth—From Corinth to Athens.

NAUPLIA, *September 9th.*—It is in Nauplia that, resting my wings for a moment before I spread them again for a further flight, I continue my diary, and in it note down my memories of Sparta.

The morning arose bright and beautiful on our second day in the Vale of Eurotas. Immediately after breakfast, we rambled out to see the antiquities of Sparta. The Justice of Peace, our friendly host, is himself our guide through the beautiful olive-wood where white marble pillars rise from the earth in the shadow of those primeval trees, and on to the Acropolis of ancient Sparta, alas! now nothing but a huge heap of ruins, of which merely here and there some door and window-posts, steps, and pillars stand out to remind us of the former greatness. War, time, hatred, selfishness, or oblivion, have ravaged the ruins of Sparta much more effectually than those of Athens. Not a single monu-

ment of any importance either as regards form or beauty, is now remaining.

The only antiquity worthy of attention at this place —the Acropolis—is the gate of white marble belonging to a temple, supposed to be that of Minerva Chalkioikos the supreme protecting goddess of Sparta. The three massive white marble posts or tall stones, which formed the gateway, are devoid of ornamentation, or any trace of the beautifying art of the chisel. The most remarkable thing about the temple is the memory of the Spartan mother's act which has attached itself to it. For it was here, says the historian, that the Spartan general Pausanias, when his traitorous league with Persia was discovered, fled for protection to the sanctuary of the goddess against the vengeance of his countrymen. Reverence and fear of the goddess deterred the people from dragging Pausanias out of the temple; but a traitor such as he, could not live unpunished in Sparta. The men stood irresolute outside the open door of the temple, when a woman was seen to advance forward through the throng with a slow, firm step; it was the mother of the criminal. Without speaking a word she took up a stone and laid it down in the opening of the gateway, after which she retired silently. The people, however, understood her silent, terrible hint. Stone was rapidly laid upon stone; the temple was walled up, and the traitor of his country was consecrated to death by hunger.

The three hundred Spartans who perished at Thermopylæ seem to me to be a less strong proof of the enthusiasm for the honour of their country, which, Lycurgus awoke in the soul of his people, than the terrible deed of this one mother. They sacrificed life only; she, that which is much more than life,—

The upper half of the gate now rises up clear from the ground, like a frame; the lower is buried in the rubbish, which here forms a tolerably high hill. Pieces of the foundation wall are still visible on either side of the gate. The lower part of the slope, also the greater part of the ground occupied by ancient Sparta, has been ploughed up. Its streets and market-places are now tillage land. The hills of the Acropolis alone are incapable of cultivation, from the quantity of broken marble and rubbish which they contain. From amidst masses of insignificant fragments, our host picked out a beautiful little piece of an altar, or of a Doric capital, which he gave to me, and which I shall take home with me to Sweden.

The hill of the Spartan Acropolis is not lofty, like either that of Athens or of Larissa at Argos; it is, however, the loftiest of the row of hills which leap like waves out from the high country, north of the Vale of Eurotas, and which terminate at Sparta. The view from this point is of the most perfect character. On three sides of the broad vale—considerably more extensive than that of Athens—mountains rise, from three to four ranges in depth, far away into the blue distance. It is only in the south—where the Eurotas conveys its waters to the sea at eight hours' distance from Sparta—that the horizon is more open, and yet even there not entirely free from blue mountains. The Vale of Sparta is a natural fortress of the strongest kind, within which the Spartans safely built their unfortified city. Foremost and boldest in character rises along the western side of the vale, the mountain-wall of Taygetus, which separates Laconia from Messina. At its foot we discern very distinctly the town of Mistra, with white gleaming houses and verdant groves. Some hundred feet above we also discern upon one of the projecting

terraces of the mountain a spectre-like town, with churches, convents, palaces, but which seems to be deserted, and is scarcely to be distinguished from the rocks upon which they stand and fall into ruins. It is ancient Mistra, the seat of Government in the thirteenth century of the Frank Knight Villehardouin, and the capital of the Vale of Sparta, at that time the residence of the pomp and splendour of the Middle Ages—now a nest of owls. Above this rise the five gigantic cupolas of Taygetus, which give to the mountain its name of Pentadactylos,* and behind them the mountain-wall ascends in pointed, wavy lines into lofty peaks, white with snow, which only melts during the hottest weeks of summer. The titanic fortress walls extend with their projecting bastions, ramparts, and towers southward to the sea. This southern portion or point of Laconia is called Maina, and many are the wonderful stories which are told of this wild mountain land,† as well as of its poor inhabitants, fanatics for liberty, who regard themselves as the direct descendants of the old Spartans, and who never yet have bowed their necks to the Turkish yoke, a bold but savage people, who still retain, together with many of the customs of their forefathers, the passion of bloody revenge. The old families still live intrenched in their towers of marble, and woe to him who approaches a Mainote! Wild mountain scenery and solitude give birth to wild passions. "Have I not a

* The five-fingered.

† Herr Siegel, the German sculptor, resident in Athens, has rediscovered, about two years ago, in the mountains of Maina, the celebrated old marble-quarry of Rosso and Verde Antico, all traces of which had been lost for many centuries. An inscription, still in good preservation, on a wall of the largest cutting, says that the columns for the temples of Ephesus and Balbeck (now the ornaments of St. Sophia's, in Constantinople) were taken hence.—*Author's note.*

right to this field?" exclaimed a Mainote, indignantly, who had murdered its former proprietor, "I have manured it with blood!"

The race of the Mauro-Michaelis, or the Black Michaelis, are from Maina. The murderer of Capodistria was one of this line.

But now to return to the Vale of Sparta.

How gloriously bright was this morning, bathed as it was in sunshine! This valley, less picturesque than that of Attica, with its boldly ascending rock-altars and temples, is still infinitely grander and more fertile. It might be made a paradise of fertility and beauty, if hands and money were only in proportion to the affluence of nature.

Sitting on the ruins of the Acropolis, we feasted our eyes with the beauty of the vale, and the wonderful outlines of the mountains. It requires an accustomed eye and close observation to separate from those grand, all-absorbing principal masses, distinct forms and objects, such as ruins of castles, villages, &c. After about an hour so employed, we proceeded on our journey of discovery—on our pilgrimage, more properly speaking, because we wandered like pilgrims to the monuments and tombs of heroes.

In this way we came to a square building of large, hewn stone, which is called the grave of Leonidas, but whether justly so I know not. The spot itself was insignificant; the stones were without inscription or token of any kind which could direct the mind. The proportions of the monument were massive, regular, and simple, in accordance with the Spartan heroic character. One of the largest of the stones was cracked, and the crack was becoming still larger to make room for a fig-tree which had struck root into it, and now softly crept over the grey stone with its succulent green leaves and

young boughs. It was evident that it was intending to grow up into a large tree. And growing up out of the grave of Leonidas, spreading abroad its juicy fruit, its protecting crown, this tree would one day have a deep significance. To me the young fig-tree in the grave-stone was at the present time a prophecy.*

From this monument we went to see the remains of a large dining-hall for the Spartans. *Syssitia* or *Andreia* —the common meal for the men, an institution peculiar to Sparta, the object of which was to draw away all the men fit to bear arms—because such only were permitted by the Spartans to participate in the syssitia—from home and from domestic life, as well as to make them feel that the public life of the citizen was their own peculiar home. That which alone remains at the present time of this dining-hall, are earth walls or rather stone walls overgrown with earth and grass, but sufficiently high to give a perfect idea of the form of this general eating-hall, an elliptic circle, besides the many smaller rooms which were attached to its walls, and which opened into the large rotunda. Each one of these lesser rooms could accommodate from twelve to twenty persons.

I was particularly curious to know something about the celebrated black broth which formed the principal dish at these public meals. But the worst of it was that I could not get any enlightenment as to its ingredients. I have heard it said that it was made from boiled cuttle-fish.† If I could possibly taste it, I should pro-

* The lion-like courage and heroic death of Leonidas, at Thermopylæ, are as well known as his name. Less generally known is his magnanimous and most expressive remark, that he would rather die for Hellas than reign over her.—*Author's note.*

† I have, since writing the above, obtained from the *Griechische Alterthümer* of the German antiquary, G. F. Schaumann, the

bably be very much in the condition of the Lydian king, Crœsus, who sent for a cook on purpose from Sparta to prepare for him this savoury broth, but who, when he had tasted it, could not but acknowledge that he did not like it; whereupon the patriotic Spartan cook replied that, "in order to estimate it properly, it was necessary that you should first have bathed in the Eurotas."

We returned home through the olive-wood which divides the Acropolis of Sparta from the new town, pausing here and there wherever broken marble columns or small Christian chapels, in the walls of which had been introduced old friezes and other pieces of antique sculpture, indicated to us that there heathen temples had formerly stood.

If, taking Pausanias for our guide, we glance over the territory of old Sparta, as he shows it to us, in the time of the Emperor Hadrian—at which time Pausanias

following more exact description:—"The daily chief dish at the syssitia—the celebrated black broth, *Aimatia* or *Bapha*—is a kind of black pork-soup. The flesh is boiled in the blood, and the pottage seasoned only with salt and vinegar. Of this dish each one obtained his allotted portion. Kings alone received double portions, in order that they, having thus something to give away, might be able to show favour to any one. Of barley bread, on the contrary, every one could have as much as he liked, so also with regard to wine. But to become intoxicated by drink was considered disgraceful. For dessert they had cheese, olives, and figs. It was likewise allowed to a boon companion occasionally to present an extra dish, such as venison, fish, or wheaten bread, which was then divided when the meal was over. The Spartans had also their great dinners, on occasion of religious, public, or private festivals, when the entertainment was of a richer description, though always frugal enough to make a Sybarite say that he did not wonder at the Spartans in war facing death so courageously, because their way of life was not much better than a continual dying."—*Author's note.*

wrote his books—we shall find it, as was also nearly the whole of Hellas, covered with temples, altars, and sacred groves. No hill, no dale, no margin of any river, but had its images and traditions of the gods. In the midst of the temples to the great gods and goddesses stand *hereums* to the heroes or heroines and poetesses of the country. Everywhere, in all directions, the stranger was met by the ideals or historical memories of his country—a beautiful, a wonderful world at the first glance. But in the midst of these statues and altars of the gods, and those sacrifices and festivals which were appropriated to them, the people went forth against their neighbours for plunder and for war; and in order to propitiate their gods in favour of such deeds, they called upon them and sacrificed to them. This most frequently constituted the whole of their piety. The highest object of the people in these warlike expeditions was the aggrandizement of their own city or state, sometimes also merely the pleasure of revenge. But it is the object alone of war which is the excuse for war.

Greece became great and strong by its righteous defensive war against Persia. Its mutual wars of plunder, on the contrary, caused it to become finally the prey of foreign powers.

We rested for a short time at a fountain overshadowed by lofty plane-trees, drank of its fresh water, and watched the fair-going people wending their way to Mistra on foot and on horseback, with their various wares. They were all well, and even elegantly dressed.

We had seen this morning some of the most ancient monuments of Sparta; we were this afternoon to see somewhat of its present popular life, and therefore, immediately after dinner, we mounted our horses and rode to the great annual fair at the foot of Taygetus.

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Nearly the whole of our way lay through sparse olive-woods. After an hour's quiet ride we reached Mistra, the fields and olive-woods around which were thronged with animals, horses, mules, asses, cows, calves, and all the rest which had been driven to the fair. Within the town we saw long rows of tents erected as shops, and people were very busy getting in order the bazaar, a large square building with galleries running round it within the palace-yard, and on all sides crowded with shops. The quantity, the variety, and costliness of the wares seemed to me quite extraordinary. You saw there gold, silver, and silk stuffs, splendidly embroidered dresses of the manufacture of the country, a great number of galantérie wares, every kind of material for clothing, both of coarser and finer quality, suited to the taste of the country, a plentiful supply of provisions, fruits, &c., &c. I was astonished at the abundance displayed in every respect in a valley lying so remote from the great trading roads and towns. The greater part of the trade, however, which is carried on here is said to be by barter. Of money there is very little.

The people from all parts of Lacedemon and the surrounding country came crowding to this fair. The men, almost without exception, were dressed in fez and fustanelles, with jackets and kamasches, sometimes richly embroidered with cords of silver or gold. There was greater variety of costume amongst the women. One white head-dress, a kind of turban, which was worn by a woman of Achaia, struck me as being very handsome and splendid. For the rest, the fair was but at its commencement and the people beginning to arrive. It would not be in its fullest activity for yet a couple of days, and then it would be, it was said, very lively and gay, especially in the evenings, when the people assembled in the market-place to dance and sing,

and the Romaïka would be performed by corybantic leaders of the dance, to the music of flute and guitar, and the wild melody of the improvised song.

The people of the Vale of Eurotas, and from the rocky fortress of Maina, seemed to me not nearly so handsome as those of Athens. The features are irregular, the noses blunt, the lower part of the face projecting both in women and men. Some families of the aristocracy of the country are said, however, to be distinguished for their beauty. As that of Mauro Michaelis, for instance. Our host, a native of Sparta, has, as I have already observed, a head worthy of Lycurgus, that is to say, if Lycurgus looked as noble and as good as his character is described by his historians.

Our little caravan was an object of lively curiosity to the good Lacedemonians, especially after we had alighted from our horses, and at the invitation of Dr. K—— seated ourselves in a kind of open tent in the shade of the trees, to regale ourselves with coffee, fruit, fresh water, lucumi, and cigars. A dense wall of gaping spectators of all ages gathered around us, and amidst deep silence stared at us uninterruptedly, as if we had been some wonderful foreign beasts.

After having sufficiently refreshed ourselves we again mounted and rode through the fair, and on the road under Taygetus, the lofty mountain-fastnesses and spectral ruinous old city—the mediæval Mistra—looked down upon us with a dismally gloomy aspect. Our ride was now taken with reference to the tropically rich tract of country lying between Parori and Slavokori, at the foot of Taygetus. We were conducted thither by Dr. K——, who rode with great dexterity a fiery Arab. He was accompanied by his dark wife, a handsome Abyssinian lady in a scarlet fez, on a splendid white horse, and their son, whose steed, probably in its hobble-

de-hoy years, like its rider, was continually trotting now to the left and now to the right of the road. A young Lacedemonian, in a gold-embroidered jacket and kamasches, as light of foot as if he had been Mercury himself, ran merrily before us all the way from Mistra, a full half-hour's distance to Parori, where he stood ready to offer us water from the abundant fountain which, in the shade of some magnificent plane-trees, poured in many streams from the splendidly-built, white marble wall—a beautiful proof of Turkish art, as well as reverence for the fountain, "the Eye of the Earth." The ever-flowing runnels of water from below this wall, a stream which is considered to be the ancient Kaardes, into which the Spartans hurled down, from the rock above, the captives and such imperfectly-formed children as were doomed to death. A lofty rock, which projected beyond the perpendicular wall of precipice, was pointed out as the spot from which the victims were thrown. I looked up with a feeling of horror. The height and the precipice had in them something gigantic, and at the same time horrible. The rock and the tradition seemed to weigh heavily upon me, and I was glad to get away from the place. Below, at the foot of the rock, the water rushed murmuring along through hedges of oleander. Our road lay through groves of idyllian freshness and beauty.

Thus we rode on to Hagios Joannes, a little church and village, where the clear Taygetus river rushes along, and where in the shade of some beautiful plane-trees, the village beauties were seated, amongst whom, however, none were beautiful, though some very pretty. The men were assembled in front of the coffee-house. Fair-going people, on their way to Mistra, with fruit and other articles, stopped to have a draught of fresh water, and thus enabled us to obtain from their

baskets deliciously juicy grapes and figs. The environs of the village, from the foot of the mountain down to the plain, consists of umbrageous groves and gardens, reminding us of the Mazzerias of South Italy.

After we had rambled about Hagios Joannes for a little while on foot, we rode back to Sparta through gardens. We had hitherto only seen olive-woods in the Vale of Eurotas, but here we were at once in the midst of the luxuriant vegetation of Southern Greece, of palm-trees, cactuses, orange, fig, and other trees, as well as of umbrageous, blossoming, creeping plants, which often reached the highest tops of the trees and then fell down in thick, green draperies. One could scarcely see the gardens from the multitude of trees and shrubs which embosomed them in a luxuriance of natural growths. Brooks murmured freshly in this garden-park, and pleasant foot-paths intersected it in many directions. The contrast between this paradise and that naked giant-rock above, as well the unwooded, sun-blazing plain down towards the Eurotas river, was very striking and delightful. I should have liked to linger in these glorious groves; but the sky had been glooming above our heads for some time. The summits of Taygetus began to veil themselves with threatening clouds, its deep chasms assumed a blackening aspect, gusts of wind and drops of rain made themselves perceptible; we must hasten home. The wind and the drizzling rain, a species of weather with which I had become acquainted in the East, led me to hope in the meantime, that we should not have much downfall, and whilst my light-footed, nimble little horse bore me swiftly along the plain towards Sparta, I enjoyed the peculiar spectacle of a large water-spout, which was absorbed as it were by Taygetus, pierced by its peaks, which, united with the sunbeams, victoriously combated the spirits of

the storm. Quite dry, and well-pleased with our successful journey to the fair, we again reached Sparta.

"What should we learn from old Sparta?" I asked my friends when we were assembled in the evening, and our little circle was agreeably increased by Dr. K——, a man of an acute and independent mind.

The answer was as follows:—"Principally the love of our native land, which makes the individual willing to sacrifice his private interests and even his life for the public good; and the pious turn of mind which sees in every event of life the directing, rewarding, or chastising hand of a Higher Power.

This kind of piety is said to be a characteristic trait of the Greeks of the present day, and might, under a higher religious guidance, lead to much good, instead —as is now the case—of making them the slaves of superstition.

Worthy of imitation also, it seems to me, but in a higher sense, are the laws regarding the education of woman, upon which the sagacious Lycurgus founded the durability of his State, and which educated women to be strong both spiritually and physically, in order that they might become the mothers of strong men.

"You Spartan women govern your husbands!" said a Greek lady of another State to Gorgo, the wife of Leonidas.

"Because we are the only women of Greece who bring up strong men," replied the Spartan lady, proudly.

We had during the forenoon paid a visit to the place where, according to tradition, the young daughters of Sparta practised themselves in wrestling, and other masculine exercises, in the presence of the men, as well as to two other places, where *hereums*, small temples or monuments with their groves, had been raised to

distinguished women. History especially mentions one by name Cyniska, who was a victor at the Olympic Games, from her skill in driving a chariot and horses, and also Pracilla, a noble poetess. Many of the most celebrated women of ancient Greece—and how indeed could it be otherwise?—were daughters of Sparta.

It appears to me remarkable that precisely in that very State in which the education of women was most masculine and free, the intercourse between the sexes was so pure, the manners so modest, the women so respected and so worthy of respect. Penelope, so deservedly renowned for her virtue and her fidelity, was the daughter of a Spartan king.

Her old father—so says tradition—had promised the hand of his daughter to that man of Greece who should surpass all the others in the usual warlike games. Ulysses won the prize, and was to carry away the beautiful Penelope as his wife. Old Icarus, her father, conjured him in vain to establish himself in the Vale of Eurotas, and not to take his only daughter so far away from him as to Ithaca. At the last moment he accompanied the young couple on their way, with earnest beseechings that they would remain with him. Finally, wearied of pleading with the self-willed Ulysses, he turned to his daughter, and besought of her to choose between the two—to remain with her father or go with her husband. Penelope merely replied by drawing down her veil over her blushing countenance. The father understood her and let her go. But, on the spot where the answer was given, the citizens of Sparta afterwards erected an altar to modesty.

For the rest, the closer I contemplate the form of government of old Sparta, the less I admire it, seen in the light of the Christian ideal of government, and it is with difficulty that I can forgive Lycurgus the cruel

treatment of the Helots, and especially of the captives and slaves, which his laws allowed, and also for the elevation of successful theft into a praiseworthy action; if, in fact, these laws owe their origin to Lycurgus, and are not of an earlier date. I will rather believe that such is the case, judging from the picture which Plutarch draws of the noble man who "sought, even by his death, to benefit his native land."

Lycurgus was an aristocrat, in the noblest sense of the word, and believed in an aristocracy which should rule in the State by the divine right of virtue and wisdom. And if all Spartans had been possessed of the spirit of Lycurgus, then, perhaps, the State of Sparta might still have been in existence, and people still, as formerly, might have requested from Sparta, not money and soldiers, only leaders. But the aristocracy of Sparta became by degrees tyrants, and—but who does not know the history of ancient Sparta?

Sparta is still universally called *Sparti* by the people of the country, as it was in the earliest times; for the most ancient of the sagas tells us that Sparti, a daughter of King Taygetus was married to the king's son named Lacedemon, who built the city in her honour, and gave it her name.

But now, enough about old Sparta, the bravery and other virtues of which we will receive amongst the true pearls of our paternal inheritance, whilst we leave its vices, as well as its black broth, to Charon and Styx.

As regards the new Sparta and its surrounding country, it may be said that they are slowly recovering themselves, and advancing into a state of prosperity, after the devastations of the War of Liberation. Hands are still wanting; capital is wanting; roads are wanting, and the sea is too far off. The cultivation of silk is, however, considerably on the increase; so is also the

breeding of cattle. The wine might be excellent, and a source of wealth to the country, if the people only understood how to make it so that it might be in request amongst foreigners. But for this purpose there is yet wanting both the knowledge and the means. The wine here, as in Attica, is made to keep by impregnating it with resin, and by this means it becomes very disagreeable to foreigners, excepting as a kind of strengthening stomachic.

The people of the valley appear, in the meantime, to live well, and even affluently, on their flocks. More delicious mutton than that of Sparta, I know not that I ever ate.

The city contains about twelve hundred inhabitants. The situation in the glorious, fertile valley, on the ever-flowing river Eurotas, seems, in connection with the influence of European civilization, to secure for it a great future. For it is, after all, this civilization which is increasing, and must increase in Greece, whilst the influence of Asia is constantly on the decrease.

After supper our host and his wife gave us a specimen of Spartan music, by singing a duet, which he accompanied on the guitar. The old Phrygian couple, Philemon and Baucis, the ancestors, or most ancient progenitors of Greek married people, might have sung in this way. It was like a song out of the most remote antiquity, more peculiar to my ears than melodious, and I preferred listening to the beautiful voice of our host in the folk-songs of his native land, although the singing bore some affinity to the Arabic. Later in the evening I stood on the balcony facing the garden, from which I had a free view over the whole valley, saw the moon rise above the mountain, and magnificent lightnings flash forth from the black clouds in the east, which they seemed to rend asunder. The clouds, however,

were not rent asunder, but on the contrary, quenched the lightnings, and then poured down in a regular deluge, which seemed as if it would drown the valley, and awakened some anxiety in our minds as to the morrow, in case the rain continued, and converted the roads and mountain-paths—for the most part beds of rivers—into rushing torrents, which our host said was nothing unusual. And his polite wishes that so it might be, that we might remain so much the longer under his roof, did not prevent our ardent wishes in the contrary direction, because we were to set off on our return the day following, and we had none of us any desire to be kept prisoners by rain.

Right glad was I, therefore, in the early dawn, when, on looking from the window, I saw the twinkling of stars. Nor did their intimation deceive me; for they were followed by the most beautiful morning and day.

In the freshness of the morning air we rode through the Valley of Eurotas, with the joyous consciousness of having seen Sparta. And to have become acquainted with a Spartan, such as the Justice of Peace, Theodor Fengarâ, and to have enjoyed Greek hospitality, which seems now, as formerly, to be one of the Greek national virtues, was the giving us our good luck in heaped-up measure. We have seen and experienced that Jupiter the Hospitable has still his altars in Sparta, but now converted into the hearth of the Christian home.

Again we cross the oleander-garlanded Eurotas, now considerably swollen with the night's rain. My little horse seemed particularly to enjoy splashing through with its dainty, rose-tinted hoofs. Formerly the youth of Sparta, who were eager for war, bathed in the Eurotas when they would prepare themselves for battle, combed their hair, and anointed it with fragrant oil. The battle was a joyous festival to them. I presume

that their everyday life, in time of peace, and with the black broth, appeared to them somewhat stupid and dull. The silver waters of the Eurotas looked as if they were intended to nurture a people to lovely and peaceful deeds.

Taygetus towered aloft with his unclouded peaks, in the bright morning sunshine—an imposing form of Spartan-like simplicity and grandeur. On the western side of Taygetus lies Messene with fertile fields and the most beautiful olive-woods, sloping down towards the Ionian sea—the most productive country of Greece, but the people of which are said to be—unlike the idyllian character of the scene—envious and quarrelsome. If we had not been afraid of rain, and the late season of the year, we should have devoted this day to ascending a height of Taygetus in order to look down over Messene and its sea. But we turned our backs upon it, directed our course to the eastward, in order by crossing the summits of Parnon, to reach Astros on the Argolic Bay, and thence to Nauplia. But, in the first place, we must pass through the Vale of Œnos.

Along the entire road from Sparta to the Khan of Krevata we met people carrying their wares laden on mules, bound for the fair at Mistra. Everywhere the question was asked whence we came, and what kind of people we were.

"Mongols!" was the reply which I heard given by my arriero, Constantis; and therewith every one seemed satisfied.

We rode, through the whole day, either along the bed of a river, or upon its banks, crossing the swollen stream from the one bank to the other about fifty times. Along both sides of the river-bed stood very ancient plane-trees, from whose gigantic trunks branches had been cut at various times, so

that they remained standing like the torsos of colossal trees. In other places the huge plane-trees arched themselves in their primeval beauty on either side of the stream, entwining together their branches like triumphal arches above us, and obliging us to bow our heads in passing beneath them, if we wished to avoid a heavy blow on the forehead, or a black eye, having our bonnets or veils demolished, or some such infliction by way of memento. For the rest, the journey had, as well as the valley scenery, its own peculiar beauty of murmuring brooks and dripping trees, only somewhat too much of water. Towards the afternoon we began to ascend the heights of Parnon. As we approached the village of Arachova, the road became very steep and difficult. The evening was unspeakably beautiful, and we were desirous of proceeding to Hagios Petros, there to pass the night, but our arrieros had decided otherwise, and therefore we were obliged to remain at Arachova.

At sunset I ascended one of the highest points near the village, and thence looked down into many small, well-cultivated, verdant valleys lying below amongst the mountains—a very charming scene. The whole village produced the impression of a certain amount of comfort and prosperity. The women of the village followed me in troops, spinning the while cotton on distaffs, and troops of children followed them, but there was no sign amongst them either of poverty or of beggary. The women were all dressed in white linen, white woollen jackets embroidered with black braid, and on their heads bright, many-coloured kerchiefs, beneath which oft looked forth fresh, cheerful, and often very handsome faces. Curiosity seemed, for the moment, to be their ruling passion, but either staring at me, or making inquiries about me, they never for a moment intermitted their work or let go their distaffs from their hands.

The sun set, and we betook ourselves to our quarters, in the one room of which there was no furniture, excepting a bench and a table. Here, stared at incessantly by the inquisitive and wondering boys and girls of the house, we prepared our supper in the best way we could, tried to stop up all the holes in the window with our carpet-bags, so as to keep out the cold windy night—for glass window there was none, and we were now quite high up in the mountainous region; after which we rolled ourselves in our shawls and other wraps, and so lay down on the bench and the floor—and, after all, passed a much more tolerable night than we expected. By daybreak we were again all astir, and obtained hot coffee from our respectable entertainers, who could only be compelled with difficulty to receive any pecuniary payment; we then mounted, and proceeded on our way.

The stars were still shining, and the morning was delightfully clear, but cold. If the wind had only been less icy, the enjoyment of this morning's ride would have been great; for our road lay in a continued ascent up the mountain ridge of Parnon, from one summit to another, as if by a gigantic flight of steps, and with each new step the views became grander and more magnificent. Nearly all around us expanded billowy masses of dark-haired pine and fir-wood; to the west behind us, ascended the mountain-chain of Taygetus, from the deep valley of Laconia, its summits dyed in the crimson light of morning; so, too, the lofty, jagged crest of Cyllene amongst the mountains of Arcadia; and before us, in the remote distance, shone out the heavenly-blue Bay of Argos, and the green plain between the Acropolis of Larissa and that of Palamedes. Our arrieros sang uninterruptedly the whole way, a kind of

part-song, strong and fresh as the mountain air, but not musical.

As the sun rose we were on the summit of Parnon, and were thus able on all sides to survey the most magnificent natural panorama. I photographed it on my memory, but felt myself as I sat on my white palfrey, transformed into a statue of ice; therefore my enjoyment of the scene was somewhat chilled, however beautifully the heavens might glow with warm, indescribable colouring, however brightly the sun might shine.

From this point the road began to descend. We halted to take breakfast at Hagios Petros (the Holy Peter) a large village on the frontier between Laconia and Arcadia, in a veritable coffee-house, where we saw splendidly attired men, with rich gold embroidery on their jackets and kamasches. The village, which resembled a prosperous market-town, lies facing the east, on the terraces of Parnon, the umbrageous gardens and verdant pastures of which were warmed by the ascending sun.

The Demarch of the village, a polite young man, who could speak French, presented himself, that he might see the strangers and offer them his services. He accompanied us on foot, attended by a *gendarme*, down the steep and even dangerous path which led from the eyrie of Hagios Petros. The path followed the course of noisy mountain-streams, along the sides of which valleys and slopes revealed themselves, clothed in the most luxuriant vegetation. Tall chestnuts and oaks, with an abundance of other trees and beautiful shrubs, adorned this region, fertilized as it is by the sun and by streams of water. We are in that part of Arcadia which is called Kenuria, and its scenery is in the highest degree Arcadianly romantic.

Having reached the valley, where a large stone bridge

crosses the river, which has here become augmented by the mountain streams, we parted from our polite escort, and pursued our way independently. The road, for the remainder of the day, presented but few objects of interest; descending through dreary country, and over barren heights. The sun was burning hot, and the road often very steep and difficult. But thanks to the agile feet of my white palfrey, which did not make one false step, I sat more securely than I had ever before done on such steep roads, or rather paths.

At length we came down to the plain amongst olives and plane-trees, riding under which we had to take great care of our eyes and faces, lest the branches should come into closer contact with them than was agreeable. Thus, towards afternoon, we reached Astros, the latest remarkable event of which place was that in its fortress the Greek Government of the War of Independence held their first Congress; consulted, and it is said, even came to blows, during their first Parliamentary conflict, which proved the truth of the Greek proverb, "Six Greeks, seven opinions."

The fortress, erected on a lofty, perpendicular rock projecting into the sea, which concealed Nauplia and its bay from view, looked now surpassingly peaceful. The bay, clear and calm, lay at its foot. The plain is green and fertile, like that of Argos. Olive-woods seem to be its principal wealth; but the little town of Astros, prettily situated along the shore, is said to be insalubrious as a place of residence.

Here we parted with our Lacedemonian arrieros, with mutual satisfaction and cordiality, and I, with a regret which I could hardly acknowledge, from my little white horse. Its equal I shall never see again.

We have before us a two hours' sea-voyage from Astros to Nauplia, and a little sailing-boat lies now ready for the

trip. But how will it be accomplished? For the wind is lulling even more and more, and the sun is nearing its setting. Our crossing has been delayed in consequence of the boatmen demanding a most exorbitantly high price for taking us over, and only consenting to more reasonable terms when we expressed an intention of taking another boat.

At length we are in the boat, bag and baggage, and creep at a snail's pace for a whole half-hour round the lofty fortress-rock of Astros. But no sooner have we got round than a favourable breeze from the east springs up, and speeds our boat onward over the foaming, sparkling waters, whilst the setting sun dyes the heavens, the sea, and the shore, with those lovely, bright, and clear colours which only the South knows. After the heat and fatigue of the day, I rested and enjoyed indescribably the fresh poetical little trip.

> "Wind swelled the sails, and the resounding waves
> Rushed purple-foaming round the flying keel,
> Which through the swelling billows clove its way."

Before it was yet dark we had landed at Nauplia, and were cordially received at the hospitable house of Captain Steinhauser.

The alternations of cold and heat during this day's journey had produced in me a little fever, and I was therefore thankful for the four and twenty hours' rest I was able to enjoy in this good home.

The following day's journey has reference to Mycenæ, Corinth, and——

Athens, September 15th.—Not less unexpected was it by me that I should ever go to Sparta, than is it now that I should have returned to Athens—and returned to stay there—"as long as I myself may wish to do so!"

It has been brought about in a singular manner, and this singular manner I will now briefly relate, as well as the remainder of my journey to Corinth, and thence hither.

We drove in a four-seated carriage along a good road early in the morning of the 10th inst. to Tiryns and Mycenæ. Of the cyclopean stronghold, its stones, foundations, and covered passages—a fit lurking-place for the little boy Hercules—I have already spoken. I shall now, therefore, merely say a few words about Mycenæ, the Royal residence of the "King of Men," Agamemnon. It is situated at the upper end of the Argolic plain, about midway between Tiryns and Argos, on an upland of low hills at the foot of the amphitheatre of lofty mountains which separates Argolis from Arcadia. The view from these hills is magnificent, and commands the whole country eastward.

We alighted here from our horses, which we had taken at Tiryns, and gave our first tribute of admiration to the so-called "Treasure Chamber of Atreus," the domed roof of which, inside the sepulchral chamber, though dating back three thousand years, is still as perfect in stability and harmonious proportions, as if it had been built only a year ago, although the stones of its masonry lie one upon another without the assistance of mortar or any other mechanical means of attaching them together. The sepulchral chamber itself lies now half under ground. We visited it by the light of torches, surveyed it on the right of the entrance, and noticed a number of precious remains of antique sculpture, which lay here and there on the floor of the dome, and all this amidst endless conjectures and observations, with which, my R——, I shall not trouble you, because most certainly you would not be much the better for them. The beautiful dome reminded me of that of the Pantheon in

Rome, in the same way as a first rough sketch of a work of art gives an indication of the perfected work itself, as the child indicates what the man will be.

Higher up, nearer still to the rock-citadel, you are shown the gate of Agamemnon's castle, in the pillars of which, as well as in the two colossal lions hewn in the stone above the gateway, the most ancient monument of the art of Grecian sculpture is exhibited. And this, too, has its prophetic grandeur. Because, though it is true that the lions have lost their heads, and their forms also are clumsy, yet their positions, their connection with the pillar or altar against which they rear themselves, and which they embrace protectingly, and the whole relationship of the colossal armorial bearing to the gateway, above which it stands, have in them something noble, grand, and harmonious. The whole comprises also a speaking symbol of the State and the life of the State during the heroic ages of Hellas. With the exception of this remarkable gate, and these imaged lions, you find nothing but the ruins of walls and immense stones remaining of the royal castle, which seems to have stood planted against the mountain. Under one of the stones at the foot of the gateway we found a black scorpion, one of the kind which is dangerous in Greece. It and its family, nettles, and weeds seem now to be the only living things on the spot celebrated for murder and deeds of the blackest character.

The whole district of the widely inhabited Mycenæ is now a wilderness, upon which ruins of cyclopean walls and half-fallen vaults of treasure chambers, and sepulchral halls, like those of the Atreides, bear witness that mighty kings have lived and died here.

It strikes the mind as almost absurd when one's imagination has been excited by the reading of Homer's heroic songs of "the King of Men," Agamemnon, and all those

"godlike generals" around him, to see how small were those territories which these high-born gentlemen called their kingdoms and the seats of their dominion. A landed proprietor of Sweden, of the third class, would not exchange his possessions for the whole of the far-famed fields of Mycenæ, and scarcely for the whole of the Plain of Argolis, however much he might be tempted by its far-famed tobacco. But a Swedish landed proprietor of the first class might purchase all this, without, however, obtaining a name like that of Agamemnon, "King of Men," with the ruler's mind and the ruler's glance from the hills of Mycenæ.

So little does the mere outward material weigh in the balance of soul and of history!

We visited yet some other celebrated places with blackened walls and memories not much brighter, but which did not particularly interest me. My eye, on the contrary, turned with predilection towards a verdant mound to the north-east of Mycenæ, where had lately been discovered the foundations and steps of the grand, ancient Temple of Hera, or the maternal Juno, celebrated for its splendour and for the reverence which was paid to it as well by the Argives as by the other nations of Greeks. It is to this temple that an anecdote attaches itself, which has been dear to me from my childhood, and which indeed may have given it a place in the memory of antiquity.

"One festival-day," says Herodotus, "when the priestess of Hera should have gone to the temple, the oxen which were accustomed to draw her chariot thither were not to be found. On this her two sons, Kleobis and Biton, harnessed themselves to it and drew her to the temple, where the expectant crowd hailed them with rapture. After this the youths lay down to sleep in the temple, and never again woke on earth. The goddess, it

was said, had, in reward of their filial piety, removed them on high to the immortals. The people magnified their virtue and their happiness."

If the image of Hera in the temple were as maternally noble and beautiful as the head of the antique Juno which you see in the Villa Ludovici at Rome, then indeed might this belief console a sorrowing mother's heart. This image of Juno is, for the rest, very little in accordance with the Homeric descriptions of the contentious, petty-minded wife of Jupiter. And again and again I have queried how it happened that the gods and goddesses are represented so differently in the statues of the Greek plastic art, and in its sagas and songs; that they are so noble in the former, and in the latter so low and so trivial?

On our way to Corinth I kept encouraging myself with the well-known proverb, "It is not everybody that can go to Corinth!" And I had good need of this encouragement, for they had given me a large, dark-grey cart-horse, which had the action of a camel, and although the road to Corinth is far better than those in Laconia, this day's ride of six hours fatigued me more than all the preceding days put together. How I missed my little white friend!

The road is unattractive, and after the Pass of Dervenakia—the scene of a bloody victory obtained by the Greeks over the Turks in the War of Independence—possessed of but few points of interest, until having reached the summit of the line of hills which divide Argos from Corinth, you obtain a view over the Bay of Corinth, and afterwards of the city, with its Acropolis, its extensive verdant plain, its heavenly-blue bay; and on the other hand—where the celebrated heights of Cithæron, Helicon, and Parnassus stretch out before the gaze—a view which is, in truth, incomparable!

It was sunset when, after a fatiguing ride down the mountains, we arrived at Corinth.

The ancient, world-celebrated city lies at the foot of its Acropolis, turned towards the azure bay which bears its name, but separated from it by an extensive verdant plain with its olive-groves and vineyards. At a distance it has a pleasant and inviting look, but when you come nearer a very deplorable one! We passed through streets of rubbish and heaps of stones, of houses which had tumbled down or were about to do so. In the midst of the ruins stands a little group of antique Doric columns, the remains of the old Corinthian temple of Minerva, which the earthquakes spared when they overthrew or shattered all the newer buildings of the city. We scarcely saw a house which was not cracked; two or three, at most, were entire. The greater number had a wall, or an upper story, or the whole half of the house rent away.

Thus had Corinth suffered by the last great earthquake, which occurred two years ago. An earthquake of two minutes changed the city to what it is now. It was on a festival day, during the most glorious weather, and whilst nearly the entire population were abroad in the streets, that the first shocks came with such violence that the people were thrown to the earth. When they were able to rise it was amidst a cloud of dust and smoke, and in the ruins of their city. Fortunately, but few only of the inhabitants perished.

Since this destructive event they have ceased to rebuild the city, because these frequently decennial catastrophes evidently prove that a subterranean axle of earthquakes passes under ancient Corinth. A new Corinth is now being built quite near to the bay, on a site where some cottages remaining unmoved during the last earthquake seem to prove that the place is safe.

But the work progresses slowly, and the half and three-quarter houses of ancient Corinth are still inhabited by a portion of its former population.

We rode into the court-yard of a house which looked as if it were just about to tumble down, and through the open side of which we saw a young man in a rich Greek costume hastily run down the stairs inside the house to meet us. He assisted me with the kindest care from my Bucephalus, and conducted us up the ruinous staircase into some handsome and well-furnished rooms, where a lovely young lady came forward to meet us, and bade us welcome in the cordial Greek fashion. We were now with the daughter and son-in-law of King Otho's chamberlain, and by them we were expected as guests.

It was a refreshment both of soul and body, for I needed rest unspeakably, and the young couple who received us were, with their firstborn child, a little boy lovely as a statue, so poetically beautiful, looked so happy, and received us with such cordial hospitality, that it was an addition to the enjoyment of good quarters, which in itself is no small matter to the weary traveller. It really was painful to me not to be able to express my satisfaction otherwise than by the Greek word, *Eucharistò ! Eucharistò !* (I thank you ! I thank you !) which I spoke with all the possible emphasis in my power, and with my hand laid upon my heart. The young couple understood and spoke only Greek.

Seldom has a cigarette been more agreeable to me than that which I now smoked on the balcony of the half-house, with its view over the beautiful bay and the classical mountains of Parnassus and Helicon, the highest summits of which were nevertheless veiled this evening in soft clouds, as if of smoke—perhaps the smoke of the cigars which Apollo and the Muses were enjoying up there.

Corinth, anciently so celebrated for its traffic with the world, for its worship of Venus and Dionysius,* for the affluence and splendour of its two hundred thousand inhabitants, is at the present time remarkable only for its small grapes—*currants*—which grow nowhere so abundantly and well as on the level land which borders the sea, indeed on the whole of this side of the Bay of Corinth. They constitute a safe, and at this time, an increasing source of revenue, owing to the increasingly free trade with England. May John Bull's appetite for plum-puddings ever increase! It was with satisfaction that I learnt that the vintage this year had turned out far better than there had been reason to expect, in consequence of the late bad weather. The Corinthian grapes require to be spread out on the ground and dried in the open air, and heavy rain falling during the time of drying would, as a matter of course, seriously damage them. Many other modes have been attempted, which would be less dependent on outward circumstances, but all are found to be more or less detrimental to the quality of the grapes. It is only when laid upon the bosom of the earth beneath the ardent kisses of the sun, that they attain to their fine flavour and sweetness.

After a very good supper—the somewhat acid soup of the Greeks is an especially palatable dish—and a good night's rest, and with many a *Eucharistò! Eucharistò!* we found ourselves refreshed and again ready for our journey.

We ascended, on horseback, to the Acropolis of Corinth, a good half-hour's ride up the tolerably steep hill. The

* The dithyrambic songs and dances had their origin at the Dionysian festivals of Corinth, like the beaded foam on champagne. The family of Bacchiades, the founders and most ancient rulers of Corinth, seem to have given the worship of Venus and Bacchus to the city.—*Author's Note.*

white marble flight of steps, and the massive gate at the entrance of the fortress, are still remaining. Arrived here, we dismounted, and rambled on foot over the summit, the encircling walls of which have a considerably larger extent than those of the Athenian Acropolis. The hill was, and still is, rich in springs, the water of which we also can commend as excellent. There no longer exist here any monuments either of beauty or of importance. On the highest point of the hill, where anciently stood the Temple of Venus Anadyomene, now stands a Turkish mosque, which is falling into ruins, the view from which is magnificent. At our feet lay the Isthmus of Corinth, with the blue sea-bays on either side of it—harbours for the east and for the west—and around rise those shores and mountains so rich in legend and historic memory. In clear weather even Athens and its Acropolis can be seen from this point. It was not, however, fully clear this morning; Athens was not visible, and Phœbus and his court were still sleeping behind the curtain of clouds on the heights of Parnassus and Helicon. We could only just discern their softly-rounded summits through the veil of sunny mist.

Acro-Corinth was at one time the scene of one of those domestic tragedies of the grand style with which so many of the earliest histories of nations abound, and which are more abundant perhaps in that of Greece than any other.

It was here that the most powerful of the race of Cypselus, the tyrant Periander, governed Corinth for many years with both wisdom and success—praised as the greatest of its lawgivers and benefactors; until, intoxicated with overweening pride, the shadow of tyranny, he was plunged first into crime, then into misanthropy, and finally into the bitterest sorrow, finding

his most irreconcilable enemy in his own best-beloved son.

Periander, when at the summit of his honour and his power, saw one day, at Epidaurus, Melissa, the daughter of the tyrant Procles, by whom he was at that time entertained, moving about in her light Doric costume, gracefully pouring out wine for the labourers. He fell in love with her, asked for, and obtained her as his wife. After she had borne him two sons and a daughter, she suddenly died, it being whispered that her husband was guilty of her death.

Tormented by pangs of conscience, Periander consulted the oracle of the dead at Acheron. Melissa's spirit appeared to him there, complaining that she had not received honourable burial. Periander, on this, ordered that, in memory of her, according to Lydian custom, all the magnificent dresses of the Corinthian ladies should be burned in the sanctuary of Hera.

The two young sons of Melissa, Cypselus and Lycophron, who were frequently at the court of their mother's father at Epidaurus, were one day asked by him if they knew their mother's murderer. The elder, who was somewhat slow of understanding, paid no regard to the question; but a serpent was aroused by it in the breast of the younger, which after that time never slept. He allowed himself no rest until he had discovered with certainty the ground of the dark rumour which was in circulation regarding the death of his mother; and that which history relates of his gloomy sorrow, and of the mode in which he punished his father, at the same time also depriving himself of all life enjoyments, belongs to a most powerful sphere in the tragic drama of life. The old misanthropic tyrant, overcome at length by the son's persistent hatred, humiliated himself and besought that he might abandon

his kingdom, his crown, and everything, and go into exile, in order that his son should reign in Corinth and forgive his father. The son consented. But the goddess of vengeance so ordered it that the father, even through his sacrifice, became in fact the murderer of his son. And whilst the poets of Corinth were singing his praise as the wisest and happiest of men, the aged tyrant, childless and hopeless, laid himself down on his solitary couch to die. During his reign Corinth conquered Corcyra, founded Syracuse in Sicily, built temples to Apollo in more than one flourishing city of Magna-Grecia, and diffused on all hands his wealth and his love for pomp and pleasure.

One of the most estimable memories of Corinth to me is, that Diogenes loved to reside there, and that it was there that he gave to Alexander, the conqueror of Greece, his world-renowned proud reply.

To what a height also the still higher culture of Christianity had attained in Corinth at the commencement of the Christian centuries (about three hundred years later), is evidenced by the obedience which the Apostle Paul obtained for the new doctrines which he preached, as well as by his two glorious epistles to the Corinthians.

It is not now Corinth, but a much more modern city, namely Patras, which is the most important and most increasing trading town of the Corinthian Bay. The present Corinth contains scarcely twelve hundred inhabitants—Patras, on the contrary, twenty thousand.

West of Corinth, and only a few hours' distance from that city, stood anciently Sicyon, one of the most ancient cities of Ionian Hellas. One single miserable ruin, without any trace of beauty about it, now shows the place where, three thousand years ago, occurred one of those romantic, cheerful incidents which are still more

rare in the most ancient history of Greece than those of a gloomy character, and which shine out amongst these like sunflowers in a cypress forest. This episode may therefore have a place by the side of the Corinthian tragedy.

The Ionian Prince, Kleisthenes, had by wisdom, bravery, and good fortune converted Sicyon into a flourishing State, the future prosperity and dominion of which he wished to secure. But he had no son, only one daughter, the beautiful Agariste. He resolved, therefore, that the man who should prove himself worthy of her hand, should be also accepted as his son and the successor to his throne. Accordingly, twelve sons of kings of the various States of Hellas gathered around the father of Agariste, as suitors for his lovely daughter, and in order to spend under his eye twelve months of waiting and probation. Two young Athenians, Hippocleides and Megacles, especially attracted the attention of Kleisthenes. The former won his favour by the beauty of his person and his dexterity in chivalric exercises and games, as well as by his wealth and his gaiety. Megacles he esteemed as a prudent and sensible man.

The day, the great day, of the final election was at hand. Whole flocks and herds had been driven into the city for the great hecatomb of the festival. All the Sicyonites were invited to the banquet, and were encamped around the Royal Palace. There had never been so grand a day before in Sicyon. Hippocleides, certain of his success, gave vent to his lively temper in every kind of art and fancy, not altogether befitting either a king's son or a king's son-in-law elect. Finally he exhibited his extraordinary ability in some unseemly dance, which so provoked Kleisthenes, that he exclaimed:—

"Hippocleides! thou hast danced away thy good luck!"

And he gave the hand of his daughter to the grave Megacles.

Hippocleides, however, not allowing himself to appear annoyed at what had happened, quickly collected himself, and said:—

"What does Hippocleides care about that?" An expression which has ever since become a proverb amongst the Ionian race, to express their bold spirit and lively temper.

As to what the beautiful Agariste said on the subject, history makes no mention, excepting that her father found that he had made a good choice in Megacles, and that the son of his daughter, the younger Kleisthenes, became, as well as Solon, the lawgiver to the greatest power of Greece, that of Athens, founded on civil freedom and equality.

But let me now return to that September morning, three thousand years later, when—I feel myself somewhat abashed, as it were, in speaking of it here—I took my spirit-flight from the summit of the Acro-Corinth, over the romantic scenes and ruins of antiquity. Soon after which I rode down the hill, and over the level flats of the Isthmus.

From the commencement of this Peloponnesian journey it had been decided that I should part from my travelling companions at Corinth, and whilst they pursued their route westward towards Kalamaki, on their way to Athens, I should turn my face westward to Outraki, and there go on board a Greek steamer, which would convey me to Patras, Zanti, and thence to Trieste. My luggage had, therefore, been already despatched to Outraki. In the meantime things had so fallen out that, contrary to my former plan, I now

turned my face eastward, and accompanied my friends across the Isthmus to Kalamaki, and thence—but of that later!

At no great distance from Kalamaki, we passed close by the site of the ancient, celebrated Temple of Neptune, or Poseidon, of which some stones, as well as foundations, still remain, but none of its splendid sculptures, nor any of those numerous altars and statues of which Pausanias makes mention; neither any traces of the sacred grove which stood there, unless you may consider some insignificant pine shrubs as its dwarf descendants. This was also the scene of the Isthmian games, which, though not so distinguished nor important as the Olympic, yet, nevertheless, belonged to those beautiful national festivities which from time to time united the different races of Hellas, and made them feel that they were all brethren and Hellenes.

The whole Isthmus, on this side, is bare and desolate, without wood, without cultivation, without human dwellings. But the little maritime town of Kalamaki is a cheerfully increasing place on its eastern shore, and erects new temples—Christian churches—for new worshippers, and plants new groves for the enjoyment of new pleasure-seekers, both Greeks and foreigners.

We breakfasted at Kalamaki; my luggage, which had been sent from Outrdki, having come again safely into my possession, and we—my luggage, myself, and Co.,—went on board the steamboat *Otho*, where we again met with the amiable Mainoti lady, *Kyria*, or Mrs. Zachini, the captain, her husband, and her brother, Alexander Mauro Michaëlis, a polite Greek, lately returned from Paris, and who spoke French fluently. In this company, and in the saloon of the handsome lady, we had the most agreeable voyage.

The deck was also now crowded with islanders in

their picturesque costumes. The head-dress of the ladies—a head-dress which fits close round the face—is particularly becoming to them. Handsome features and an expression of great mildness seemed to me to be the distinguishing characteristic of the female islanders of the higher class. The dress of all these islanders is of the same style, and differs merely in the degree of costliness of the material, and the elaborateness and richness of the embroidery.

As the day declined, the evening crimson beamed upon the Acro-Corinth and the distant Arcadian mountains with indescribable beauty and splendour, and when this paled, the full moon rose. Ever calmer became the waves, and finally we steamed over a sea smooth as the surface of a mirror. We arrived at the Piræus in the most beautiful moonlight.

"Do not forget me," said the fascinating Mainote lady, gracefully kissing my hand; "do not forget Agathoina Mavro Michaelis!"

There is no danger of my forgetting her!

And again I stepped on shore, on the soil of Attica. I had lost my parasol, and a rouleau of four hundred francs, in gold—my travelling funds to Trieste—which had been stolen from me at Sparta in such a clever manner, that the thief, whom I suspect to be a young servant-girl, really would have merited a reward from the ancient legislator of Sparta. This was indeed a somewhat considerable loss to me. But it was my only one during this journey, and how much had I not gained by it! I had seen Sparta, Arcadia, Mycenæ, Corinth; and I had obtained new friends, home and domestic life for a whole year in Athens.

FIFTH STATION.

My new Home—Walks—Awakening Life in the Vale of Athens—Our Evenings—A New Iliad—My lucky Days—The Olympion—New Olympic Games—A Ball at the Castle—King Otho and Queen Amalia—Prince Alfred—A Greek Lady on the Education of Greek Ladies—Schiller's Festival—Rumour of a Congress—A Christmas Eve in Athens—Close of the Old Year.

ATHENS, *November 6th.*—I have now lived here for six weeks, which have passed like six days, as serene and sunny as the air and the sky of Greece have been during this time. My home—the dwelling of Pastor Hansen—is situated at the foot of Lycabettus, in the farthest street of New Athens in that direction, with a view, on one side, into a garden—Papa Kaffarelli's garden—at the foot of the Mount, and on the other side commanding a view the beauty of which it is difficult to describe. In the centre of the background rises the lordly Acropolis, to the right extends Athens and its green valley with the Via Sacra to Eleusis, and the historical mountains of Corydalus and Parnassus; on the left, the blue shining sea, with the islands of Salamis and Ægina, and the soft, blue Peloponnesian shore; beyond the Acropolis I see the hills of Acro-Corinth, and farther still, beyond them, the loftiest summits of the

mountains of Arcadia; in the foreground lies the Royal Palace, with its beautiful park, from the groves of which the tall group of columns of the Olympion appear to ascend. These, and many another object, constitute the pictures which I behold every day, either from the windows of my light, pleasant, little working-room, or from the open piazza of the house. It is one of the most beautiful views which Athens presents, and I am never tired of gazing upon it, especially in the morning, when the sun, still behind Hymettus, casts a circling glory of fire and crimson over the sea and the Acropolis, soon after which it illumines with its earliest beams the summit of Corydalus, and the columns of Minerva's Temple, the Parthenon; and also in the evening, when it sets in cloudless splendour behind the heights of Corinth, and clothes in gold and purple the sky and the hills of the Vale of Athens. It is a spectacle which is scarcely to be equalled on earth; it is enchantingly beautiful.

Within the house I have two friends, who care for me like good children for their mother; and, for the rest, everything that I can desire, time, quietness, books, newspapers, and the periodicals of the day, from all parts of the world; animating conversation with my clear-sighted and intellectual host, whose views accord with mine on most subjects, both spiritual and social, with just sufficient difference, however, to keep alive animated discussion between us. In the afternoons we generally take a walk of two or three hours together, in the neighbourhood of Athens, with the remarkable places of which I in this manner became well acquainted. Thus have I visited Ampolokepsi, the birthplace of Socrates—a little oasis of umbrageous gardens, which has supplied us through the whole autumn with the sweetest and most juicy figs; Kaiseriani, a dark, cool, conventual glen in the cleft of Mount Hymettus; Colonos, the botanic

garden, and many other places, both nearer to and more distant from Athens, remarkable for their ancient memories, or for modern improvement. We often wander round the Acropolis, from the heights of which the evening sky, the sea, and the Valley of Athens seem to me most lovely, and where broad, good roads, planted with trees, make walking both agreeable and easy. From whatever side of the environs you return to Athens the Acropolis always stands forth with its temple, as the hero of the scene, and I every evening rejoice myself anew by seeing the old heroic fortress and the glorious play of colours which every evening floods the heights and heaven of Athens. The city of Athens itself presents an animated spectacle from the number of new houses, handsome streets, and promenades which are there in a state of rapid formation. A boulevard, planted with the delicate, drooping terebinth-tree, will very soon surround the city; squares and plantations occupy the former rubbish-heaps and scenes of ruin. The Queen is unwearied in her activity for the beautifying of the city and its nearest suburbs, and before long there will not exist any modern European city which can compare with Athens for its beautiful promenades — taking, of course, its splendid views into account.

And if you listen, in an evening, from the Acropolis, at sunset, when the shadows extend over the valley, you will hear, ascending thence, an animated sound of human voices, the songs of shepherds and day-labourers, the tinkling sound of the sheep-bells, the rolling of carriages, military music, the sound of church-bells, a certain indescribable glad murmur of life, which proves that the marvellous bird, the Phœnix, rises from its pyre, shakes the ashes from its wings, and lifts them for a new flight.

We seldom reach home again before it is dark, which is very soon after six o'clock, and sometimes the road up the foot of Lycabettus—which, by-the-bye, however, is not a road, but only a rugged path over broken hills, appears to me tolerably difficult. Not a lamp lights either it or our remote street. But how dark soever it may be outside, yet within our home it is always light, and Mrs. H—— is always ready to welcome us with the bright evening lamp, and the tea-table ready for that meal.

After tea Agnes and I take our work, and Mr. H—— reads aloud, enjoying at the same time his tschibouk, or cigar, till ten o'clock. He has as much pleasure as facility in this kind of reading, which is to me so valuable, and thus the evening often produces the best fruit of the whole day. We have in this way lately gone through the Iliad, in Voss's translation, and are now deep in "Zinkeisen's History of the War of Independence," a new Iliad with its characters and episodes, resembling in a remarkable degree those of the first, but far superior to it both in the object and result of the struggle. When will this new Iliad find its Homer? Even as we read I note down such occurrences and heroic deeds as particularly strike me. A poet, such as our Runeberg, from the various traits of this war for liberty, might form a cycle of glorious poems like the sagas of Fënrik Stâl, but superior to them in dramatic beauty and power.

From this succession of quiet and sunny days, I must, however, especially notice some *lucky days*. Because I call that a lucky day on which I have acquired some valuable knowledge, seen something great or beautiful, which has left a lasting impression, or on which I have made the acquaintance of some noble or interesting person. And as in our life's calendar we note down some days as unlucky, or *Tycho-Brahe days*, we ought also, with all the greater care, to note down our lucky days.

I pass over all mine until I come to those of the last few weeks.

One day, at the commencement of the last month, October, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Mr. Von W——, at a select little dinner-party which the excellent Queen gave for me, through her chief Lady of Honour—a lady of great cultivation and knowledge of the world—at her seat, Amalien-ruh'. I have not often met with a man who so quickly and so completely won my confidence, and by his conversation so riveted my interest. This, however, was with regard to a subject which was of riveting interest to us both. Mr. Von W——, King Otho's private secretary, came to Greece at the same time with the young king, and has remained with him ever since. Whilst we were walking amongst the seven hills of Hephtalophos, he related to me the condition in which Athens and the whole Greek peninsula was at that time, and described the extreme ruin and impoverishment of the country.

"You could not have found," said he, "at that time a single head of cattle throughout the whole of Greece; scarcely a hen or an egg."

"The King's German attendants were obliged to live in a house which did not afford them shelter from rain or the north wind. But none of the Greeks had anything better. All the more, for this reason, must one admire the persistent warfare of this nation against the Turks; their courage and patience in enduring every kind of privation, hunger, living in caves, suffering every species of want, rather than submit to the old enemy.

"The Battle of Navarino, it is true—the Battle of the Philhellenic nations—finally decided the fate of Greece, and, but for this battle, Young Hellas would not have been able to gain her freedom. But she had honestly deserved it by the sacrifice which her sons and daughters

had made of everything which humanity values most highly as the wealth of life; peace, property, health—nay, even life itself. When peace was made, the greater number of the heroes in the War of Independence had fallen to the ground which they had saved, and that ground was a desert when Greece raised herself—arose as a Free State amongst the Free States of the earth!"

These were the strong and ardently expressive words of the German Philhellenist as he spoke of the Greek War of Independence. My heart accorded with them; I felt their truth. And then we gazed on the young plantations which grew around us, and at Young Athens, which was bright in the evening light, with its elegant houses and church-towers extending between the Acropolis and Lycabettus. Thus had freedom and peace transformed the scene within thirty years' time.

Another October evening afforded me another interesting acquaintance in the highly-gifted German sculptor, Professor Siegel, who described with powerful effect many incidents occurring amongst the wildest people and scenery of Greece. Thus he told me about the Mainotes and Maina—in which country he passed several years whilst seeking for and afterwards working its most ancient, celebrated marble quarry—describing melodramatic scenes, in which the magnificent and the miserable, the tragic and the comic, met in most peculiar forms. The people of Maina live in clans, and the names of their clans or races give an idea of their wild romantic character.* In their popular assemblies the bold or happy orator easily excites them to violence. A certain rude eloquence is not rare, and in the myriologues or songs for

* In proof of this we may introduce the following Mainote surnames:—*Milei* (from the ancestor Melas), Honey-maker;

the dead—which are in universal practice amongst the Mainotes—they not unfrequently express a poetical feeling. Cruelty and the vengeance of blood are deeply-rooted passions amongst these people, and are only beginning slowly to yield to legislative order, and in obedience to authority. Nobility of mind, devotion, and justice are sometimes exhibited in individual action, like lightning flashes in the night. Women are treated with great severity. Their life is full of sorrow and suffering. In the early daybreak they may be heard singing their melancholy songs whilst they grind at the hand-mill. A wife may be bought for half a pound of flesh-meat and some *raki*—brandy. Poverty prevails almost everywhere to a great extent, owing to the want of hands for labour, and to want of ground to till. Maina is a hard, rocky country. But he who understands how properly to treat the Mainote, and will pay him well, will have a good labourer in him, often a devoted servant and friend. The planting of olives, and also of the Corinthian grape, has been introduced into the fertile coast-lands, and it is hoped from this that an improvement will take place in the condition and manners of the people.

Professor Siegel rambled through many parts of Greece on foot, without any other attendant than his loaded gun, during the latest periods of insecurity and robbery, and his adventures would supply a pen like that of Alexander Dumas with the most excellent material.

On Sunday, the 30th of October, the Industrial Exposition—the first of the kind in Greece—was opened,

Metani, Drunken; *Kapsakolei*, Hot-headed; *Leotzacki*, Lion-slayer; *Andrótzacki*, Man-slayer; *Phino Gatti*, Nice Cats; *Skylantropie*, Dog-men; *Kalojerojani*, Monk-Johnites; *Arapei*, Arabs; *Dimitri-karakos*, and many others.—*Author's note.*

in presence of the King and Queen, and to the singing of a national cantata.

The Olympion, as the building containing the exhibition is called, was tastefully decorated for the occasion. It consists of two large halls and two or three small rooms, and in these are exhibited the principal productions of young Hellas, either of the necessaries of life, industry, or the fine arts. In the first hall are the products of agriculture and home manufacture, arranged under the armorial shields and banners of the various Eparchies, or provinces from which they come; and these productions show that in the country where, five and twenty years ago, "there was not bread to eat," as the current expression is, now Attica and Lacedemon, Beotia and Arcadia, Eubœa and Elis, compete in their beautiful grain, their silks, their olives and wines, with many other products of Grecian soil, as also in those of the animal kingdom, as honey from Hymettus, cheese from Parnassus, and much more. Beautiful polished slabs of marble of many colours, together with various kinds of stone from Maina and the Greek islands, attest the wealth of the old mountains, and, in fact, the whole of the exhibition shows that the "old holy earth," which Homer sings, is still as fertile and as productive of sustenance as formerly, and still freely reveals its treasures to peace and to labour. The Hellenes and the Philhellenes emulate each other in the joy which these evidences give birth to.

The products of industry seem, on the contrary, to be less worthy of observation, and are said not to show any marked advance within the last thirty years. As for instance, in silk weaving, gold embroideries, and other fabrics. The improvement of Greece in economics seems to be principally in the increased number and excellence of the raw material. Thus it is said the

export of silk, partly in cocoons—these are numerous in the Exhibition, and of great beauty—and partly in hanks, has increased so considerably during the last ten years, that although the export duty has been one half decreased from what it was formerly, yet this branch of industry, which then produced one hundred and fifty thousand drachmas to the Government annually, now produces five hundred thousand.

The hall for the exhibition of works of art is most enriched by some beautiful sculpture of young Greeks, pupils of the gifted German sculptor Siegel, which prove that the genius of plastic art has not abandoned his ancient home. Foremost amongst these works must be mentioned the marble statue of a young Klepht, in his Olympian armour, represented at the moment when he espies a lurking foe, and is raising himself to meet him. The figure is full of life and beautiful natural truth, and the execution of every part is perfect. This statue, and two others of Arcadian shepherds, the one with a lamb in his arms, the other playing on a flute, are the noble, kindred works of two young Athenian sculptors—brothers—of the name of Vitalis.

Many good busts, evidently faithful to nature, of the heroes of the War of Independence, and other distinguished men, form a little gallery of great interest, from the strongly marked and significant individuality of these heads. Here you see, side by side, the leader of the first Greek insurrection, the arrogant and weak Prince Alexander Ypsilanti, with the lofty brow, the beautiful, refined Greek profile, and at the same time an expression of pride and imbecility which prevents any sentiment of esteem; the Klepht prince Colocotroni, with the strong aquiline nose, and that expression of rude strength which made him "stamp a host of warriors from the earth," and caused him to be feared and hated

by the friends of constitutional liberty; Capodistria, a handsome type of the aristocratic, perfect gentleman and diplomatist; the sailor and naval hero, Constantine Canaris, with the broad forehead, the countenance, not handsome, but powerful, lion-like, and honest expression—an Herculean head; Mavrocordato, with his noble, calm features, indicative of earnestness, prudence, and honesty; Coletti, with a head devoid of distinct character, but for that cause characteristically just, because it belonged to a man possessed of great gifts, but without moral worth; Miaulis, with the splendid head of an admiral, strong in character, and like an eagle; Coray,—the learned, industrious, excellent Coray,—the regenerator of Greece, in the peaceful path of schools, of the classic language and the literature of his native land—how unlovely, yet how original, how learned, and, how good he looks! One would like to sit at his feet and listen and learn; and finally, or rather before one and all of these—Rhigas, the patriotic poet, the awakener and the martyr of liberty, the new Tyrtæus of Greece. His statue of colossal size, represents him in a sitting position, and singing, whilst he points with his finger to the text of the patriotic song with which he electrified to a common, higher warfare the Klephts of the Greek mountains from Pindus to Parnassus, from Olympus to Taygetus:—

"Why linger ye still in the mountains,
Like beasts in the gloom of the wood?
Up, Palicars, up, to the battle,
For father, for brother, for child,
For hearth, and for home, and for altar,
For freedom and land of our birth!
* * * * To live
One day as freeman is better
Than thousands of years as a slave!"

If his face were not so strikingly like that of a well-to-do butcher, and if it had not, in this his statue, such a desperate expression, then might this statue of one of the greatest patriots and earliest martyrs of the young Hellas have become one of the monumental ornaments of the new Athens. It seems to me, nevertheless, well thought out, and to be executed with power.

The paintings which were here exhibited were, on the contrary, below all criticism. I could scarcely discover one single tolerable picture amongst them. The modern Greeks seem to be deficient in the sense both of form and colour, hence they cannot succeed in this branch of art.

Below the new Olympion, on the edge of the plain, was a space devoted to Olympic games of the antique character,—wrestling, throwing the discus, racing, and many other such. It was amusing to see the many-coloured crowd, men, women, and children, who stood densely massed together round the scene of action, and on the surrounding heights; but the passive, almost indifferent way in which they looked on—the same manner prevailing also amongst those who took part in these ancient games—gave me the impression that the time for these things is over in Greece. On the contrary, it seemed to me that the new scene of emulation—that of the Exhibition—awoke a very strong popular interest, whether it be from that desire for "something new," which is spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles as being a characteristic of the Athenian people, or from a really earnest interest in this sign of the new age, I know not. The King and Queen were present at the games, witnessing them from a pavilion which had been erected for the purpose. The sun shone brightly, and the whole scene was festal and gay.

Amongst my festal hours I must also mention those

of Divine services in the Chapel Royal, *always* at the evangelical service of the United Reformed German Church, which only seems to me too short,—frequently also at the Catholic (which is held in the same room earlier in the day), because its music is delicious, and the preaching of the King's chaplain—a man of good abilities—is often very excellent, when it is not too strongly coloured with the Roman Catholic conception of the Church. Few persons are more decidedly opposed in their ecclesiastical views than the court preachers of King Otho and Queen Amalia. For whilst the Catholic sees in the church the real kingdom of God on earth, the Lutheran sees in her merely one of the principal means of bringing forth this kingdom. And it is no small proof of the Christian disposition and tact of both these gentlemen, that they, notwithstanding this difference, live in perfect peace with each other, and preach in the same church, and serve at the same altar, without unpleasant collision ever occurring. It is also remarkable that the difference in the religious faith of the King and Queen does not prevent the Royal couple from living in exemplary concord and harmony. This can only be because they both, each one for themselves, adopt the well-known expression of Radetzky, "My name is *Christian*, my surname *Catholic*."

Sometimes I am present on the Sunday at a third service—that, namely, in the English chapel, because I like much to hear the American missionary and teacher, Mr. Hill, who is always instructive and clever. And this, as well as the pleasure of comparing the various treatment of the same texts, enables me to endure three sermons in a forenoon. I think, however, in a general way, with the wise Solomon, that "much preaching makes the body weary."

What I have heard of the worship of the Greek Church, partly here and partly out of Athens, makes me disposed to place it in the Litany. It is only in the Russian chapel in this city that I am able to endure for any length of time either it or its incessant and never-ending *Kyrie Eleison*. For the voices of the Russo-Greek priests, however far they may be from fully pure, yet sound like angel-voices in comparison with the screaming, false nasal tones of the native priests. It is true that the Gospels and the Epistles are read in the Greek churches, but never otherwise than intoned, and with those voices! You very rarely hear a sermon. The congregation participates in the service merely by frequent bowings, genuflexions, and signings of the Cross. And what value soever certain symbolic action during the service may have for the imagination, as for example that when the priest bearing the bread and wine steps forth from the *Iconastase*—the screen in the Greek church between the choir and the part of the building where the congregation stand—it must be confessed that, for the development of the thoughtful mind in its present state, it is without the slightest beneficial result.

November 10*th*.—The weather during the whole time since my return to Athens has been uninterruptedly bright and warm beyond measure, and so it still continues. My window is open from morning till eleven o'clock at night. A cloud is seldom visible in the clear sky. But I, ungrateful that I am, begin to be very weary of this unremitting sunshine and the great heat. I miss the refreshing coldness of my own country at this season of the year, as well as the thick masses of cloud in its sky. I am quite intolerant of the cloud of dust through which one must wade on every road and pathway out of doors, which blackens your stockings

and your white underclothing more than all the snow-mud and dirt of our climate; and all this splendid weather strikes me like sweetmeats offered to him who is longing for nourishing food. The very earth is athirst for rain, which usually falls here at this season, and every one says that the dry and warm weather which we now have is unusual. There is no freshness in the air, excepting in the mornings and evenings.

But I have a place of refuge during this time of dust and heat which I cannot sufficiently estimate—I mean the Queen's garden, situated at only five minutes' distance from my home, and to which I have free access every afternoon from four o'clock, as well as all the population of Athens. They, however, do not avail themselves much of their privilege, excepting on Sundays, from which cause I can wander about and rest there with all the more peace and freedom, often without seeing a single foreign object, unless it be the Queen's young Abyssinian, who, in his brilliant costumé of scarlet and gold, looks like the prince in some fairy tale, wandering along the green alleys; or King Otho's adjutant, Colocotroni the younger, whose large nose and countenance bear a strong resemblance to his father's, but who evidently is not a misanthrope, but a polite courtier, who salutes, with a graceful movement of the hand, the foreign lady as he passes by.

Undisturbed, I listen to the cheerful twittering of the small birds in the shadowy alleys, or take my seat in a tall leafy alcove, in the centre of which a graceful nymph, rising out of a flower-basket, incessantly pours water from a never-ceasing urn over the nodding flowers and leaves, whilst the drops fall from them into a basin below with a pleasant, slumberous, musical cadence; undisturbed I contemplate the numbers of

beautiful roses and the groups of foreign trees and plants which distinguish these grounds, or watch the elegant swans, flamingoes, and other creatures which here have their paradise. The labyrinthine paths of the orange-groves, the views which open amongst them over idyllian landscapes, over distant mountains, temples, and ocean-bays, often remind me of the beautiful dreams of my childhood, when I saw similar objects in childish pictures, and gave to them form in landscapes which I cut out of coloured paper and pasted together, so that, planting amongst them little insulated orange-groves and curious temples—not very much like those of Athens—they could float upon the water. It is impossible to say the joy which I often felt in the creation of these, my islands of the blest; and when I saw them resting on the water—in my wash-hand basin —and was able to blow into their safe little harbours tiny vessels of nutshells, furnished with silken cordage and flags, and laden with grains of sugar, what a world I then possessed, and could summon, as by magic, with these paper pictures, what enchanting views of old romantic scenes! I recall these moments as amongst the most beautiful of my childhood and earliest youth. Then followed a time—a time of many long years, in which I believed that these dreams of my childhood were nothing but dreams—those islands of the blest, merely fata-morgana of blissful shores which I should never reach. And now—— Good Providence of God!

I spend, for the most part, my evenings in the park, on the rock with the little oread, and within the great view of the Acropolis, the field with the Olympion and Stadion, the sea, and Ægina, with its pyramidal rock of Panhellenion. From this point it is so beautiful to see the sun go down behind the Acropolis, dye the grey

Hymettus of the brightest rose-colour, and flame up with his latest splendour, in fiery-red clouds above the colonnades of the Parthenon.

November 14*th.*—At length we have a cloudy sky and gusty wind—the promise of rain. England's young Prince Alfred makes, in the meantime, sunshine at Athens. Yesterday a great ball was given for him at the Palace. I also was amongst the guests, in consequence of an invitation from Her Majesty. I had already seen the young Prince in Malta, but I was very willing to see a royal ball at Athens; and at eight in the evening I accordingly went to the Palace.

The Prince had grown since I saw him last—now a year since—but had still the same charming characteristic, the unpretending boy united to the gentleman in bearing and fine tact. It was beautiful to see the graceful, simple lad, out of uniform, and without the slightest distinguishing ornament, leading in the Polonaise, which always here opens the ball, the Queen of Greece, resplendent with jewels and good humour, a real Semiramis, a queenly figure captivating all eyes. This evening, however, perhaps the greater number were captivated by the unpretending son of Queen Victoria. During the Polonaise their Majesties gave their hands to one and another person present, belonging to the diplomatic corps, or other notabilities, and led them a turn round the hall. After that the dancing became general, and people danced as in other European capitals, francaises and waltzes. You might have fancied yourself in any one of these ball rooms, had not some old-Greek costumes reminded you that you were in Athens. Amongst the young ladies wearing the Greek costume, the prettiest were two of the Queen's maids of honour, Aspasia Karbouny and Marie Grivas, whose gold-embroidered spencers—kontougounies—and

red fezzes, with long tassels of dark blue silk and gold, were extremely becoming to their slender figures and beautiful heads. A couple of Smyrniote fezzes, worn also by very pretty heads, seemed to me overloaded with gold embroidery. The Hydriote head-dress is not particularly becoming in a ball-room, however richly embroidered its silk kerchiefs may be; still it gives to the head and the figure a peculiarly modest grace, especially when, as was the case here, the young dancing ladies who wore them were distinguished by an expression of goodness and gentleness, which I have so often seen amongst the ladies of the islands. The dresses were of heavy, costly materials, but they who wore them were not therefore the less light and graceful in the dance. Most of the dancing ladies wore wreaths, gauze and crinolines—*tout comme chez nous.* No gentlemen wore the Greek costume, excepting officers and the King's adjutants, in most cases heavy with gold embroidery. Around the dancing circle stood or sat from three to four hundred spectators amongst whom I observed twenty or thirty old-fashioned costumes and countenances on the men's side, and about the same number on that of the ladies, for here the two are separated as if in church. More than one elderly lady, whose daughter was dancing in the modern costume, sat herself in the royal ball-room in her fur-bordered kaftan, and with her Athenian kerchief carelessly rolled round her head, unlaced and unembarrassed, and as much at her ease as if she were sitting in her own "sal" or "aula."

Amongst the men I became acquainted with some Palicars from the time of the War of Independence, who were here, it was said, merely to see the young English Prince. Of these was old General Metaxas, also General Bulgaris, in the Albanian costume, and the Mainote General Plapotas, a worthy son of old Tay-

getus, still as strong as an oak, with his hair cut straight across his forehead, but behind hanging down his back, a broad, silver-embroidered girdle round his waist, and with more of the peasant in his appearance then the courtier. The old, vigorous man is said still to be able to lead the Greek dance, and so doing to take bolder leaps and make more neck-dislocating twirls and twists of body than any of the younger Greeks.

Long pauses occurred between the dances, during which the King and Queen went round the room conversing with various of the bystanders. His Majesty wore the Greek national dress, his every-day dress in fact, embroidered with silver. He is a handsome, manly figure, and moved in the dance—dancing, however, only the quadrilles—with dignity and grace. During one of the pauses in the dance he engaged me for some time in conversation. Our conversation had reference to my residence in Athens, to the Olympion and its exhibition, and to the intelligence of the Greeks, of which the King spoke in high terms. There was nothing very remarkable in it; but it gave me an impression of his character for which I had not been prepared. I felt certain that I was conversing with one of the most honest, gentlest, and best of men; and except in King Oscar of Sweden, I have never seen in any royal personage an expression of so much goodness.

Nor has the correctness of my impression been impugned by any who know King Othon, as he is called in Greek, more intimately. It is his justice and his goodness which have gradually won for him the confidence of the unstable Greek, which have disarmed party spirit, pacified the public mind, and, spite of all the foments and dissatisfactions which from time to time have arisen, have ensured to Greece five and twenty years of peace. A warm and beautiful acknowledgment of this

was shown in the festivals which celebrated a year ago the five and twentieth year of the King's reign.

King Otho's countenance is not handsome, but there is a sunbeam in its expression. The hair is simply brushed aside from the broad, open forehead, and the glance of the fine eyes is bright and pure. It is the glance of a good conscience.

The Queen, attired in a tasteful and expensive Parisian ball-dress, dances well, waltzes excellently, and with evident delight in the dance. Her eyes, full of the joy of life, emulated in brightness the diamonds around her head and neck. She speaks French and Greek with equal fluency, she conversed alternately with gentlemen and ladies, and seemed, like the King, careful not to neglect any one, in which the Baroness von Pluskow—herself not unlike a little queen beside the great one—evidently assisted. The refreshments and confectionary were served as at other balls.

My enjoyment in conversation this evening was principally with Sir Thomas Wyse, the English Minister, who is inexhaustibly interesting to me, and afterwards with a Greek lady, an adopted daughter of the statesman Coletti, who, with flashing eyes and fluent tongue, expressed herself in French with great candour, on the false principles of Greek female education, and the way their marriages are arranged. It astonished me, and pleased me at the same time, to hear such liberal views on the destination of woman expressed by a Greek lady; but the whole became intelligible to me when I learned that she was the wife of a French consul.

The ball lasted till two o'clock. The ball-room deserves its fame as being handsome and regal. Its greatest luxury seems to me to be the immense hundred-branched chandeliers.

Whilst the Greeks have their Olympic games and

festivals to celebrate, a new era in the country, or in honour of its noble guests, another festival is making its circuit round the world, in almost every Christian country, from Petersburg to New York—a festival of still higher significance than any of the old or new Olympian festivals, and which electrifies the nations in quite another way. The dithyrambic jubilee of song, torch procession and rejoicing of all kinds, which finds utterance in the Schiller festivals, especially in all Evangelical-Protestant communities—celebrating the memory of the immortal poet. The great evidence afforded by this festival is not so much a fraternal humanity, which has awoke to the recognition of moral nobility and freedom, both for humanity and society at large, but a casting away of everything merely conventional and un-independent—everything servile and mean.

Schiller in his religious faith was not a Christian; his "Gods of Greece," spite of their fascination in his poetry, are to me the strongest proof that can be given of how superficially he had studied them, how still more superficially he had studied *Him* before whose appearance on earth they faded away into airy phantoms. But in his life and in his higher art as a poet, Schiller was inspired by the ideal of Christianity. His noble spirit could not prevent the influence of the power of attraction in the Supreme. It made itself above all availing in him for the historical realm of dramatic art, and by enthusiasm for everything moral, noble, and great. Where the memory of Schiller is celebrated, there also is celebrated these ideals; there we become perceptive of the fire, kindled by the Promethean spark for the human race, in defiance of the old Olympian gods. May it burn in ever wider and wider circles over the whole earth!

Here in Athens has also a Schiller festival been celebrated by some Germans—the Greeks as yet stand outside of the realm of European literature—but except a good feast, both of eating and drinking, I do not believe that it will produce any remarkable effect. I have both in soul and heart participated in the universal festival for the great poet, because ever since my earliest youth to the present time, I know no poet who possesses a greater influence over my soul.

The present moment is, also, in other respects, one of importance in the history of the human race. Italy liberated through Louis Napoleon and Garibaldi—and we know for what ideal she has again and again aroused herself—Italy has appealed to the nations of Northern Europe, demanding from them the recognition of her independence as a state, resting on her arms waiting for their answer. People are talking of a great Congress of the representatives of the nations, which shall meet at Paris, a new Amphictyonic council, like that formerly held at the foot of Parnassus in the sanctuary of Apollo, in ancient Hellas—and brochures propounding all kinds of plans and projects, relative both to the east and to the west, are flying out over the world in Italian, German, and French. One such has made its appearance also here with the title:

Un mot sur l'Orient à l'occasion du futur Congrès,

which contains some interesting statements regarding the present commercial state of Greece, as well as her position with regard to Europe and Turkey. Few now see how much the inspirer and protecting genius of the new Amphictyonic council, Louis Napoleon, resembles Phœbus Apollo.

December 15th.—After more than fourteen days of north wind, with regular bad weather and rain, which has made me acquainted with the anything but an agree-

able winter season in Athens, the beautiful weather has now returned, and everything is changed, as if by a stroke of magic. The fields are gloriously green, the air is fresh and as pleasant as in summer, the birds sing, the flowers are in bloom, and the sky is beamingly bright and blue.

Mrs. Hansen and I, under the friendly guidance of Mr. Hill, have paid a visit to the old naval hero Constantin Canaris. Ever since I refreshed my memory by Zinkeisen's history of his achievements during the War of Independence, I have wished to pay my respects to him, as also to hear from himself a description of a fireship, and that he should explain to me how such a thing could attach itself to a large ship of war and blow it into the air, as the fireship of Canaris did on more than one celebrated occasion during the war.

On an appointed day, therefore, we went, provided with bouquets of Provence rose-buds, to the dwelling of the old hero of freedom. The first impression of his sunny *aula* or court was very agreeable, with its green trees, its white marble fountain, and antique monumental stones of white marble, with their bas-reliefs, representing the beautiful scenes and symbols of the parting between the living and the dead, which one often sees on Greek and Roman tombs. The old admiral, who knew of our visit, came to meet us on the steps. I was, I must confess, somewhat surprised when I was introduced to him, the small, but strongly-built figure, with youthful animation in his movements and youthful bloom upon his cheeks, and who so unassumingly, but politely and kindly, welcomed us and led us indoors to his wife. She, a handsome, stately old lady, was attired for the occasion in the Psariote costume, with a kind of casque, or cockscomb-like head-dress, over which fell a large transparent white veil, a fur-trimmed spencer, or

close-fitting jacket, and black silk skirt.* Canaris himself was dressed in the European style.

I presented to him my bouquet, saying to him in Swedish, how glad I was to see the man of whom I had heard so much in my youth, because my father, at the time of the Greek struggle for independence, used to say delighted, when the newspapers were brought to him, "The Greeks are coming!" and from him I then heard of the achievements of Constantin Canaris.

Canaris fixed keenly and steadfastly upon me his clear, large, bull-dog-like eyes whilst I said these words, which Mr. Hill interpreted, and he replied with much emphasis in distinct and slowly articulated words, that he thanked God, who had permitted a little sailor from one of the smallest of the Greek islands to do something for his native land, which awoke a sympathy for its struggle for liberty in countries so remote!"

It was indeed a beautiful reply. After this came the inquiry respecting the fire-ship. Canaris in reply brought out some sketches in water-colour, representing his two celebrated fire-ships, the first called *Eleutheria* (Liberty), which in June, 1822, caused the admiral-ship of Capitan-Pasha to be blown up at Chios; and the other, *Hephœstos*, with which, a year later, he achieved an equally bold, and for the Turks, a still more disastrous, action at Tenedos. He showed me how the small, double-tongued iron hooks, with which the tops of the fire-ship's masts and bowsprit were furnished, took firm hold upon the cordage of the enemy's ship. The moment this was done the inflammable materials with which the vessel was laden were set fire to, and the dense, suffocating smoke which immediately arose, enveloped the

* The Psariote women, before the Turks devastated their island, were known as the handsomest in the Greek Archipelago.—*Author's note.*

ship, so that its crew could not see where the hooks had taken hold, or how they might deliver themselves from the claws of the dragon. The confusion which then arose, and which increased in the immediately succeeding explosions, would generally afford the crew of the fire-ship time to throw themselves into small, swift-sailing boats, and hastily remove themselves from the scene of destruction.

With a fire, which permeated his whole being down to the very finger-ends, and made his eyes seem ready to start from his head, Canaris described the scene during the dark June night, when at midnight he succeeded in firmly grappling his fire-ship to the Capitan-Pasha's ship and set fire to it. But he did not tell us that he and his brave companions had first consecrated themselves to this achievement, as to death, by partaking of the holy communion together. The High Admiral and his people had just celebrated the end of their fast, the festival of the great Beiram, with a Bacchanalian repast, and lay sunk in profound sleep when they were awoke by the fire-ship of Canaris, but too late. The fiery foe had already ignited their ship, and shortly afterwards it blew up with the Admiral and two thousand men on board. The fire-ship of George Pippinos, furnished for the same expedition, failed in firmly grappling the ship of the Vice-Admiral, but floated burning and exploding amidst the Turkish fleet, spreading everywhere terror and destruction.

"Did you ever, on these occasions, feel any fear?" I asked.

"Fear!" repeated the old hero, smiling. "Such a thing never enters our minds. Danger fires us on. Shot and tumult are like music. Every exploit with my fire-ship was like a festival to me, and I was always ready at any moment to undertake another."

It was evident both from glance and demeanour that this was no idle boast.

Mrs. Canaris stood silent and listened to all that was said, plainly sympathising in it all. I went up to her and inquired through my kind interpreter in what state of mind she was when she knew her husband to be out upon any of his dangerous exploits. She replied that she often felt as if she would much rather be with him in the fire-ship than alone in the quiet house. The thought merely of her country had, in fact, sustained her. The very night when her husband set fire to the admiral-ship of the Capitan-Pasha she gave birth, with great suffering, to her eldest son, and when she heard that the people, with rejoicings of victory and a torch-procession, were accompanying her husband to the church of Psara, to thank God for the successful issue of his enterprise, it was very difficult to prevent herself from going there too. "And when afterwards he came home," she said, "and I could see by his scorched hair and eyebrows, as well as by other marks, the life's peril that he had just been in, then—I could not help it—but tears flowed, and I could scarcely sympathise in the joy with which he took his son, his firstborn, into his arms."

All this was said by the handsome old lady with the most affecting expression of truth and inmost feeling.

I cannot describe the amount of pleasure which I experienced from this visit to the old Greek heroic pair, if it were only that they remind me, now in their peaceful old age, of the ancient Phrygian couple—the prototype of all wedded pairs—who requested of the gods, when visited by them one day, one favour only, that of dying at the same time.

Of the four sons of Canaris, two, if not three, of them are engaged in the Greek navy. He expressed dissatisfaction regarding their promotion, and with the Govern-

ment in general, whether with reason or not I am unable to say. He is senator for life, and is said to have lately refused the offer of augmented salary, and of an office in the ministry. His dissatisfaction seems thus to be altogether of a common or selfish kind. Whatever people may think of him as a politician, his honest and unassuming character seems to be universally acknowledged. The Psariote hero has indeed received the title of Admiral, but has never wished to command a fleet, or indeed any other vessel than his fire-ship, saying that he was unfit for any other post.

December 20th.—An amusing evening at the English minister's, in company with old and new acquaintance. Amongst the interesting foreigners now visiting at Athens, is an English family of the name of Harvey, who were also acquainted with Stockholm; young Lord Dufferin and his handsome, gifted mother, as well as the young, learned, and bold explorer, Cecil Graham, who has lately discovered in the desert, south-east of Palmyra, those eighty-seven cities spoken of in the Book of Joshua, which have been long regarded as lost. This young man of five-and-twenty has a head which, even in its outward form, bears the prophecy of his destination to break open new paths, and to make new discoveries. Lord Dufferin speaks rather of his friend's travels and dangers than of his own, which, however, are not inconsiderable.

The Russian minister, Baron Ozeroff, told me many particulars regarding the emancipation of the serfs now going forward in Russia, which were extremely interesting to me. What a great and noble part this grand country seems destined at some future time to perform, especially in the civilization of the eastern portion of the world! There were many Greek gentlemen and ladies in the company, and one of the

latter, a young countess, whose name has escaped me, but whose voice and musical talent were spoken of as extraordinary, sang a grand aria to the piano, which, however, did not affect me, although it was well executed and her voice really of the first quality. I was more pleased by the charming singing of two English sisters, who gave us English ballads. But to me the flower of this *soirée*, rich as it was in enjoyment, was to see Miss Wyse at the harp, and listen to her musical playing of the melodies of Moore, and of her own native land.

December 24th.—Christmas Eve, according to the Gregorian calendar, and for all those nations who accept it, but not for the orthodox Greek Church, which still abides by the old calendar, and by so doing is every year four minutes behind the preceding year in time. These four minutes collectively during the centuries which the Greek Church has been separated from the Latin Church, have already mounted up to twelve days, so that they now do not celebrate their Christmas Eve until the fifth of January.

I celebrated mine on Lycabettus. After having had some talk with the hermit who reads mass in the chapel on the top of the hill, and who looks like a highway robber—as in truth he certainly was—and contemplated the splendid view of the sea and the islands, I proceeded downward, over the ridge of the mountain, which has the form of a saddle between two heights, and from which one can look down on either hand into the Vale of Athens. Shepherds were returning with their flocks from the pasture grounds. There was a cheerful murmuring of tinkling bells and singing voices—pleasant scenes of idyllian life, which accorded well with the calm evening and its serene splendour. And as I thus gazed, I heard all at once a loud, melodious, vibrating

sound burst forth. It was from the elegant campanile of the Russian Church, which rises out far from Lycabettus, that this richly, musical tongue was calling to evening service. I cannot describe how it affected me; I stood as it were fascinated to the spot, with my gaze riveted on the glorious spectacle, and could not but involuntarily think, "Oh, Athens! I almost fear thy becoming too dear to me!"

Later in the evening we had candles, and the Christmas-tree—here an Apollo-pine—and the Northern hearty Christmas festival, with presents and merriment in my German home.

December 26th.—To-day the foundation-stone has been laid of a house exactly opposite ours, which, when it is built, will entirely shut out my beautiful view. At the religious ceremony which took place on this occasion, a cock was killed, the head and blood of which were buried in the earth below the foundation-stone, together with a bottle, of consecrated water, and other things. The officiating papa who read prayers, and made numerous signs of the cross both over the ground and the buried articles, afterwards stuffed the decapitated cock into his pocket.

Greek Christianity seems in many respects to be merely a crossed-out Paganism, and the clergy, all poor, without fixed salaries—with the exception of the bishops, who have considerable revenues—are themselves too ignorant to be able to dissipate the superstition of the people, and may, indeed, not unfrequently make use of it as the means of obtaining a little income for themselves. The people ascribe a magical influence to the prayers and the sign of the cross made by the priests, and retain, under this belief, much of their former heathenish error. The ceremonies which are still practised on occasion of death, and for the dead, appear almost incredible. Of

this I shall have to say somewhat more on another occasion.

December 30th.—The old year has closed with actually Olympic weather, and an evening brilliancy immediately before and after sunset which could not be more magnificent even in the world of the Olympian gods. Neither pencil nor pen could give a representation of it. The whole circuit of the Vale of Athens, in particular its garland of nearer and more distant islands and mountains, shines out as if transformed into rubies and amethysts.

Dear R——! if thou thinkest of me amidst this peace and tranquillity, as being able to behold and to enjoy all this magnificence, as being *almost* too happy, and art conscious, as it were, of a little jealousy, then let me whisper to thee that our earthly lot is everywhere imperfect, here as elsewhere, and that it was with feelings of deep depression that I, in Athens, amidst all this glorious splendour, closed the now departed year.

SIXTH STATION.

New-year's Day—The Greek New Year—Review of the Last War of Independence in Greece—The Klephts—Rhigas and Coray—The National Basis—The War of Freedom and its Men—The Phœnix—The Morning of the New Day.

January, 1860.—

Friends may desert me,
Dear friends may die;
Life, a dread ocean,
No light in the sky;
One Friend, one only
Is steadfast and true,
He will be faithful,
Eternity through!

That thou mayest be able to join with me in these words is, dear R——, my New-year's wish for thee and for all, because—I know no better wish. Then thou wilt be able to raise thyself, as on outspread wings, above the grave of many a beloved hope and anticipation, and calmly to wait till the day shall brighten for thee, turning thy soul away from thy own little life to the great events of the world in which thou canst read, as if in characters of fire and blood, that "God Almighty lives!"

Let me now sketch for thee some traits from that

grand vision which has lately become very living and distinct to my mind.

It is yet night. For centuries now has night covered a land and a people who for a long season bore the torch of light to the peoples of the earth. And in the long night lies one dying, left alone by herself and with her executioners. The nations have almost forgotten her name, which was once a great name. It is—*Hellas*.

It is a thousand years since this death-struggle began. The ancient Hellas, rich in honour, fell through the direst of sins—the abuse of freedom—a sin against the Holy Ghost which can never be forgiven, which must and will bring down punishment. Internal disunion, lust of pleasure and effeminacy, caused the Greek nation to lose its autonomy under the Macedonian Alexander. The freest of all the states of the earth became subject to a despot. It was merely the beginning of its humiliation.

Under the Byzantine Empire; under the dominion of Rome; the Greek nation appears only as a degenerate representative of that which it had formerly been. The Romans regarded a Greek as the most despicable of men. The great spirits who in word and deed combated to the last against the destruction of the Grecian nation, and who to the last maintained before the world the honour of the Hellenic name—Demosthenes, Phocion, Philopœmon, and many others had by degrees been silenced in the sleep of death which seemed to extend itself over the whole of Greece. Greece was soon no longer spoken of, or if so under another name. The old nation seemed to belong to the dead. No one paid any attention to the glimmering spark of the former life, which silently continued to live on in the "old sacred soil,"

partly in the industry of its impoverished inhabitants, who continued to cultivate the vine and the olive, and to spin silk; and partly in the love of science and intellectual culture, which made the man of Greece still value himself on the old language, and still keep up schools on the mainland and in the islands of Greece.

Under their "Frank"—Genoese and Venetian—rulers, during the Middle Ages, somewhat of the ancient fire seemed to revive amongst the Greeks. A fugitive gleam lit up the Vales of Athens and Sparta, and the beautiful islands of the Cyclades. But when, in the year 1453, Greece fell under the dominion of Mohammed the Second and of the Turks, its last moment seemed to be come. Its last learned men and statesmen fled away from the barbarians to the great cities of western Europe, and bore to their scientific hearths new fire from the home of the earliest civilization. In their own land it had become quite dark. The old classical soil was trampled under-foot of the rude conqueror. There was an end of all public life; all progressive action was annihilated, all movement was stopped. Silence and night spread their mourning veil over that countenance which had formerly been so resplendent. Ignorance and coarse arbitrary will framed laws in that land where science and art had formerly been enthroned. The race of the Turks-Osmanlis took the place of Phœbus Apollo.

Yet, originally noble natures, whether individuals or nations, may sink deeply, but they cannot be destroyed. The great teacher, *Misfortune*, whom the ancients called *the Holy*; because of its power to improve the heart, operates on such natures as a regenerative, restorative force.

It is in the deepest depths of misfortune, in the night of nearly four hundred years, during which the domi-

nion of the Turks prevailed over Greece, that we perceive those first signs of that original, still existing life, the evidence of the light-loving spirit that ancient Hellas yet lives.

Whilst the valleys seem sunk in the sleep of slavery, the sun-illumined heights of Greece are the homes of freedom. It is from those summits, where the thunder has its abode, that bold, freedom-loving men make their voices heard, and fling down the gage of battle to the tyrants of the lowlands. Olympus, Pindus, Pelion and Ossa, Parnassus and Taygetus, all those wooded Grecian mountains have been the habitations of men who would not serve the Turks, and who descended from their mountains only to rob in their villages, or to compel them to pay tribute to the princes of the mountains. They are called Klephts, thieves or robbers — as well as Palicars, brave men, because they are such, and the Greek population of the lowlands regards them with secret good-will, as the sworn enemies of the Turks. The songs of the Klephts betray this hatred, and with it somewhat of the ancient Greek poetical spirit. They are flowers which have not anything foreign about them. Springing up on the uncultivated soil of Olympus and Parnassus, they bear the impression of the wild scenery which cherished them, and of the strong popular class who are at once their anonymous poets and heroes.*

Allow me to introduce some of them.

"I will be a Klepht," says a youth. "I will be the pride of the desert and the comrade of the forests. I will dwell on the mountain amongst the wild beasts. I will have the rock for my bed, and the snow for my covering; but I will not serve the Turks!"

Another time it is a dying Klepht who speaks to his brother-in-arms:

* See M. Rangabé's *Esquisses de la Littérature Greque Moderne*.

"Make my grave roomy and high, so that I can stand upright in it, load my piece, and fight. Make me also a window in it, on my right hand, so that I can hear the swallows announce to me the coming of spring, and the nightingale the flowery May!"

From a grave upon which some one treads arises a lamenting sigh. The wanderer asks:

"Wherefore, O dead, dost thou lament? Is the earth heavy to thee?—or is it because of the dark covering?"

"It is not that the earth is heavy to me, neither is it because of the dark covering. I lament because thou so lightly esteemest me, that thou treadest upon my head. Was I not also young? Was I not a Palicar? Have not I roamed through the woods in the moonlight?—and have not I taught the Turks the strength of my arm?"

As in the old mythology, so in these songs is every grotto and every fountain inhabited by a nymph; and the whole of nature with all its existences sympathises in the fate of the brave. The little birds in the woods, the eagles on the mountain-tops, even the mountains themselves, and the sun and the moon, the rivers of the earth, and the clouds of heaven, relate to each other the exploits of the brave, weep for their dead, and console their sorrowing wives and mothers.

At one time it is Olympus which prides himself before Ossa, that he has never submitted to the contaminating touch of the Turk. By every one of his springs a banner is planted; a Klepht keeps watch by every one of his trees. On his top sits a king-eagle, who holds the head of a Palicar in his claws.

"Eat, royal bird! feed thyself with my strength. May thy wings therefrom become an ell longer; thy powerful claws become a handbreadth larger. I was a

Klepht and a warrior. I have slain of the Turks without number. But at length my hour came!"

Another time it is a wounded warrior who addresses the birds of the forest:

"Tell me, birds, whether I shall again become hale? Tell me whether I shall regain my powers?"

"Palicar," reply the birds, "if thou wilt become hale, if thou wilt that thy wounds should be healed, go up to Olympus, to those beautiful heights where the healthy never become sick, and where the sick regain their powers. Then thou mayest be able again to fight against the Turks."

Another song, without any direct allusion to the national hatred, presents this gloomy poetical picture:

"Why are the forests so black and so threatening? Is it the tempest that shakes them? Is it the rain which beats upon them? It is not the tempest which shakes them; it is not the rain which beats upon them; it is Charon who is passing through them with the dead. The aged follow him, and he carries the little children upon his saddle. The aged call to him, the young fall on their knees before him beseeching: 'Stay, O Charon! near a village; stay by the side of a cool fountain, that the old may refresh themselves, and the young may throw stones and gather flowers!"

"I stop not at a village, neither by the side of a cool fountain. The mothers might be coming to fetch water, and might there meet their children; husbands and wives might there recognise each other, and I could never more part them!"

The prevailing inspiration of the Klepht songs is, in the meantime, hatred against the Turks and love for freedom.

It was to those wild offshoots of the old tree of liberty, to those scattered bands of warriors amongst the moun-

tains of Greece, that Constantin Rhigas addressed his patriotic exclamation at the beginning of this century:

"Why linger ye up in the mountains,
Like beasts that would hide from the foe,
In the thickets and glooms of the forest?
Up, Palicars! Arm for the fighting
For fathers, for children, for brothers,
For the hearth, for the home, for the altar,
For freedom and dear fatherland!
* * * *
to live
One day as a freeman, is better
Than thousands of years as a slave!"

Rhigas was a native of Thessaly. The whole of the youth of Northern Greece sang with rapture his war-like songs, which expressed the secret impulse of their hearts.

Contemporary with Rhigas, we see another man make his appearance on the stage of Greece—Adamantios Coray, who at the close of the last century and the commencement of the present, became the leader of the spiritual liberation, as Rhigas was of the political.

Coray was born at Chios, and devoted himself early to the art of medicine and the study of philology. He soon, however, conceived, as the great object of his life, the noble idea of elevating his native land from the condition of degradation and unbelief into which it had sunk under the Turkish yoke. Faithful to the old Greek view of life, he regarded ignorance as the mother of everything evil, knowledge and intuition as the only means of attaining to all that was good, whether it were spiritual or temporal. He laboured industriously in Smyrna, in Athens, in Paris, to elevate and educate his countrymen, by means of reviving again the ancient language, by lesson-books for schools, by the publication

of the classical authors, by the translation of foreign works of an intellectual character, as those of Beccaria and Bentham, as well as by many original works. He turned the attention of his countrymen to the causes of the degradation and fall of Greece, pointed out the means for its restoration; and whilst he exhorted to obedience to the existing order and submission to authority, he endeavoured to educate the young men of Greece to become its lawgivers, and, in the end, its liberators.

"For country, for children and wives,
Religion, and graves of our fathers."

The way which Rhigas opened by his warlike song, and afterwards Ypsilanti, together with the Hetairia by their swords, was regarded by Coray as too rash, and calculated only to bring misfortune on Greece.

Whilst Rhigas, by his death as a martyr, paid the penalty of his bold demonstration, Coray withdrew into profound quietness in Paris, continuing nevertheless to labour unremittingly there for the peaceful development of Greece.

Rhigas had said in his last hour: "I have sown the seed—the time will come when my fellow-countrymen will gather of its rich fruit."

The report of his cruel death excited all the Christian races on the soil of old Greece to whom he had addressed his songs—Mainotes, Albanians, Bulgarians, Suliotes, Roumeliotes, and many more. All felt themselves to be sons of Hellas, and the dim spark which he had kindled flamed up into a blaze.

Yet let me mention a third fact in the Greek insurrection, the dark birth of which I can see far back in time, like one of those *enfants terribles* which unnatural fathers bring up unconsciously to be the chastisement of their own misdeeds.

I have already indicated it. When the race of the Turks-Osmanlis extended itself over Greece, the noblest sons of that unhappy country fled to the prosperous lands of Italy, Germany, England, and France, and found in their intellectual centres, friends, protection, and warm sympathy. There was cemented between the people of Greece and Western Europe that bond which thence became an electric thread between the two. The exiled Greeks awoke everywhere a new love to the old sciences and literature, and they themselves received the noblest impulses for human rights and human weal, which belong to the newer culture. They thus became acquainted with higher social laws than those of the ancient philosophers, freer states-institutions than those which Greece had possessed.

From this time it may be seen that the wealthier Greeks sent their sons, or poor youths whom they supported, to study in foreign universities. When they returned gifted with various branches of knowledge, in which Greece as well as Turkey was deficient, they knew how to make them availing by that peculiar intelligence with which Mother Nature has gifted the Hellene pre-eminently beyond every other Oriental, and which made him the first Autodidact of all nations of the earth. The Sultan understood how to turn all this to his own advantage, and nominated Greeks possessed of European culture, in preference to his ignorant and dull-thoughted Turks, to many important offices in Constantinople, the princedom of the Danube, and of Greece itself. And they showed themselves to be zealous in the service of the Sultan, but never forgot the while their own fatherland. By genius, inventive skill and enterprise, they acquired for themselves influence and wealth. From dragomans, skippers, and simple tradesmen they became beys, boyars, and

bankers. They lent money to the Sultan—they lent him the use of their knowledge and intelligence, in reward for which he gave them rank, power, and property. In this manner arose by degrees those princely Greek families, powerful by their social position, their affluence and relationships.

A great number of these families resided on the south-western shore of the Golden Horn in Constantinople, in that part of Stamboul which is called Phanar. They in consequence were denominated Phanariotes, and a portion of their more indigent countrymen accused them of pride and selfishness, as well as of servility towards the Porte—and many of them might, it is true, not be undeserving of these imputations. After events, however, proved that the greater part of the Phanariote population, like the ancient Hebrews by the rivers of Babylon, secretly sang:

"In the proud Byzantium, on the shore of the Golden Horn, we think upon Hellas, our native land, our dear, our captive mother.

"Our ruler flatters us, highly esteems our knowledge, our understanding; allures us by gold and posts of honour to forget Hellas, to laud his favours, and to rejoice in our gilded captivity.

"But in the halls of the Sultan we think only of Hellas and its bondage.

"In the silence of night we have formed a bond of brotherhood which will prepare its freedom and sharpen the rusted sword.

"Woe to the barbarian who made us slaves and bowed our necks to the yoke. For the day of vengeance will come!"

The bond of brotherhood which the Phanariotes formed with the patriotic Hellenes, as well as with Philhellenes in foreign countries, for the restitution of

Greece, was founded and extended itself in the beginning of the present century under the name of Hetairia—bond of friendship or brotherhood. This secret society reckoned amongst its members all nations and classes of people. It had its various branches in many of the capitals of Europe, especially in Vienna, Paris, London, and Petersburg. A society arose also in Athens in connection with it, under the name Philomusen. We find at an early period the names of Ypsilanti, Cantacuzene, Mavrocordato, and Capodistria amongst the members of the Hetairia. The society, which at the beginning had for its primal object the spiritual elevation of Greece, soon turned its activity to its political liberation. The emblems of the Hetairia denote this course. The emblem in the first place was a ring, to be worn by every member, on which was a figure representing Chiron, the wise centaur who educated the young hero Achilles; afterwards it adopted the phœnix, which, with its glance turned towards the sun, raises itself from its funeral pyre.

The Hetairia was the first bond which existed between Greece and Western Europe. In the Hetairia they made common cause both against Oriental barbarity and Oriental tyranny—common cause for freedom, for order and civilization.

That the Porte would permit this secret society to extend itself in all possible quietness, and to weave its webs from city to city and from province to province, within the circuit of the Turko-Greek dominions—that although warned it would not see the danger—can only be explained by a peculiar characteristic of the Turk, whether as individual or nation.

He is capable at certain moments, and under the impulse of excited passion, of developing an amazing power, of becoming an object of terror or of admiration.

But before these moments occur, or when they are over, he lights his tschibouk, seats himself with his legs crossed, and sinks into his blissful *kief*, from which he is most unwilling to be aroused.

During his kief the Turk is good-tempered, nay even noble-minded, only he must not be irritated. Like the lion, he then allows the mouse to play with his mane, knowing it is true that he could annihilate it by one stroke of his mighty paw.

The Sultan looked on the Greeks as the lion looks upon the mouse, unconcerned about its movements. Besides which he had other, more important demands upon his attention in other quarters—war with Persia; stiff-necked, rebellious vassals in Egypt; and in Epirus the arrogant, restless Janissaries, who defied him even in his very capital: he had troubles enough just then on his hands with all this.

The Greeks paid their annual tribute without murmuring. They were at liberty, therefore, to amuse themselves with their songs and their secret societies as they liked best. If any one amongst them became too loud-spoken or too unmanageable, then they could strangle or drown him, as they had done Rhigas.

So thought the Sultan, and turned his regards towards the Euphrates, at the time when the martyr-death of Rhigas fell like a spark into the secret mine of the Hetairia.

The Greeks in the principality of the Danube were the first to rise, under Prince Ypsilanti, who had been persuaded by flatterers to believe himself a new Grecian Achilles, and by him was published a proclamation which declared "that the Greeks and Turks would no longer live together; that Greece was free; that a great Christian power defended it against Turkey."

Contemporary with the proclamation of Ypsilanti, an

outcry was heard in another direction against the Turkish oppression, the energy and wild poetry of which struck probably the Greek popular mind with still stronger effect.

This proceeded from the most ancient Hellas, from the shore of that beautiful lake where the oracle of Dodona gave forth its utterances from the prophetic oak, and where the people worshipped the Pelasgian Zeus beneath the free vault of heaven. There, just opposite the old oracular grove, sat, in his fortified castle of Janina, the most powerful of the Sultan's vassals, the rich, cunning, ambitious, and cruel Ali Pasha, also called "Kara," or the Black Ali, "the man of fate." In the first instance the submissive servant of Mahmoud's violence, now a rebellious vassal, he had resolved, in return for the bow-string which his master had sent to him, to throw down the gage of battle against him, and to make common cause with the Greek giaours, or infidels.

Modern history can scarcely show a man more perfectly the type of the ancient Asiatic despot than this black Ali of Janina. The only laws which he recognised were his passions or his interests. These would sometimes lead him to the performance of generous actions, but more frequently to those of the most savage violence and cruelty. Noble Greek youths were maintained at his warlike court, but men whom he feared were either strangled or annihilated. Women who withstood his lawless passions were either maltreated or drowned.* When news came to Ali that his sons had

* Yet the last being upon earth who loved him, and to whom he confided himself, was a mild-tempered woman, one of his many wives.

When Ali, at length, surrounded by enemies, was obliged to give up Janina, and withdrew to his fortified Bortschi, or little

been taken captive, maltreated, and murdered by the Sultan, he sat for many days without either eating or drinking, with his eyes full of tears, as if self-consumed by silent, stupid, and bitter sorrow. It was alone the hope of vengeance which restored, as it were, to him life.

From this enraged tiger went forth suddenly this cry:—

"Up, Armatoles! To arms! To arms, all children of Hellas! Avenge the wrongs of centuries! Everything calls upon you; your derided name, your plundered possessions; the yoke which is laid upon you as the most stupid of beasts. To arms, Hellenes, Armatoles, Palicars! Rush to arms! to arms!

"Husbandmen, seize your ploughs and your scythes, and turn them into weapons! Shepherds, convert your crooks into daggers! Let your peaceful pipes whistle against the foe! Let vengeance whet your peaceful implements for the work of death and terror!

"Ye brave women of Agrapha, seize the hoes with which ye dig up the wild sage on the mountain, and turn them against the foe! Let your boys get ready their slings; even the distaffs in the hands of your daughters must be changed into deadly weapons against the common enemy. Suliotes, Armatoles, Palicars, and Klephts, Hellenes, to arms!"

The sound of this appeal, and the report of the insurrection in the principality of the Danube, aroused the Sultan at length, and aroused him like an enraged

island, in the lake of Janina, he was accompanied by one of his wives—Vassilisi, or queens. She watched alternately with him the lamp which was kept constantly burning, with which to ignite the cask of gunpowder in the tower which Ali intended should become the grave of himself and his treasure, whenever the enemy might succeed in gaining an entrance into the fortress.—*Author's Note.*

Turk. Executions and massacres, equally of the innocent and the guilty, succeeded, together with an address to all Mussulmans to take the field against the infidels—the treacherous giaours. The army of Turkey entered the provinces of the Danube, Thessaly, and Epirus, burning, desolating, as they went, and murdering peaceful inhabitants, women and children.

Prince Ypsilanti, who had opened the campaign with an army of some thousands, great words, and the most inconsiderably arrogant schemes, as well as commands to the various leaders under him, such as to surprise Constantinople, to take the Sultan captive, and so on, soon began to retire at all points; and when he had in vain besought help from the Emperor of Russia, ended by abandoning his army in a dastardly manner, escaping to the territory of Austria, leaving it to his brethren in arms Anastasius of Albania, Olympiern Géordakis, and to the "holy band" of the Hetairia, to save the honour of the Greeks and of their insurrection. The holy band of six hundred men had already perished, with their arms in their hands, at the battle of Dragestan; the Albanian Anastasius, with all his officers, at Sculeri, after he had refused to accept the Russian invitation to save himself within the Russian frontier. Olympiern Geordakis blew up himself and his faithful followers, some days later, at the monastery of Secka, after having returned to the Governor of Buckovina, who exhorted him to save himself by passing the frontier of Austria—the reply, "that he would not dishonour his paternal mountain!" (Olympus).

The premature Greek insurrection seemed to be stifled in the blood of its first champions.

But the appeals of Ypsilanti and of Ali Pasha of Janina had aroused a fire, which could not be again extinguished. Stifled in the provinces of the Danube,

it blazed up over the whole of Greece. The Mainotes descended from the mountain of Maina: the call to battle was responded to by the Klephts from Olympus and Œta. The valleys arose in secret fermentation. In the Morea and Livadia, Achaia, Thessalia, and Epirus, Ætolia and on the islands of the Greek Archipelago, everywhere men rushed to arms. Bishops and priests repeated the cry of war from village to village. Couriers were sent in all directions, proclaiming the freedom of Greece and war with the Turks. Everywhere were sung Rhigas' songs; everywhere people were arming for the fight with the common foe. Greece, split up into sections and races, became at once united for this object. The symbolical bird of the Hetairia shook his pinions above the mainland and islands of Greece.

That was in the spring of 1821.

And now, as in all great epochs of a nation which is agitated by a divine impulse, a vernal blossoming of popular life was seen in Greece, which exhibited itself in the springing up of remarkable characters, of men of a peculiarly large individuality. Every race of Greece, every province, produced a hero, or a statesman. Some of the greatest men of the insurrection came from the smallest islands. It is merely necessary to mention Marco Bozzaris, Odysseus, Diaki, Mavrocordato, Colocotroni, Conduriotis, Miaulis, Canaris, and many others, to call to mind the patriots and heroes whom the ancient Hellas produced in the hour of her regeneration. Amongst all the popular movements of modern times, there are none which in this respect can emulate that of Greece, neither has any nation so taken the initiative, nor so singly and so heroically fought its long fight of national existence.

We now see the struggle for freedom commence, almost at the same time in all the old Greek provinces,

under leaders who had not, in the commencement, any other plan than that of making war upon the Turks.

In Achaia, it is the Bishop Germanos, priest, warrior, and statesman at the same time, who places himself at the head of the insurrection, addresses the deputies from the hills, plants the banner of the cross upon the pinnacles of Santa Laura, and with fifteen hundred Arcadians, and the battle-cry of the Maccabees, "Victory is of God!" without a single blow put a troop of four thousand Turks to flight. In Epirus, it is Marco Bozzaris, who, at the head of his brave Suliotes, sets the world a new example of the heroism and death of Leonidas. In Thessalia, it is Odysseus, who, through his personal qualities of body as well as soul, calls to mind the Homeric Odysseus, "fertile in expedients," and at the head of the Thessalian Armatoles, begins his warlike career, as one of the most terrible enemies of the Turks. In Laconia, it is the old patriarchal Prince Petro Bey, and the bold Klepht chief Colocotroni, who place themselves at the head of the warlike people of Maina. The islands of Hydra, Spezzia, and Ipsara equip vessels of war, and elect as their commanders Miaulis, Tombasis, and Canaris, the terror of the Turkish fleet. Amongst the patriotic women of these islands stands foremost the naval heroine Lascarina Bobolina, a brilliant but short-lived meteor.* And whilst all these warlike powers were bursting forth in chaotic disorder, and struggling for an idea of freedom, which was only comprehended

* The patriotism of the Greek women, as real as it was efficacious, followed less the example of Bobolina and the women of Sulis, than that of Maria Ypsilanti, who gave up her dowry to equip her brothers for the war. More than one wealthy Greek lady promised her hand to the man who proved himself worthy of his fatherland, by the laurels which he won in the War of Independence.—*Author's Note.*

with more or less clearness, Prince Mavrocordato, a son of the Hetairia, and a man of European culture, took his stand with his clear views and pure intentions as the leader of the combat and the combatants for one common object, in which all separate contending forces should find their definite issue and their purpose in *the Independence of Greece.* With him were associated Theodor Negris, and other Hellenes and Philhellenes, who, during the progress of the war, made ready the work of national liberation.

I will not follow the Greek War of Independence through its various events of success and unsuccess; I must deny myself the gratification of presenting those numerous traits of heroism, or of touching brotherly love, which distinguish this war, and every one of which deserves its memorial-rune and its song. I must confine myself to the narration of merely the most remarkable public occurrences.

In the year 1821, the campaign opened with the general insurrection of all the Greek provinces. Hydra, Spezzia, and Ipsara equipped a fleet of one hundred and eighty* brigs, armed with cannon, and put themselves into connection with a leading council of assembly which sat at Hydra. The "Greek fire" of the fire-ships caused murderous loss to the Turkish fleet at Erisso and at Chios, on the 19th of June, when the bold Canaris, at the head of his Ipsariotes, blew up the admiral's ship of the Capitan-Pasha, with above two thousand men—that terrible nocturnal feast of Beiram, when the admiral himself had to give up life on the very shore and spot where he had ordered innocent

* The Greek fleet, according to Pouqueville, increased in two years to 615 vessels, with 5,878 cannon, and 17,500 seamen and marines.—*Author's Note.*

Greeks to be executed, who had been sent to him as hostages from Chios.

Those Turkish massacres of priests and Phanariotes at the Easter festival in Constantinople, the murder and devastation in Greek cities and villages on the islands, as well as on the coast of Asia Minor, and finally the cruel Jussuf Pasha's horrible treatment of the inhabitants of Patras,* gave a still more savage character to the war. Hatred urged on by the lust of vengeance, and vengeance itself demanded blood. The struggle became a murderous guerilla-war, which was carried on with alternating success; but upon the whole the Greeks

* Amongst the scenes which occurred at that time, I have been told the following:—

"A boy of fourteen, named Christodulos, had, together with several Christian women, been cast into prison, because he refused to become a Mussulman, the only means of deliverance which Jussuf Pascha allowed to his Christian captives. The boy was now again brought before the bloody tribunal of the Pascha.

"*Pascha.*—Thou liest bound at my feet. Thou hast witnessed the end of those who obstinately refused to acknowledge the Great Prophet. Be wiser than they, and repeat after me, 'There is one God, and Mahomet is his prophet!'

"*Boy.*—It is true that I have lain bound in prison for fourteen days; it is true that I have seen how thou hast murdered my family in the name of thy God and Prophet; but I will rather die than become a Mussulman. I am a Christian, and I will die a Christian.

"*Pascha.*—Thou shalt die as a dog if thou wilt not be converted. Thou shalt live like a prince if thou wilt do as I say. I like thee, boy, and I will adopt thee as my son, if thou wilt believe in the Prophet.

"*Boy.*—I will not be thy son; I cannot believe in thy Prophet. I will live and die in the faith of my father and mother. I am a Christian.

"*Pascha.*—Thou art a Christian dog! Loose him, and let him go—the boy! Mahomet will not have the stiff-necked wretch! They may give him back to his mother."—*Author's Note.*

were victorious. Corinth, Argos, and Tripolitza fell into their hands, and the Greeks avenged in a horrible manner, at Tripolitza, the massacre at Patras.

Odysseus, at the head of his Armatoles, conquered in Thessaly and at Thermopylæ.

The new year of 1822 commenced with a grand spectacle. It may merely awaken surprise and admiration that, in the midst of the public confusion, we see, at Epidaurus, where anciently stood the sacred grove of Æsculapius, the first Greek national assembly hold its meetings, and whilst the war continued to rage fiercely, commencing its labours for peaceful organization, devise plans for the civil constitution of society in the new confederate state of Hellas. It is a grand and most admirable spectacle to behold those warlike, defiant, and, amongst themselves, contentious Capitans, yet submitting to the plans of the self-collected, clear-headed Mavrocordato, for their united co-operation for the weal of the common fatherland.

The constitution which was adopted at this first Greek congress in the new year of 1822, gave to Greece three local governments, or *gerusia*—council of elders—as well as a central government. Missolonghi was determined upon as the seat of one *gerusia*, of ten men, who should be elected from the deputies sent from the western provinces. Solona was the seat of an Areopagus of thirteen members, elected from thirty-three representatives from the eastern provinces. The Peloponnesus and the islands elected, by their deputy in Argos, a *gerusia* of twelve members. By these three governments should be constructed a future constitution for the Hellenic confederacy of the free states. In the meantime, under the guidance of Mavrocordato, sixty-seven representatives from all the states of Greece, drew up a constitution *ad interim*, the main features of which

are:—The legislative power to be exercised by the common decree of two assemblies of council, the one proposing, the other effectuating. The decrees carried into effect by the latter assembly, and the eight ministers nominated by it were, independent administration of justice in three classes of judicial courts—canton, provincial, and supreme courts; one year as the term of office for every official in the provinces or government, and so on.

The congress nominated thirty-three members for the council and five for the executive administration. Mavrocordato was appointed its *Proédros*, or President, and Theodor Negris Secretary-of-State.

Thus the young, new states of Greece adopted for their own self-government the wise ordinations of ancient Hellas, leaving it to the future to develop them into harmony with the higher human consciousness of the new time. After a sleep and bondage of a thousand years, Greece again arose, fully equipped, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter.

During that same January of 1822, the Congress at Epidaurus published a manifesto, in which was announced the union of the Greek states into a free and independent confederacy. From this moment the revolutionary movements were conducted on a more determined plan. The Greek Government held its first sittings at Corinth, afterwards at Argos.

During the year 1822, we find the war between the Greeks and Turks assuming ever larger proportions, in antagonism, in its events, its suffering, and its success.

In the spring-time, the Greek Government was occupied with the organization of its young free state, and by the endeavour to obtain the co-operation of the great Powers of Western Europe, whilst the Sultan and the

Turks were furious with the savage lust of destruction. The murderous scenes of the preceding year were renewed. Churches were pillaged, Greek priests murdered or maltreated—no Greek could walk in safety along the streets of Constantinople. The flourishing island of Rhodes was devastated; the beautiful island of Cyprus converted to a place of graves, where the silence of death prevailed. The fertile, peaceful Chios became a heap of ruins, its wealthy and numerous population were either murdered or sold into slavery. The same fate befell many towns and districts of Crete, and on the coast of Asia Minor. One hundred and fifty villages were burned down to the ground in Macedonia, five thousand Greek families were slain by Pasha Abbolobat, a monster in human shape, who boasted that in one day he had killed with his own hand fifteen hundred women and children. Even the Porte considered this going too far.

Actions of this kind increased the bitter hatred of the Greeks, and the compassion and generosity of some Turkish officials towards the unfortunate objects of these massacres had no longer the power to extinguish the flames of vengeance. It was in vain that the Sultan sent offers of amnesty. No Greek would listen to them. Love of freedom and hatred of the oppressor urged on the natural genius of the country to great achievements, which were only too often polluted by perfidy and cruelty, incited by the passion for revenge. Thus by the conquest of the Acropolis of Athens on 19th of June, 1822, whilst on the sea the Greek fire-ships occasioned the Turkish fleet new and severe losses.

This fleet was lying basking in the sunshine at Tenedos, when forty Ipsariotes, under the conduct of Canaris, resolved to capture it, to conquer or to perish in the attempt. For this purpose they all consecrated themselves

by partaking of the holy communion, after which they put to sea. With daylight, on the 10th of November, two sailing boats were seen with the Turkish flag and sailors in the Turkish dress, making all speed, with sails set, from two Ipsariote vessels, which were in pursuit, under an unabating fire from their guns. The two flying vessels made for the Turkish fleet, and sailed directly into their midst as if for protection, and, without its being observed that they were Greek fire-ships, succeeded in firmly grappling—one, the Admiral ship; the other, a ship of the line, under the command of Capitan Bey. Almost immediately the two were in flames, and the latter blew up with eighteen hundred men on board. Tempest and terror united to aid the Greeks. Three Turkish vessels were stranded on the coast of Asia; one ship of war with thirty-six cannon was seized; and of thirty-five vessels, eighteen only, severely damaged, returned to the Dardanelles. The seventeen Ipsariotes, who had consecrated themselves to this work of death, and who composed the crews of the fire-ships, returned safe and sound to Ipsara, whereupon the Ephori and the exultant populace crowned the heads of Georg Miaulis and Constantin Canaris with trophies of victory.

Similar exploits were, more than once, again achieved by the bold islanders. It was in vain that the great Turkish fleet repeatedly chased the Greek brigs from the sea and the surrounding coasts. They immediately again made their appearance, increasing in numbers and daring, and again and again was the Turkish fleet compelled, with diminished force, burned and humiliated, to flee to the Dardanelles, and leave the Greek waters undisturbed to the Greek vessels.

Another David's fight with Goliath was fought out on land. An army of twenty-four thousand Turks, under Dram-Ali Pasha, were penetrating through Macedonia

and Thessaly into the Morea. "Let them go," wrote Odysseus, rich in expedients, to his brethren in arms, as he permitted the hostile army to proceed unmolested through the Pass of Thermopylæ. "We shall catch them in Argolis."

The strong force, with its magnificent cavalry, advanced unimpeded to the Bay of Argos. But here it was surrounded and shut in by Odysseus, Colocotroni, and Nicitas, who posted their troops in the surrounding mountain defiles, and from these posts of vantage carried on, night and day, uninterruptedly, that "little war" against the Turks, whereby the great army of Dram-Ali was so completely decimated, that he desired to capitulate, and, on promise of a free retreat, to quit the Morea. This was refused to him, and when he endeavoured, with the remnant of his army, to cut his way through to Corinth, this remnant even was either slain or dispersed by the Greek troops under Colocotroni, Nicitas, and Demetrius Ypsilanti. More than twenty thousand Turks thus vanished at once from the soil of Greece. Nauplia again fell into the hands of the Greeks, and on St. Andrew's Day, the 1st of December, the day of the Patron Saint of the Morea, the flag of the cross was again raised on the summit of Palamides. The Greeks here conscientiously fulfilled the conditions of the capitulation, and the Turkish garrison was conveyed by Greek ships to the coast of Asia Minor.

At Epirus a bloody, and, in part, an unsuccessful battle was fought. We see the heroic population of Sulis, after performing miracles of bravery, in which women distinguished themselves still more than men, finally besieged by a Turkish army under Omar Pasha, and compelled to surrender. A great number of the Suliotes fled to the Ionian Isles, many escaped to the inaccessible chasms of the Chimæra mountain, and a small

troop accompanied Mavrocordato, who, after he had in vain attempted to succour Sulis, threw himself into Missolonghi with the words, "Here I will conquer, or fall with Greece!"

"And I also," responded Marco Bozzaris, who soon afterward conquered and died.* Omar Pasha endeavoured to take Missolonghi by storm, but was repulsed by Mavrocordato and Bozzaris with equal bravery and success. Relief was brought in by the Greek ships from the sea. Omar Pasha was obliged to raise the siege, and Western Hellas was saved for that time.

The new year of 1823 presents us with another great act in the drama of the Greek liberation. The Greek National Assembly had been called together for the second time. The village of Astros, defended by a fortress of the same name, on the north-east coast of the Morea, was the place of meeting. But many of the chiefs and leaders of the army refused to be present. Of these were Colocotroni and Odysseus, two of the most daring and influential of all. The same Greek demon which, in the most ancient times, split up Greece by intestine feuds, which caused the Peloponnesian war, and, later, led to the calling in of foreign powers to decide the internal warfare of parties, or to give a preponderance to

* This friend of Mavrocordato is described by Gervinus, in his "Aufstand der Griechen," as a young, pale man of few words, and short of stature. Honest, steadfast to his promise, humane and gentle, he surpassed all the adherents of civil order in his unselfish devotion to its affairs. In war he was resolute and ardent, and distinguished beyond all other leaders by personal bravery and single-hearted soldierly character. In his family he was worshipped, and by his Suliotes he was regarded with the deepest attachment. He advanced to his death with a prophetic inspiration, and his last words, on the field of battle, when he conquered, were:—"Can a warrior, indeed, have a more beautiful death?"—*Author's Note.*

some one of them—the demon which opened the way for the Romans to Greece, for Frank domination, and afterwards for the Turks—the demon of individual ambition and selfishness, again came forth on the theatre of action in the hour of the regeneration of Greece, and threatened to nullify all the victories it had won, and to hurl it anew into disunion and anarchy.

But the good genius again appeared on the scene with Mavrocordato, and with—adversity.

The Greek Government had, by their envoy, Count Metaxas, applied to the Allied Powers, then in congress at Verona, soliciting their support against Turkey, and also their acknowledgment of the freedom and independence of Greece. The Allied Powers at this congress responded by a decided refusal, accompanied by the recommendation that the Greeks should submit themselves to the Sultan, their rightful master. The Greek envoy made an ignominious retreat.

When this depressing reply was communicated to the Greek Government by the English ambassador at Constantinople, Mavrocordato knew how to make it the means of arousing the Greek leaders to a now more effective union. Clear, self-possessed, patient, with no other object in view than the freedom of the common fatherland, without any ambition but for its honour, he became an unwearied mediator, not merely between the contentious, glory-seeking chiefs, but also between Greece and foreign states. He showed the former that the Greeks, now left to themselves, could only by holding fast together obtain their rights, and by so doing, acquire at length that interest for the same with the Allied Powers, which they had, by their disunion, in great measure forfeited. They listened to his observations. On the news of the humiliating reply from Verona, the refractory party-chiefs betook themselves, each one

apart, to the general place of meeting, whither streamed representatives from all the provinces of Greece. When the council opened a hundred members were counted.

The common danger and necessity now made them united in all essential points. It was unanimously determined to reject the advice of the Allied Powers, as well as the amnesty of the Porte; it was unanimously determined to reject also the middle course which had been proposed—that of paying tribute, so that a half freedom might be obtained, as in the principality of the Danube. It was unanimously determined to continue the war with renewed energy, and to take up a loan of fifty million drachmas for the equipment of an army of fifty thousand men, and a hundred new vessels of war. Even Colocotroni submitted to the decision of the Government. For the rest, the assembly ratified, with few alterations, the determination of the first congress with regard to internal organization. It chose Petro Mavro Michælis as president, and then separated, after having published, in a new manifesto, the constitution of the new free state.

As in the commencement of Greek history, we here see the disunited Greek leaders united in a confederacy of brotherhood, when the question is of war against an Asiatic despot, against a common foe.

Let us now cast a glance at the relationship of Western Europe with the Greek War. The insurrection of 1821 had made Europe aware that the old glorious Hellas still lived, and that it had arisen to recover its freedom. The sympathy thus excited became universal in all places and in all homes where classical books and classical education were familiar. There was neither boy nor girl who had merely read "Les Aventures de Télémaque," or, "Les Voyages du Jeune Anacharsis," whose youthful heart did not throb for the affairs of Greece.

Great was the enthusiasm of learned and cultivated laymen. The fame of the heroic deeds of the new Greeks fired it still more. Those old poetical and honourable names of the old classic land sounded anew with a ravishing power. Olympus and Parnassus, Dodona and Delphi, Sparta and Athens, seemed again to have arisen on earth, peopled by gods and heroes.

In Stockholm, under the sixtieth degree of north latitude, the hearts of the friends of Greece did not beat less fervently than in the cities of France and Italy, full of life and fire as they are, and so much nearer also to the scene of action. And whilst the Governments looked on with cautious and suspicious gaze, and gave wise—or more properly speaking—unwise advice, the educated people of all nations united to assist the Greeks. Active and wealthy bankers made themselves their efficient servants. Who does not mention amongst these the esteemed name of Mr. Eynard, the Swiss? Young men hastened away to fight for the Greeks. Philhellenes poured into Greece from all lands. Many of them, it is true, were unprincipled adventurers or blind enthusiasts, and did more injury than benefit to the interests of Greece. Some, however, were earnest men, of strong character, and were of great service to the Greek cause by their bravery and knowledge, and by their abilities for military tactics and organization. Such was the Frenchman, Fabvier, the Englishmen, Cochrane and Gordon, and later, also, General Church; the German, General Norrman, the Italians, Dania and the noble Milanese exile and friend of freedom, Count Porro. Amongst the Scandinavians, contemporary historians mention the Swedish-Finnish youth Myhrberg, as distinguished for his bravery and moral worth. Lord Byron made his appearance in Greece during the winter of 1824, and attaching himself to its struggle for free-

dom, awoke there a joy and enthusiasm greater than that of the greatest victory. They seemed to think that in him they had a pledge for the sympathy of the whole of Europe. The death of the great poet at Missolonghi, some months afterwards—in April of the same year—was felt like a national misfortune.

To the foreign leaders were attached a large number of less distinguished but brave and honest-minded Philhellenes of all the nations of Europe, and these formed the so-called tactical troop. Nor did the Greeks themselves fight more bravely for the freedom of Hellas than these young enthusiasts, many of whom never again beheld their native land.

The nations of Europe had declared themselves for Greece. The Governments yielded by degrees to the enthusiastic excitement of the people, as well as to the European importance of the Greek struggle. The great Canning stood forth as its friend. Noble statesmen declared themselves its advocates. Even in the Cabinets of France and Russia voices were raised, at least, in protest against the massacres of the Porte, and exhorting it to a gentler line of conduct. But the internal dissensions which prevailed amongst the Greeks themselves, and their cruelty in the war, in which respect they emulated the Turks, abated the interest which had been excited by the Greek war. Hence it was evident that this people were, as yet, barbarians. People did not see, or would not see, that which the better class amongst them were doing to deliver Greece from barbarism, even from that inherent to herself * by attaching her to the nobler

* People often excuse the barbarism of Greece by her long bondage under the Turks, but erroneously so, as it seems to me. The Greeks were, by their own nature—if we refer to their history in ancient times—barbarous enough. True, they were not fond of mutilating their fellow-creatures like other Asiatic

European civilization. People took more notice of the savage transactions of the war than of the work of legal organization which was in progress at the same time. And, as we often see, certain high-born, benevolent, but powerful patrons, behave towards those who seek their favour, so did now these great powers, fearing that by taking too openly the part of Greece they might involve themselves in some disagreeable quarrel with the powerful bully—the Grand Porte.

During the year 1824 affairs seemed decidedly to take a turn in favour of this Power. The Porte having concluded an advantageous peace with Persia, was able to withdraw its troops from the Euphrates. Even in the principality of the Danube everything was now as still as death. The Black Ali no longer raised his insolent head in Epirus. This head, on the contrary, had been elevated on a pole before the gate of the Seraglio in Constantinople. The Sultan was thus able to concentrate his whole force to crush Greece. And in order to do this all the more powerfully and surely, he allied himself with his most potent vassal, Mehemed Ali, vicegerent of Egypt, who equipped a large fleet, and sent it under the conduct of his son, Ibrahim Pasha, to the coasts of the Morea. Here Ibrahim disembarked his land-forces, allowing them to take possession of and devastate the glorious valleys and country adjacent to the shore of the Western Morea. A Turkish fleet supported the Egyptian; and both lay at anchor in the safe harbour of Navarino, on the western point of the Morea.

The appearance of this barbarian confederate of Turkey on the soil of Greece, startled the Governments of Western Europe. Ibrahim Pasha was a man of coarse

nations, but they murdered and slew their enemies and their captives without mercy, ravaged and plundered without hesitation, and sold women and children into slavery.—*Author's Note.*

passions, violent, voluptuous, and cruel,—in every respect an African despot. His exterior was a faithful image of his interior. His first transactions in Greece prognosticated the direst calamity for that unhappy country. Was such a man as this to become the executioner of Greece, and afterwards its ruler? Was the home of classical culture—the cradle of European science—to become the seat of an Egyptian Satrap?

Thus they queried. Thus, in particular, queried England. It began to be still more and more apparent that the war of Greece was a European war, a war of civilization against barbarism. The consequence of this was that in the same hour when we behold Turkey strengthening herself against Greece, by entering into an alliance with Egypt, we behold also a great Power of quite another type enter the scene on the side of the Greeks. It is Britannia—it is the Queen of the Sea—who becomes the friend of struggling Greece in that same moment, when, like the dying gladiator, she seemed to be sinking, exhausted by loss of blood after the long, murderous struggle.

Never had the Greek War of Liberation looked so hopeless. Turkey assumed a stronger and a more threatening position than ever before, both in the north and in the south. Within, the country was weakened by the dissensions of the leaders, by the disorder of the finances, by the deep and daily increasing want, which prevailed,—all powerful co-operating causes of internal misery. We see, at this time, the Greek Central Government flying from one town to another,—sometimes flying before the attack of a powerful party-leader,—in one word, losing, as it were, its footing on the soil of Greece. The presidents are changed, and the advocates of order are often compelled to fly before the power of the lawless. Thus Mavrocordato before Colocotroni. But whilst the

Government becomes a vagabond, and pirates occupy the sea, it is evident that the Greek parties are ever more and more decidedly dividing themselves into two camps, which may be called that of law and order and of lawlessness and disorder. The former gather themselves around Mavrocordato, the latter around Colocotroni. The former call the latter *Klephts*, the latter call the former *Phanariotes*, which is for them a nickname synonymous with *servile*.

It appears to me interesting to contemplate for a moment these two men, who stand forth as the leaders and representatives of these two parties, because they are, even in their exterior, in a high degree representative.

Mavrocordato, in the bloom of his age—thirty years old—of a handsome and harmonious form, both as regards feature and figure, is a noble type of the European Greek, a son of the noblest modern culture of Europe. Of princely race, Phanariote and diplomatist, of superior intelligence, and literary by education, he is alike distinguished by his moral purity, his unselfishness as regards money, his power of self-control, as well as his handsome person, his politeness, and the power which he thereby exercises over others. He does not demand respect, but he induces it. His ideal of freedom is of the highest order. He desires to make his people free, because he desires to ennoble them, desires their truest well-being. He is the connecting link between young Greece and the most highly developed states of Europe.

In sharp contrast with his noble figure stands the Prince of the Klephts, or "King," Colocotroni. And this is proclaimed by his exterior in a striking manner. Tall, thin, and of an athletic form, he was still, at the age of fifty-seven, capable of the greatest exertions. The hard, thin, brown countenance—the deep, obliquely-set eyes—the firm, dark glance, the black

hair flying wildly from beneath the red Klephtic cap—the strong moustache and pointed beard, beneath the large hooked nose—the expressive features, lit up now by the fire of passion, now by boisterous merriment—made him altogether the type of the robber chieftain. The discipline to which he had been subjected as a major in the Russian service had not obliterated in him a single hair's-breadth of the savage mountain character which was peculiar to him. He desired liberation from the Turkish yoke, but he desired it rather for his own advantage than for that of the common fatherland. The lust of rapine and plunder overbalanced every nobler impulse. His bravery and determination, his firm reliance upon his own strength and the affairs of Greece, his uncompromising boldness, his simple manners, and that popular style of eloquence, of which he was a complete master, addressing the people partly in striking Oriental phraseology, partly in that of religious enthusiasm, made him altogether the natural leader of those lawless hordes. He could, if he would, it was said, "by the stamp of his foot, bring out of the earth a small mountain army, which, although easily dispersed, could as rapidly collect around him." He says of himself in the biography which he dictated, "People have called me most worthy, highly enlightened, nay, even most holy. I have therefore not become otherwise—I am the very same." His adherents, over whom he exercised a magical influence, like those of Wallenstein, called him "the Old One." It was only on one occasion, it is said, that he lost faith in "God having signed the declaration of the Independence of Greece, and would not again withdraw his signature." This was after a battle in which he lost his horse and his arms, when, seating himself under a bush, he burst into tears. But he only wept for a moment.

The following day saw him again amongst the mountains collecting new forces for war.

This man went hand in hand with Mavrocordato only so long as he saw his own individual interest in so doing. He ridiculed the European dress and spectacles of the latter. The following anecdote, related by Gervinus in his "Aufstand der Griechen," seems to me significant of the relationship which existed between the two leaders:—

When, in June 1823, the assembly of the people at Tripolitza elected Mavrocordato as president (although he declared himself ready to give up, for the sake of peace a post which was sought after by Petro Bey and his party), Colocotroni called him to him in the evening and burst forth in these words: "I tell you what, you will not be president, for I will follow you and throw orange-peel at the dress-coat in which you present yourself!" Anagnostis, who accompanied Mavrocordato, assured him afterwards that it was his presence alone which prevented Colocotroni from murdering him. Nevertheless Mavrocordato departed the same night, and was received by the islanders of Hydra with great respect, and from them obtained support.

As regards these two remarkable men it is also an interesting fact that whilst the Klephtic chieftain has been now in his grave many years, the man of order, Mavrocordato, is still living. I often see him driving or walking in the streets of Athens, accompanied or conducted by his son, for he is quite blind. But the pale, handsome countenance is turned upwards, as if he saw light in the vision of the future.

But to return to the time of the Greek struggle. Whilst Colocotroni and his Klephtic troops fought with the Turks in the Morea, the men of order under Mavrocordato became ever more and more dominant in the

north-west of Hellas. At Missolonghi, the seat of government, Lancasterian schools were established, and the first Greek newspaper was published. The periodical press commenced also, under the protection of Hellenes and Philhellenes, its momentous activity at that time in Greece.

It was the steadfast, uninterrupted activity of this little band, labouring for civil regeneration, which seemed finally to have overcome all the doubts of England with regard to the justice and the advantage to be derived from the insurrection, and so to obtain her sympathy. We see her silence pass into words, her words into action. And we soon after see France and Russia going hand in hand with her. These Allied Powers equip their fleets and announce to the Porte that Ibrahim Pasha must leave the Morea. The Allies will not tolerate the interference of Egypt with the Greek war. Greece and Turkey must alone fight out their quarrel with each other.

England extended a considerable loan to the Greek Government. This gave the preponderance to the party of order. Colocotroni, who desired to make himself absolute in the Morea, and who had separated himself from Petro Mavro Michælis, felt the last hour of his power approaching. Bold capitanis who possessed themselves of fortresses and defended them for their own advantage, lost something of their audacity. Yet still disorder prevailed everywhere, and the bitter want experienced by the people continued unabated. A number of Phillfellenes, who came to Greece in the hope of distinguishing themselves, or of obtaining some advantage, returned to Europe poorer than when they came, and carried with them the worst descriptions of the Greeks and of the state of Greek affairs. This decreased the general interest, and many honest friends

of Greece began to doubt the possibility of the regeneration of Greece. The Greeks themselves never despaired. Even when reduced to the deepest misery, compelled to live in caves of the mountains and amongst ruins, suffering hunger and cold, subjected daily to the worst treatment, not knowing to-day whether a morrow would dawn for them, yet neither men nor women seem ever to have doubted about the morrow of the fatherland and the ultimate end of the war. Such a spirit is great and prophetic.

Let us hasten to the end.

The prospects on every hand are dark. Ipsara, the little island, the point of issue for such great exploits during this war, has been sacrificed to vengeance. The remains of its population, a few hundred women and men, enclosed by the Turks in the fortress of St. Nicholas. blew themselves up. Amongst the trophies which the Capitan Pasha sent to Constantinople from Ipsara were five hundred skulls and twelve hundred human ears. In Constantinople, the insurrection of the Janizaries had been extinguished in their blood. The Sultan had conquered at all points. Ibrahim Pasha had forced his way, at the head of his land forces, across the Morea to Nauplia, in order to unite with Reschid Pasha in besieging Missolonghi.

Already five times during this war had Missolonghi been besieged by a superior force, and as many times compelled it to retire with loss. After every siege, it had become more strongly fortified. In the year 1825 it was the strongest fortress possessed by the Greeks. It was against this bulwark of freedom that Turkey now directed all her powers, as against the very heart of Greece.

In the month of August we see the Turkish army concentrating from all points around this victory-strengthened fortress, latterly the seat of the Greek

Government and its protection. The last act in the fight of freedom was approaching. Reschid Pasha, with an army of fourteen thousand men, besieged Missolonghi on the land side, whilst a Turkish fleet, under Capitan Pasha, prevented all succour or supplies reaching it from the sea, at the same time that the Egyptian Ibrahim Pasha was advancing with an army of twelve thousand Egyptians. To this force Missolonghi had nothing to oppose, besides her fortifications, except five thousand men and their leaders, and the immoveable courage of her population. Notho Bozzaris, a nephew of Marco's, headed the defence with so much success, that the first storming of the Seraskia was completely repulsed, although the defences were scarcely shaken by forty days bombardment.

After ten months' siege, however, when the garrison was reduced to three thousand men, all means of life, even the most wretched, were exhausted, and sickness and famine, together with the balls of the enemy, had filled the streets of the town with corpses. Missolonghi saw her last hour at hand. Three days longer, and her entire population would perish from hunger. Ibrahim was acquainted with their condition, and yet again offered capitulation with free permission to depart; and again was the offer rejected by the population who were determined to liberate themselves or to die. The plan they resolved upon was as follows: On the night of the 22nd and 23rd of April, three thousand armed men at the head of one thousand artisans, and five thousand women and children were to burst through the lines of the enemy, and endeavour to reach Solona. The women were dressed as men, and armed, as were also such of the children as could handle a dagger or a knife. They assembled in profound silence, after sunset, outside the ramparts of the fortress, and waited for the signal of attack. Just before

this a heart-rending scene had occurred. A portion of the people of Missolonghi would not abandon their native place or their relations, who were unable to leave either from wounds, sickness, or old age. These shut themselves into a powder-magazine, in which had been placed the remaining cartridge-boxes, together with thirty casks of powder. A lame veteran took his seat there with a burning match in his hand. A bishop of the name of Capsalis placed himself also there with his family. The parting between those who remained and those who were about to leave the city this last evening constituted the heart-rending scene of which I have spoken.

They who left the city succeeded in carrying out their bold design, only with a frightful loss of life. It is supposed that the number of those who reached Salona was but little above eighteen hundred. The same night the Turks and Egyptians rushed furiously into the unfortunate city. The powder-magazine, in which was enclosed the Greek bishop with his wife and children, and where the lame veteran sat with the burning match in his hand, was blown up with a horrible explosion, burying under its ruins a great number of the Turks. The whole night through nothing was heard in Missolonghi except lamenting cries, reports of arms, and explosions. Flames burst forth from the ruins. Missolonghi was changed into a smoking heap of desolation.

All this heroic courage, all this patience, all this suffering, all this sacrifice—was it, then, in vain? Was the fall of Missolonghi to be the funeral pyre of Greek freedom?

So it appeared.* The strength of Greece seemed

* So it appeared to every one out of the country. In Greece it was different. The character of this struggle, which carried warfare into every part of the country, and the unwavering hopefulness of the Greeks, caused even this great misfortune not to take

broken. Its lands were devastated; the greater number of its bold defenders had fallen; many of its fortresses were again in the hand of the enemy. And this enemy stood upon its soil, more formidable than ever, strengthened by its barbarian confederates.

But as with the conflagration in Constantinople, in March, 1823, when the Greek quarter in Pera was seen to be set fire to four different times, and just as often the fire be turned away by a fresh north wind over the Turkish city, where six thousand houses and a part of the naval arsenal were consumed; so also now it appeared that the extremest efforts of Turkey to effect the annihilation of Greece turned to her advantage and against the Turks themselves. And the latter appeared to exclaim with justice, on the occasion of the fire, "Allah is on the side of the Christians!" (Giaours.)

Missolonghi, the strongest defence of Greece, was destroyed, but from its smoking pyre the bird of resurrection, the Hetairian symbol, arose, and from its bloody torch lit up the day of Greek independence.

The death-cry of Missolonghi awoke the cannon of Navarino.

The squadrons of England, France, and Russia lay outside Navarino, waiting till the united fleets of Turkey and Egypt, then lying in the harbour, should obey the command of the Allied Powers, and retire from the shores of the Morea. The Osmanlic admirals, Moharrem Bey

a much deeper hold on the national mind than many another which had preceded it. Soon afterwards we again behold the brave men who had escaped with life from Missolonghi, fighting at Athens. The flag of Greece still waved over Corinth and Nauplia. And—wonderful to behold!—not many weeks after the fall of Missolonghi, we see a new national assembly come together at Trözén, and there elect a new government, at the head of which was to be Count Capodistria.—*Author's Note.*

and Capitan Bey, promised to do so; but still they remained where they were, and continued their predatory course in Messene. It is said that Admiral Codrington, in a private letter to the High-Admiral of the English fleet, Prince William—afterwards King William IV.—inquired from him what he was to do in case the Turkish commanders continued to maintain their insolent present position, and that the Prince replied:—

"My Dear Ned,—Let us by all means have a battle."

Another version of the story, which I heard in Athens, gives as the Prince's answer: "Behave like a gentleman." And both accounts may be consistent with truth. There was nothing, however, in these answers which would induce Admiral Codrington to act offensively towards the Osmanlic fleet. Neither, indeed, did he appear to have any intention of doing so when at noon, on the 20th of October, he sailed into the Bay of Navarino, accompanied by the French and Russian squadrons, and there let his ship lie at anchor, sending again an officer to the Turkish admiral, with the intimation that he must retire from the harbour.

One of those accidents, in which it is difficult to see only an accident, gave a sudden turn to this peaceful demonstration. Two half-drunken sailors in one of the Turkish ships, almost beside themselves with rage at seeing the ships of the infidel in close proximity to their own, applied a match to a cannon, the ball from which passed through the rigging of the English admiral's ship.* This was taken as a challenge. In a moment orders were given for the fight.

"The dice is thrown!" exclaimed the Capitan Bey to Moharrem Bey; "did I not tell you that the Englishmen would not let us trifle with them?"

* Such I have been assured by an eye-witness was the immediate cause of the engagement which followed.—*Author's Note.*

The English fleet opened its broadsides upon the Osmanlic fleet, now unprepared for the encounter. The French and the Russians followed the example. The Turkish fleet was almost wholly destroyed, and its two commanders wounded. Six thousand Turks are said to have lost their lives in this engagement of four hours, during which the Allies did not take any prizes, but endeavoured to save the Turks who were overboard amongst the exploded or burning ships. The losses also suffered by the Allied fleets were not inconsiderable. Very few of the adversary's ships were saved, and these very soon fled from the shores of the Peloponnesus. The Morea was left free.

Nor did the European intervention stop here. Its first movement after this bloody warlike operation was one of peace and humanity. It peremptorily demanded both from the Turks and the Greeks that the massacres on both sides should cease, and neither of the two deadly foes dared to show themselves disobedient.

A pause now ensued; a moment's breathing space after the long mortal quarrel. The friends of Greece, both in and out of the country, earnestly laboured, in connection with its noblest patriots, to turn it to good account.

The persevering seven years' war of Greece for her independence had at length overcome the hesitation of the great Powers of Europe. The tragical fall of Missolonghi called forth a universal cry of admiration and sympathy. In this voice of the peoples the great Powers heard at last the voice of God, and now energetically interposed with the Porte for the benefit of Greece.

And when Greece, although bleeding and exhausted by the long struggle, stood undeviatingly firm in the rejection of all compromise, all half measures as regarded her connection with Turkey, and steadfastly demanded

her full, unconditional freedom and independence, the united great Powers said, finally, *Amen*, and compelled Turkey to say the same also; but with what grace may be imagined.

It was a spring day, that on which Greece was acknowledged to be a free state amongst the states of the earth. It was on the 24th of April, 1830, exactly nine years after the spring of the first insurrection.

The territory was but small of this new free state. The boundaries thereof determined by the territory, which, in fact, was held by the Greeks at the moment when peace was concluded, left under the dominion of Turkey the most ancient provinces of old Hellas, Epirus, Thessalia, Macedonia and all the islands of the Turko-Greek Archipelago—even Ipsara, even Chios, and Samos as well as Crete, which by ancient memories and population was especially an Hellenic island.

Was this right? Was it a political act, without any higher purpose, or was it the result of the compulsory necessity of the time? Be it as it might; Attica and the Morea, Elis and Achaia, Livadia and Acarnania, the kernel of Greece had become free. Eubœa and the Cyclades also dared to hoist the free flag of Greece, and of the cross, and in peace and freedom to prepare themselves for a new life and in time for a new struggle for the liberty of Hellas.

A new free state had arisen in the world, and this state was Ancient Greece, the old champion of free constitutions, the distintinctive mark and the uniting link at the same time between the East and the West; this was the great fact which remained after the bloody combat.

Being now at peace from outward foes, Greece immediately resumed the work of interior organization. The free states of Europe became her model for this pur-

pose. Missionaries arrived from the New World. Schools were established all over Greece, and the first General Assembly of the new Republic was held at Argos in the year 1829, under Count Capodistria, nominated as President of Greece for the period of seven years. He was a Greek from Corfu, but a Russian subject, and had just before occupied a post in the Russian Ministry. Ever since the commencement of the Hetairia he had laboured as one of its members for the liberation of Greece. His spotless reputation, great personal talents and education, the respect in which he was held, and, at the time when he was elected, his independent circumstances, for he lived at that time as a private man in Switzerland, gave reason to hope for every advantage to the peaceful development of Greece under his presidency.

But the seven years' tragedy of Greece was still destined to have a bloody afterpiece.

On a summer's day, in the year 1831, we see Count Capodistria, the President of Greece, fall before the hand of murderers, and the political parties then rush madly into strife over his body. Again it was necessary for the great Powers of Europe to come forth, but this time to interpose between Greek and Greek. The party warfare was appeased, and Greece first experienced internal peace, when, transformed into a monarchy, it received a foreign princely youth upon its throne.

"The Greeks are not ripe for independence; they cannot govern themselves!" was then asserted in Europe. The same is often said at the present day.

But he who can comprehend the passionate love of freedom which sustained them during the long, unequal war against Turkey, which made them never shrink before any sacrifice, comprehend the frenzy which overcame the souls of many when they became convinced from the political course of Capodistria, which assumed

more and more of a despotic character, from his stern coercive attitude towards the periodical press, as well as towards some men of consideration, that he was a secret agent of Russia, and that Greece, after so many sacrifices for her independence, was destined to become a dependency of the Russian Autocrat. Such a one might himself, perhaps, have acted like that Admiral Miaulis, who, after having in so many honourable engagements led the Greek fleet against the Turks, now, when he saw a Russian fleet run in, and lie-to in the harbour of Poros, set fire with his own hand to a frigate of Greece.

And when even the self-possessed, noble Mavrocordato could at this time thus express himself to a Philhellenist on his way home:

"You are young and active, spring upon the roof and proclaim him (Capodistria) a traitor!"

And if the sensible Mavrocordato could thus feel and thus express himself, we may understand how two youths, fanatics for liberty and of a wild race, and especially when one of them saw in Capodistria the executioner both of his aged father and of his native land—should believe that in murdering him he served the cause of freedom. It was no cowardly assassination for payment. The two young men consecrated themselves by the deed to certain death. The leaders who, after the death of Capodistria, combated for power, combated for or against his political principles.

He who reflects on these circumstances will see in the above-mentioned bloody episode nothing but an *episode*, the natural offspring of the mental condition which was, as yet, not clear, and of the transition state between licence and legitimate freedom, and will not predicate from the errors of the youth the career of the man. All development has its unbroken period of adolescence.

In every popular movement, which has subsequently,

during the monarchical government, and during thirty years of peace, broken out now and then amongst the Greeks, they have shown themselves, if not always prudent, yet faithful to their first and last love—*freedom*. And it is nothing but a wise and active progression in this direction, by the now constitutional government, which can prevent dangerous, fresh explosions of the Greek fire, and, on the contrary, cause it to be that which it once was; a sacred vitalizing fire on the altar of the Prytaneum* of the state.

One of the first effects, out of Greece, of her struggle for independence, was the insurrection of Italy (Magna Grecia).

"Do you remember," wrote the noble Italian patriot, Rossi, to an English lady, his friend, in his letters on Italy, "do you remember the lines of your noble poet on the dead body of Greece? Very well. For you, for me, for every one who loves poetry, science, and civilization, Greece and Italy are two sisters, unlike in age, but alike in beauty and in honour. Both were dead. But since the first has risen from the dead, we could not read those beautiful lines without having our eyes painfully turned to the one which still lay lifeless and cold. Thank God! We have now seen her breast heave with the breath of life, her arm lifted! You, women, you have shed tears of admiration and joy because of this,

* The place of meeting of the Hellenic council. In it stood an altar consecrated to *Hestia*, on which a fire, which was tended by unmarried women, was kept continually burning. Hestia, daughter of Chronos and Rhea, was worshipped both in the state and the home, as the preserver both of justice and of peace. The assemblies of the council were opened by prayers and sacrifices to Zeus, Minerva, and Hestia. The Hellenic colonies carried with them into foreign countries, fire from the Prytaneum of the mother-state.—*Author's Note.*

and I, à man—they may laugh at it who will—I have wept because of it, as well as you!"

A new day has arisen for Greece and Italy;—but it is getting dusk in my room. My eyes are dim also. I am becoming sleepy, and you too, perhaps. Therefore, good night!

SEVENTH STATION.

A Children's Festival—First Signs of Spring—Another Court-Ball—Anavryta—Swiss Home in Attica—Teaching of the Olive-tree—An Earthquake—Political Conversation in Athens—The Greek Carnival—Festival of the Onion—Sorrowful Death—Mainote Myriologues—Advent of Spring—Excursion to Tenos—Festival of the Evangelistria.

January 5th.—I spent the Greek Christmas-eve at a joyous children's festival given at the Hills' school. It was no small gratification to me to witness an assemblage of some hundreds of Greek children, which have been brought up under the wing of the Evangelical Church, and to observe the sensible and cheerful expression in these little human beings of various ages. A number of Aspasias, Cleopatras, Calliopes, Calypsos, Aglaias, and Helens, partly from Greece and the Greek Islands, partly from the towns of Asia Minor, were introduced to me. In a general way, however, they were not remarkable for beauty either of countenance or figure, though the greater number had beautiful eyes, good expression, and splendid hair, either black or dark brown in colour.

The children had already passed through their examition, and were now collected merely for the purpose of receiving their Christmas gifts, which consisted of clothes

for the poorer amongst them, as well as a great many elegant things, which they themselves had made during the course of the year in the school. They have a philanthropic society, of which the young Elizabeth Mason, the niece of Mrs. Hill, appears to be the soul, as she is of the children's sports, by her efforts to give them a better tone and an instructive tendency. The whole of this educational institution is a noble work of peace, the influence of the spirit of the new world upon that of the old, regaining the earth for a higher cultivation.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," said I, as I parted from these excellent people, Mr. and Mrs. Hill, the founders of this work of peace and of blessings yet to be.

Christmas is celebrated in Greece with somewhat more of festive observance than in Italy and other Roman Catholic countries; but far less than with us. Easter seems to be the greatest religious festival of the Greek Church.

The days continue to be of Olympian beauty and splendour of colouring, especially at sunset. The Greeks themselves seem struck by it. Nevertheless, the summits of the Arcadian mountains are covered with snow, and from this we are still reminded that it is winter.

January 12th.—I took a walk, at noon, to the fountain of Callirrhoe. I sat for a long time on a broken marble column by the little chapel, which is screened by a rock-wall from the north wind. Athenian women were washing their clothes, and scrubbing them with stones by the basins of the fountain. The air was pleasant, the sun warm, and the grass green. Beautiful lycopodiums, of the kind which in Italy are called Venus's hair, grow upon the rock above a grotto-like niche, in which lay a bleaching human skull. Higher on the hill were two newly-blown blue-grey anemones expanding themselves

in the new year's sun. From the open space of the old temple, where the chapel now stands, adorned with fragments of sculpture from its heathen predecessor, you have a glorious view southward, over the old abode of the gods, the city, the sea and its islands. The planting which the Queen has done in and along the bed of the river, will, in a few years, adorn the fountain of Callirrhoe with the most beautiful groves. If I were disposed to build myself a cottage at Athens, this would assuredly be the place where it should stand.

January 13th.—Again a great ball at the palace, and probably my last for this winter, although their Majesties have had the goodness to send me an invitation for once a week. But my ball-days are long since passed, and after I have been present at two entertainments of this kind, I can easily imagine to myself all the rest. The most splendid *soirée*, and even the pleasures of acquaintance and conversation which it can afford, are not equal to the enjoyments of a quiet evening in my Athenian home, and the reading of my kind host Mr. H. Nevertheless, this evening was unusually interesting to me. It was the great court-ball of the season, and all that young Greece possessed, either beauty or nobility, were present. Some young girls from the islands were really bewitching, from their delicate beauty and sylph-like grace. A couple of Hydriote ladies were also captivating in expression and movement, spite of their heavy costume. One of them wore a dress of silk woven with gold, the other of sky-blue heavy silk, as well as the usual head-gear of yellow silk embroidered with gold. I recognized various of the old Greek figures and costumes which I had seen before. Amongst the new guests were a number of foreigners, in balloons of gauze and trimmings around ample crinolines. The King and Queen were magnificently dressed, he in his Greek costume, she in a spic-

and-span new lace dress from Paris—a Christmas present from the King, which was said to have cost, I cannot remember how many thousand francs—bouquets of red dahlias, and a great splendour of diamonds. The dancing was very animated, and the whole arrangement beautiful and splendid.

I was again filled with admiration of the Queen's talent for the five minutes' conversation which on such an evening she must hold with so many different classes and characters, and in which she invariably knows how to say something obliging or interesting. The King has evidently not the same ability, and, besides this, his deafness is an impediment to him. He remarked, however, to me, in amiable good-will, that he had "this year kept Christmas three times over—a Swedish Christmas, in one of my books, a German, and a Greek Christmas."

I had, as usual, the pleasure of a conversation with the English minister, as well as with some new acquaintance, amongst whom the Prussian Minister, Baron Werthern, struck me as original and interesting.

When, at two o'clock in the morning, I left the ball, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Von Heidenstam, I was conscious of having been more amused than I could have believed it possible for me to have ever again been at such a festivity. But, afterwards, I could not but listen to a voice which whispered within me the suggestions: Are these magnificent court-festivities beneficial to the young and still indigent Greece? Do they set a good example? I am quite aware that through them the Royal couple have the means of assembling around them, of amusing and forming—in externals, at least—the young world of the higher class of Athens and Greece. But I am also aware that the luxurious style of dress which they lead to amongst the ladies has brought ruin and bitter dissension into many a Greek

home. The Queen cannot be aware of this—alas! Queens know so little of many things which it were well if they did know!

Could not these Royal assemblies be continued, but with more simplicity and with less pretension—at least, so long as the export of articles from Greece does not bear any proportion to her importation of foreign articles of luxury? Is not the meeting and intercourse with a Royal pair, such as that which Greece now possesses, a noble pleasure, sufficiently attractive and refining in itself, not to require any extraneous aid?

Anavryta, January 27th.—Anavryta signifies *primal fountain.* I hear the voice of the fountain day and night from my little attic-chamber, and I see its fresh waters, flowing in silver cascades, which throw themselves over the wall amongst thick trails of ivy, and beneath dark evergreen oaks, into a little basin in the court.

I hear the fountain, and I hear other more spiritual tones within the rural home of the Swiss family of L., which pleasantly remind me of another Swiss home, which I, at one time, called mine, "by the Living Waters." How wonderful it is that here, in the Valley of Athens, on one of the long stretches of hills which constitute the base of Pentelicus, in the midst of the primeval trees of the classic soil, which at this place are remarkable for their antiquity and beauty, I should find myself in a house where the Reformation has established its noblest fruit, where the altar stands on the domestic hearth, and where domestic worship, in spirit and truth, consecrates the senses daily, and diffuses its transfiguring light over all the circumstances and occupations of life!

The family of L—— emigrated hither from Switzer-

land in consequence of the father's health, bought an estate at two hours' distance from Athens, where they cultivate the vine and the olive, and where they have built themselves a house, and live according to the usages of their native land. And, again, I feel myself extremely comfortable and happy in the midst of this patriarchal northern domestic life, which is, besides, kindred to the best life of my own native land. Father and mother, both still youthful in appearance, live here with their children, two young married people, and their children's children, united and happy, as but seldom families of different generations can live together; and the Greek domestics have fallen into the ways and usages of the Swiss family, so that I could believe myself to be in one of our quiet, orderly northern homes. But a glance through the window at the flowers and the fresh verdure, and on to the sun-bathed plain extending to the sea, shows that we are in the glowing South, though not glowing as yet, but with an atmosphere as pleasant as with us at the end of May. The groves of Anavryta are full of flowers, especially of anemones, in every variety of shade, from white and light grey to purple and scarlet. The hills of Pentelicus also abound in orchises. Mr. L——, who is a great lover of all natural beauty, is especially fond of these flowers, and has collected several rare species. One of these, called *longibrachtea*, has the scent of our lily of the valley. But the chief beauty of Anavryta is its affluence of running water, as well as the abundance of its ancient and beautiful olive-trees, some of which are considered to be two thousand years old. One such ancient olive-tree has, as it were, a whole history, particularly in the singular formations of the trunk, which are more and more numerous the older the tree becomes.

Anavryta, February 2nd.—I was yesterday morning

awoke early by the shock of an earthquake, which made the whole house tremble; it was accompanied, or rather preceded, by a noise as that of an underground explosion. I was rather alarmed, and lighted my candle, because it was, as yet, quite dark. No further shock followed, but this, however, sufficed to give me an idea how terrible must be such catastrophes on a larger scale. The experience of earthquakes in Athens has been, during the last few years, sufficiently great to cause the people to rush from their houses or to keep watch for whole nights in alarm; though, hitherto, no houses have been thrown down by them, nor any greater damage been done. Nobody in the family, excepting Mrs. L—— and myself, was aware of this morning's earthquake.

My days here have been peaceful and instructive. I have not, during the whole winter, written with so much ease, or have felt myself so well. With Mrs. L——, a noble daughter of the great Swiss teacher, Fellenberg, I have conversed on the subject of prayer and education, those primal fountains of spiritual and social life; with Mr. L—— about Switzerland and its institutions, about the life of flowers and trees; and I have learned much that is good from them both. The most beautiful, the most edifying knowledge, however, is that which I have acquired from the most ancient individual of the place—the olive-tree. The manner in which it grows, lives, and is useful, but especially the manner in which it is grafted and ennobled, has given rise to many good thoughts and comparisons in my mind.

Grafting is here done principally by the introducing or incorporating the *eye*, or bud, of the tree into the bark of the olive which is to be improved; a very remarkable operation, and one which is not without its difficulty. Mr. L——, and his son-in-law, Mr. W——, have both had the goodness to show me the different ways in which

it may be done. The effects which grafting produces on the wild tree are most remarkable, not merely on the increased quantity and improved quality of the fruit, but also on the whole condition of the tree. A sickly or ill-conditioned tree obtains, after the ingrafting of the noble branch or bud, new life, as it were, and grows rapidly and vigorously. It seems to have come into a more inner-life relationship to the light. And so, in fact, it has; because the eye or bud is a vitalized product of the light. Why is not the mystery of the new life in Christianity more frequently expounded from its natural side? It would then be more intelligible to a great number of thinking people.

I have made extensive rambles both within and beyond the lands of Anavryta. The almond-trees are in blossom; the anemones spring up by thousands in the fields; the air is divine; everything speaks of spring. People are at work already in the vineyards, and are digging deep circles round the roots of the olive-trees, in order that the rain water, when rain comes, may collect there.

"Give my roots plenty of water, and I will give thee jars full of oil," says the olive-tree, according to a Greek proverb.

It is quite affecting to observe how much the olive-tree is to the country people. Its fruit supplies them with food, medicine, and light; its leaves, winter fodder for the goats and sheep; it is their shelter from the heat, and its branches and roots supply them with fire-wood. The olive-tree is the peasant's all in all.

The cultivation of the soil extends daily in this part of the Vale of Attica; yet still the greater portion of it remains as common pasturage for the flocks of sheep and goats belonging to the nomadic shepherds, who are called Wallachs. These nomades are said to be dangerous both to pro-

perty and the public security, from the fires which they kindle at their encampments, partly for the sake of cooking and warmth, partly to make small charcoal from the brushwood of the mountains, and these neglected fires often spread through the dry heath to the woods and cultivated lands, occasioning great devastation. The Wallachs live in tents and huts of brushwood, and with their black, matted hair, and dirty sheep-skin cloaks, look like savages; their dogs also are very dangerous to the traveller, whether on horseback or on foot.

The smell of *sauerkraut*, which comes up from the regions of the dining-room, informs me that my polite young cavalier, the secretary of the Bavarian legation, Baron M——, who brought me hither in his carriage, and will also drive me back to Athens, is expected here to dinner, and that I must prepare for my departure. I leave this good Swiss home, thankful for the pleasure which the days spent in it have afforded me, and happy in my travelling companion; for it would be difficult to meet with a young man so highly cultivated, so fresh in feeling, and in whom are united the gay cheerfulness of youth to an earnestly religious spirit; qualities which have acquired for him the rank of friend and child of the family, and also the indulgence of sauerkraut whenever he comes.

Athens, February 18th.—Now for some days nothing else has been talked of than Napoleon's letter to the Pope, which leaves him no prospect for the restoration of his worldly kingdom out of Rome, and no hope of means of power, excepting his spiritual dominion, and a pension from the Catholic States. The Queen, although a good Protestant, is indignant at these inroads on

princely immunities and inherited privileges. The English minister, although a good Catholic, looks at the affair as all in order. As a true son of the spirit of Britain, he believes in the right of the people as well as their ability for self-government, and as a good Catholic he believes in the spiritual vitality of the Popedom, and considers that a separation from the temporal power would render it purer and stronger.

February 20th-27th.—This time is called the Carnival, in Athens, and is distinguished in the streets of Athens by some stupid and clumsy scenes, got up by the street-boys and young men, who disfigure their usually handsome countenances with the most repulsive masks. The Greek carnival is a miserable farce, a wretched imitation of that of Rome, and it would be better if it did not exist. It is quite otherwise with the culminating point of this carnival, the festival, by which the Greeks consecrate themselves for the fast in a national and peculiar manner. I will, therefore, devote a separate little chapter to

THE ONION FEAST.

At three o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th of February (new style), we went to the Olympion on the the banks of the Ilyssus. The weather was cold and dull, but the sun, which in Greece will always be present on every occasion, made its way through the clouds, and soon diffused its cheering light over the whole scene, on the hills and fields below the Olympian columns, on both sides of the bed of Ilyssus, and the fountain of Callirrhoe. A crowd of from two to three thousand persons in the Greek costume were here all alert, and the sound of drum and fife reached us whilst yet at a considerable distance. The dancing was already in full career. Three or four circles of from fifty to

one hundred people were moving in wide rings to the usual Greek dance, the Romaïka, or Sirto, surrounded by a dense crowd of spectators; and by the sound of the drum as well as by the screaming song, you could perceive that the dancing was full of animation. Let us go nearer. There is no danger that we shall be pushed away or knocked about in the crowd, for the Greeks are gentlemen by nature, and will cheerfully give place to us; pickpockets there are none here, and even these Wallachs, wild looking shepherds in sheep-skin garments, from the Campagna of Athens, who look as if they could take your life with as few scruples of conscience as that of a wolf, are thinking now neither of you nor me, but are deeply occupied in contemplating the dance. And it is worthy of all attention, although in every dancing-circle it is of the same character. The different talents of the leader of the dance constitute the principal difference, together with the more or less picturesque figures in the circle. The greater number of the dancers are men, part in fustanelles—an excellent costume for dancing—and part in the costume of the islanders—pomposes, and the bright-coloured zonaris, or silk girdle. Almost all are distinguished by well-formed heads, and tall and slender figures. Very few women take part in the dance. In the centre of every ring stands a drummer and a fifer, who warbles and jodles upon a kind of flute or clarionet till he is red in the face. In the meantime a man steps out from the dance and sticks a little silver coin in the girdle of the musician, or fastens it by means of saliva to his forehead, all which he seems to take in good part, but without interrupting his drumming and fifing. The leader of the dance is generally a young man, often a very handsome youth, who, with upraised head, outstretched arms, and snapping with his fingers, seems to

conduct the dancing troops to an attack upon something or somebody which no one can see. Whatever it may be, he springs up aloft, dives down again, swings himself round, throws himself backwards with faun-like recklessness, bounds up again, leaps up, or makes some other break-neck evolution, being supported in so doing by the man nearest to him in the circle. After this paroxysm, he assumes his calmer part in the dance, which, however, has still the character of a challenge. Not unfrequently an old Palicar steps forth and takes the place of the young leader, with an expression that seems to say, "I understand the business better," and which is never contested. He throws off his heavy shoes that he may be all the more agile, and then performs great exploits of strength and elasticity.

Whether this dance be, as I have heard it said, a tradition of the old Phrygian war-dance, or, as I read in a work by the Countess Dora D'Istria, a memory of the expedition of Theseus against the Minotaur, guided by Ariadne's thread—and its old name of Sirto, thread or cord, seems to favour the idea—still it has, unquestionably, its symbolical character, and that *ad libitum* with which it is performed, that improvisation which unites itself to its uniformity, has always in it to me a something irresistibly captivating.

Smaller circles of from four to five persons had formed themselves outside the larger ones, and here as many women as men were moving with measured steps to the singing. The singing seemed to be in a dialect of the mingled Albanian and modern Greek. Mrs. Hansen's young maid interpreted thus one song to which we listened for some time—

"I will go and gather roses—in my garden are beautiful roses. But the girls have taken my roses—ah! the girls have plundered my flowers," and so on.

The expression of the dancers was always grave, and the dancing had so little animation in it that one could but wonder in what the pleasure consisted which the people seemed to find in it. Within every circle, whether large or small, you saw a little mound, on which stood onions and some bottles of water—symbolical of the principal food of the people during the fast of forty days, which was inaugurated by this festival, and which from this circumstance obtains the name of the onion festival.

We saw another dance, called the Karsilamâ, danced at some distance, but always merely by two men, whose evolutions and positions reminded me somewhat of the Italian tarantella, but with less grace and *abandon*, whilst it required as much skill and bodily strength as the Norwegian Halling. The movements are in the meantime full of a warlike challenge. The Karsilamâ has different variations in different eparchies of Greece, but it is invariably danced by two persons only.

Here and there might be seen a youth dancing alone in the field, striking upon a tambourine, and glancing up at the sun, as if he played and danced for it alone. Higher up on the terraces of the hill little family groups were seated on the green grass, regaling themselves with oranges, accompanied by the indispensable onions and water-bottles. Some few carriages with foreigners or Greeks of quality remained at the Olympion, whence they could obtain a view of the bright and lively scene. But the height of its splendour was attained by the arrival of the King and Queen on horseback. Accompanied by their usual little suite, they rode on their beautiful horses slowly round amongst the people, stopping here and there at the dancing-circles and watching the dancers, after which they rode briskly up and then again down the hills, seeing and being seen of every one, as it appeared, with mutual satisfaction.

One little air-balloon after another ascended from the plain, and swung itself rapidly up into the air—drums and fifes sounded ever more merrily—the impetuous vaulter of the Sirto made more violent leaps—the sun shone all the more brilliantly over the joyous scene and its glorious background of temple and blue sea.

The festival's acme of splendour lasted for about an hour, and then the royal party rode away, immediately after which the people dispersed with incredible speed. Amidst all this crowd there was not one uncivil word spoken, nor was the eye offended by any unbecoming or rude action. It was one of the most joyous and most inoffensive popular festivals that it was possible to imagine.

Nevertheless, it is annually anathematized by the Greek Patriarch, who sees in it a remnant of paganism, which it unquestionably is, although the source of its origin is lost. From remote antiquity it has been celebrated at the Temple of Jupiter Olympus, on the banks of the Ilyssus, as also another festival of the same kind—but without onions—celebrated at the Temple of Theseus, when the fast is at an end. And, in spite of all the anathemas of the patriarch against these festivals, the people continue, year after year, to dance and to sing the fast in, and forty days afterwards to dance and to sing out the same. Nor is it possible for me to see anything wrong in their so doing. Besides which, it seems to me a beautiful trait that the people celebrate with so much good temper the commencement of a season of self-mortification and renunciation, because they keep the fast with religious austerity.

It appears to me less edifying that the Greeks should celebrate with the same dancing and singing Christmas, Easter, Ascension Day, and, indeed, every religious festival, nay, in fact, that in the country and in all small towns, dancing begins on every Sunday and festival im-

mediately after divine service, and in front of the church. Some years ago, it is said that the very priest himself, after he had performed mass, would often become the leader of the dance, and achieve the highest bounds in the Sirto or Korsilamâ. But this is now forbidden.

It was Gregory the Great, who, during the sixth century of our era, sanctioned the continuance of those demonstrations of outward joy and merriment at the religious festivals, which austere Christians had interdicted.

"It would be unwise and cruel," said the mild bishop, "to prevent the people having their innocent recreation on Christian holidays."

He considered that they might be very well united with the sincere worship of the heart. He probably was of the opinion of the pious heathen Plutarch, that "the thought of the presence of the divinity ought to make the human being cheerful, and not gloomy." And it seems to be the view taken of the subject by the Church of the East to the present day, in opposition to the Puritan Church of the north-western parts of the world. Let us listen for a moment to the ancient Greek, born at Chæronea, fifty years after the birth of Christ. Although the priest of Apollo, and a very pious man, Plutarch may be taken as the representative of the Greek philosophical mind during the time of the Roman Empire, from Nero to Antonine.

"No festivals," he writes, "nothing witnessed in the temple, nothing which we undertake or behold, gladdens us more than that which we do and behold in the worshipping of the gods when we are present at the solemn sacrifices, the dances and mysteries. Then the soul is not melancholy, depressed, or uneasy, as if she were holding intercourse with tyrants or powers of chastisement. But the soul, when she realises most the nearness of the divine, and believes in it, then she is most removed

from all suffering, all fear, all sorrow, and gives herself up to joy, nay, even to the intoxication of mirth and games.

"He who loses his faith in Providence fails of this joy; because it is not the abundance of wine and of viands which make the festivals of men joyous, but the hope and the faith that the gods are benevolently present, and that they will graciously receive that which is offered. If, on the contrary, the gods do not receive the sacrifice, then all appears lifeless. Festivity and the supreme joy are wanting."

To this I would merely observe, that such Greek festivals as originated in this spirit, must be joyous, and that these joyous religious Christian festivals ought especially to be of another and a higher kind even than those of the pious heathen.

An amiable young girl, as cheerful as she was pious —but now departed to the home of light—wrote on one occasion of the old cathedrals of the Middle Ages, "Lofty and beautiful, but quite too gloomy! Why should not man be joyous when he thinks upon God?"

Bulletin for the month of March.—The weather cold and dull, and, towards the end of the month, abundance of rain, in consequence of which the fields became beautifully green.

In the beginning of the month the little German society of Athens was agitated by a sorrowful death. The wife of the sculptor Siegel died suddenly, during the absence of her husband. The gentle, universally esteemed, and beloved lady was laid to rest in the vernal flower-clad earth of the beautiful little Protestant burial ground, not far from the columns of the Olympion. Around her place of repose was sung the lovely hymn,

"Wie sie so sanft ruh'n
Alle die Seligen, &c."

Soon afterwards her husband returned, half insane with grief, in which state of mind he has remained ever since, from which cause his friends have been much occupied with him. We often see him here in the evenings, when we are enabled to divert his gloomy state of mind, simply by inducing him to relate to us his experiences and adventures during his travels in Greece, and especially in Maina. These narratives are of the most picturesque and amusing description. On the late sorrowful occasion Mr. Siegel has had an affecting proof of the devotion of the Mainotes. A number of Mainotes who are employed in the removal of rubbish from the Acropolis, and in the digging out of old buildings in the neighbourhood, have come to him in the evenings to pour forth their myriologues or lamentations for the dead, in honour of his departed wife. These songs are very peculiar in character and execution; and one cannot avoid being astonished to find so much tender poetical feeling amongst men whose dark and meagre forms, and whose hard and gloomy expression, seem to prove the outward want which compels them to leave their homes for the sake of finding work and food.

The myriologues are performed by the men, who sit squatted around the room. A dull humming or murmuring, continuous nasal sound announces that some one in the assembled group feels himself inspired, and is about to break forth in a song of lamentation. On this, he begins, and describes in a rhythmical manner, usually in unrhymed stanzas, the misfortune which has occurred, and the peculiar qualities and virtues of the persons who have suffered by it. When the improvisatore has said on this subject all that he has to say, he becomes silent, and all around him are silent for awhile, until a fresh nasal murmuring announces a fresh inspiration and a fresh song. So it continues till late at

night, without the singers taking any other refreshment than now and then a draught of water.

After the men, come the women with their songs of sorrow.

In the myriologues now given to the memory of Mrs. Siegel, of which Mr. Siegel has written down a part there are not many original thoughts, but still these are sometimes repeated with beautiful and poetic expression, as—

"The fire of Heaven has struck the family of Siegel;
Heaven's lightning has withered the flower of his joy.
* * * * * * *
He came to his home, but his home was desolate,
Charon had conveyed thence his wife,
His loving Amelia, his heart's dear friend,
The joy and the crown of his habitation.
Who will now gladden Siegel in his desolate home?
Who will prepare for him his repast?

Amongst a people by whom a wife can be bought for half a pound of meat and some brandy, and where the poverty is so great that the bride and bridegroom, even on the occasion of their marriage, must satisfy themselves with a liquor which resembles vinegar rather than wine, it is remarkable, to meet with so vivid a sense of the value of a wife, and of the happiness of domestic life, as that which is expressed in these artless, unpremeditated effusions of the heart.

The myriologues of the women are distinguished by more individual detail of description, more biographic touches than those of the men. They speak, for instance, of "the tree," under which the departed sat, when "she gave bread to the poor little boy," of "the well where she gave her sheep to drink," how "these became tame by her hand." They instanced many a trait of her goodness and amiability. In a general way all these songs betray a tenderness of feeling which one would

not expect, judging from the exterior of these people. And yet there is in many of these Mainotes, in their voices, and in their deep, brown eyes, a something which reminds me of the child-like sweetness and depth of feeling in tone and look which characterizes our dales-folk of Mora.

On the 25th of March we made, in company with some German gentlemen, an excursion to the most flowery of the hills of Colonus, regaling ourselves with coffee and cake, whilst seated in the tall grass, surrounded by splendid anemones, light blue irises, and an abundance of flowers of various kinds. We did not talk about Œdipus and Antigone, but simply about the beauty of nature. We listened to the nightingale singing already in the Queen's garden. Spring approaches with great strides, or, rather, is already come. It is described to me as enchantingly beautiful, but only too brief in its duration. In six weeks summer comes, with a blazing sun, which scorches up all the splendour of the earth.

Whilst the soil of Attica is now covered with a carpet of flowers, and the Germans in Athens are preparing for Easter, which is here celebrated by the Queen and all the Protestants with great solemnity, I am preparing myself for an excursion to the island of Tenos, where the day of the annunciation is celebrated by a peculiar festival called Evangelistria. As formerly, the Greeks from the East and the West assembled at Delos, for the spring festival in honour of Apollo, the God of Light, so now they assemble at the present time in the island of Tenos, to celebrate together the annunciation of the revelation of the then unknown God.

The feast of Pan-hagia, at Tenos, is the greatest and the most generally visited in Greece, besides which it is remarkable as indicating the present religious stand-

point of the Greeks. The church Evangelistria, built upon the site of an ancient temple of Poseidon, is said to be splendid with the beautiful varieties of marble. You have also at this festival an opportunity of seeing Greeks from all the islands and coasts of the Ægean Sea, from Asia and Europe, and it is for the sake of seeing all this that I am going thither, my German friends in Athens having kindly prepared me a home on the island in the house of a Greek senator.

Tenos, April 6th.—On the 3rd of April, late in the evening, I went from the Piræus on board a Greek steamer "Athmodon" (the breathing), which plied to Tenos solely on account of the festival. The deck was crowded with passengers of the third-class, who there encamped themselves in family parties, with their children and their provisions, so that it was difficult to move without treading on them. They busied themselves about their children; they ate from the food tied up in pocket handkerchiefs, they assisted and offered of their repast to each other, chatted together in the most friendly manner, and lay down side by side for the night. All this seemed to me so peculiar, that I left the comfortable and handsome saloon, where there was plenty of space and good air, to mingle with the crowd above, where I succeeded, thanks to a polite Greek, in finding a vacant place, which afforded me not only a good view of the deck, but of all that was around me.

It was the most lovely night. The sea was so calm that the coloured flames of the light-house on the Piræus were reflected in the water, as if they were burning there, whilst the moon shone splendidly in the far-stretching billows, which, smooth as polished steel, heaved themselves to the right and left of the vessel, opening for it a path through them. The heavens were

deep blue and full of light from the new moon and the stars. The air was fresh and delicious. The islands rose up from the sea like huge shadows lying near and afar off.

After a night's passage of eight hours, as calm as can possibly be imagined, we saw before us in the early dawn the island of Tenos, with its lofty hills cultivated in terraces, and an old grey town on the shore in a bay, which could not be called a harbour. Out of the inconsiderable little town arose several white marble steeples, but the eye passed them by, involuntarily attracted to a large church of dazzling whiteness, with a lofty, elegant campanile, situated upon a height behind the town. This is the Church of the Evangelistria, the object of attraction to the Greek pilgrims from the east and from the west, on this their national religious festival.

I was received on shore, whither I went with some Greek acquaintance in a boat, by the Senator Paximadi, a handsome, elderly gentleman, of polite, refined, and agreeable manners, who had also come from Athens to Tenos for a few days entirely on account of the festival, and who conducted me with Greek suavity and politeness to his house. It is an old family seat, situated upon the little quay where the boats land, and whence, resting upon divans placed in the open windows, you may contemplate at your ease the life which goes on in the roadstead. It is an animated scene. Every hour steamers and sailing boats arrive from Athens, Smyrna, Syra, and other Greek islands. The Turkish Government at Crete has appropriated a vessel solely to the purpose of conveying the inhabitants thence to the festival. You recognise the Cretes by their yellow-brown leather boots, their slender, tall forms, and splendid scarfs. They are said to have come here to the number of from three to five hundred. They are a handsome people. The red Greek cap, the fez, is universally worn

by the male population from the east and from the west, so also the pomposes, or full breeches, of the islanders. There are only few fustanelles to be seen in the crowd which throngs the square, but some of these are of great elegance, and seem to be worn by distinguished persons of the higher class. The principal difference amongst the women is in their head-dresses. You see in the mass of people, who are always swarming in the square, numbers wearing the Athenian plait, and the ragged kerchief knotted round the head, the black toque with the white gauze veil from Salamis and Megara, the nun-like head-gear from Hydra, and many other islands, as well as here and there the casque-like coiffure from Ipsara. The women from Smyrna and Anatolia have also gold-embroidered kerchiefs, as well as little flowers and other gewgaws in their hair, much in the style that I have seen amongst the female inmates of the Turkish harems. Some also wear the gold-embroidered fez. All the ladies who wear the national head-dress have for the rest a costume which makes them rather resemble chrysalises than human bodies. Many of the men from Asia Minor wear long, wide-skirted coats, which sometimes leaves me uncertain whether they are men or women. Gentlemen in the European costume, ladies in silk dresses, with ample crinolines and Parisian bonnets, are seen in considerable numbers in the many-coloured throng. I observe amongst them some very handsome and elegant figures, with splendid eyes and pearly teeth—moreover, a great many children, as well as sick, blind, and crippled beggars. All are streaming along to the Church of the Evangelistria, to the chosen abode of the Pan-hagia.

Let us accompany the crowd. It leads us by a broad, straight road, paved with flat stones, by a slight ascent, to the sunshine-illumined church, which exhibits no

splendour of ecclesiastical architecture, but a hasty erection which has been run up to meet the religious necessity of the moment—a necessity in which, however, old superstition had more to do than genuine religion. The building has, nevertheless, a striking character about it, partly from its vast size, partly from the addition of the auberge, courts, and galleries, as well as from its many windows, marble balustrades, and the beautiful campanile, which produces at the same time a cheerful and imposing effect.

The origin of this church was, in the first instance, the dream of a drunken schoolmaster, who afterwards went about relating that in his sleep he had received a revelation from the Panhagia, who announced to him that if they dug at the place where the ancient Temple of Poseidon had stood, they would find a miraculous likeness of herself. Nobody put any faith in the old man's story, and nothing was done for the discovery of the picture. After a time, however, a nun in one of the convents on the island had the same dream, and the fame of the concealed wonder-working treasure spread more and more. People now began to dig in search of it, but not finding anything, soon gave it up again. When, however, in 1821, a contagious disease broke out in the island, people began to dig with fresh earnestness, and soon coming upon the half-ruinous vault of a Christian church, it was not long before they discovered amongst the rubbish a small picture representing the annunciation of the Virgin. The picture so found was carried in solemn procession round the island, when, as it is asserted, the deadly pestilence soon ceased. The relation of this event says, further, that it was in the spring of 1821, precisely on the same day when the insurrection for Greek independence elevated the banner of the Cross, that this miraculous representation of the Virgin was discovered. On this it was resolved to build a

church on the spot, in perpetual commemoration of both events—a church which should become a point of union to all time, for the Greeks both of the east and of the west, who should here meet every spring on this day, to strengthen their common Christian faith, as well as their love to the Panhagia, and again participate in her benefits.

Whilst the war was yet raging, the church was erected, with its accompanying buildings, on the site of the old demolished church, surrounded by the foundation of the ancient temple of Poseidon, which may still be seen, and with its affluent fountain, celebrated for its salubrious properties, and now that of Panhagia. The miraculous picture was enclosed in a golden shrine, in which it is constantly kept in the church, and kissed by believing pilgrims.

The flight of steps which leads up to the church is, perhaps, its most beautiful work of art. It is throughout of white marble, and the Parian marble of which the beautiful balustrades are formed is of exquisite quality and transparency. The church itself is spacious and light, but the ornaments, as usual in Greek churches, more childishly showy than tasteful. Directly on the left, near the entrance, lies a golden box in a frame on a kind of altar, and above this box the pilgrims are seen bending, whilst they kiss in deep devotion two small holes made in the golden casket of the picture. For it is the real miraculous picture which is laid within this deep chest, and the two holes in the lid answer to the countenances of the Panhagia and the angel Gabriel. Outwardly, however, there appears nothing at all but two small dark holes, the one larger than the other. Besides this I saw nothing remarkable in the church, unless it be the pictures of archangels and holy men, who here, as in all Greek churches, adorn the *Iconostasis* or screen

which separates the portion of the church occupied by the congregation from the quire proper. They are of the same stiff, lifeless type as all these pictures, which have indeed probably the same source, being made by the monks of Athos, the holy mountain of the Greeks.

Still more remarkable in its way was the scene in the old underground church.* In the dark passages which led thither, only lighted by feeble lamps, the air was hot and oppressive, but this was nothing to the atmosphere in the vault where the miraculous picture was found, and where the people were crowded in such a manner as seemed to me dangerous to life. The state of the air here, owing to the throng of people and the number of candles and the want of the outer atmosphere, was really stifling. Besides which, there were seated in groups round the water, which is said to have sprung up at the spot where the picture of the Virgin was found, a great many lame, halt, sick, blind, aged people. They sat sighing and beseeching, lighted small candles, crossed themselves, and rubbed their blind eyes and crippled limbs with the cold water which comes dripping through a little pipe inserted in the wall for that purpose. Drops of sweat stood on their faces. It was a melancholy sight, and one could not but think that the poor creatures would imbibe disease rather than health from this subterranean vault. I was not able to remain there long, but was obliged to go out into the fresh air.

The outer galleries and courts of the church presented many a cheerful scene. Here the pilgrims might be seen seated on the ground in groups, attending to their children, cooking, eating, talking, walking about: there they were lying to rest in the shadow of the walls, the cypresses, or olive-trees, by the marble basins in the

* It is believed to have been destroyed by the Syracusans, in the year 400 after Christ.—*Author's Note.*

great court. The more refined class were walking about at a distance, or were collected in some light, pleasant apartments with views towards the sea, regaling themselves with coffee, orange preserve, and fresh water—gloriously fresh water, clear as crystal—renewing old acquaintance and making new. I also made here acquaintance with several interesting persons; for consuls, and dimarchs, and governors from many places were here assembled together—well-educated, communicative Greeks, who spoke French, and were as polite as Frenchmen. And even if, in the meantime, their French was a little *un-French*, that did not prevent them from very intelligibly expressing that which they wished to say.

The next day a ceremony took place in the church with bolted doors, at which the respect due to Senator Paximadis and to me in the character of his guest, obtained for us the privilege of being present. This ceremony consisted in taking out the miraculous picture from its case, solemnly washing and cleansing it.

When the church doors had been carefully bolted and secured, the archimandrite, an old priest of eighty years of age, wonderfully like one of those petrified figures from Mount Athos, and the churchwarden, a red-nosed, peppery-looking individual, the like of whom I had seen in more than one church in Sweden, opened the golden chest on a table, around which had gathered the little circle of pious and curious spectators who were allowed to be present. The sexton brought forth the keys, the archimandrite opened the chest, and a little picture, painted in oil, was taken out from its concealment, amidst a solemn silence. The picture was old—unquestionably very old, both as to painting and wooden frame, of this there could be no possible doubt. When two pieces of glass, which covered the head of the angel and

the Virgin, had been removed, the countenance of the former could be seen tolerably well, and of the latter very distinctly. It is ill-drawn and painted, but still it has a naïve, affecting expression of joyful faith and obedience, even in the bending position in which Mary lays her hand upon her heart. It reminded me of the paintings of the old masters Dürer and Holbein, and I do not know that I have seen a picture of the Virgin which more fully expresses the words, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to thy word." The remainder of the two figures was so dark and so much injured that I was not able to make anything out of them.

The clumsy carved ornaments of the frame, which were clumsily fastened to the woodwork with lumps of wax to prevent them falling off, as a great portion of them had already done, were evidently many centuries old. All pieces of wax which were loose were carefully picked out by the archimandrite, Papa Dimitri Protopostatis, and divided amongst the surrounding Greeks, who eagerly stretched forth their hands to receive them. Amongst these persons was a young blind man from Smyrna, evidently of the higher class, and who was attended with great care by a gold-embroidered servant in fustanelles. People said that he was rich and newly married, and that he had had the misfortune, a few weeks after his marriage, to lose his sight—hopelessly so, the physicians said. The poor young man had now come to the Panhagia in the hope of that help which the physicians could not give. He also received his piece of wax, with which he stroked his eyes. After the wax had been removed, Papa Protopostatis took large flakes of cotton wool which were passed backwards and forwards over the picture, and delivered to the deacons of the church, who, in their turn, divided them partly

amongst the people in the church and partly to the crowd outside, who thrust their hands eagerly through the iron railing of the lower windows to receive them. All this occupied a considerable time, and every one who had received a piece divided it in his turn to others as long as it lasted, for cotton-wool, it is said, acquires a healing power by touching the holy picture. The same was done also with the water with which Papa Dimitri Protopostatis wetted three or four times the golden frame of the picture, and which was then poured into small cans, and distributed as holy washing water to the believing crowd.

During the whole of this time, the door was assailed with blows and loud thumping by the throng outside. But Papa Protopostatis and the red-nosed sexton were not in the least disturbed thereby. There was yet another solemn ceremony to take place within the church before the doors would be opened, and the impatient crowd allowed to enter. This next ceremony had reference to the blind gentleman from Smyrna.

He was led forward by his servant, and Papa Protopostatis laid the picture upon his head, let him kiss it, and lay it to his forehead and his eyes, all the time praying over him with a countenance which looked like an automatic representation of the saints of Mount Athos. The blind man, on the other hand, evidently stood there in a motionless but deep anguish of anxiety, silently praying and crossing himself. Poor man! It is the last attempt, the last hope, and it is—in vain! But he does not know it, he does not believe it, as yet, and perhaps, when the certainty of it comes to him, he will have obtained strength to bear it; perhaps he may be praying at this moment chiefly for this. Of such prayers to the Panhagia, it may be said, as of similar Roman Catholic prayers to the saints, "They have made a mistake in

the address, but, for all that, they will come at last to the Lord, who regards the spirit in which they are poured forth much more than the direction."

After this performance, the picture was again placed in its golden shrine, which, being carefully locked by Papa Protopostatis, was then carried back to its altar, on the left of the great entrance to the church. The doors were now opened, the people poured in, and the kissing of the two holes in the case of the holy picture again began, and was continued as before, but now by a much greater number of devotees.

In the evening, the church was illuminated, and its bell-tower produced a very beautiful effect. More and more vessels arrived, and the throng became greater both within and without the church; but a kindly spirit pervaded that popular mass, which was a crowd without squabble, peaceful and pleasant as was the glorious night and its moonlight. The beautiful weather was a great blessing, because the entire night was spent by the people in the open air or in the church, where the priests, in great splendour, were incessantly officiating, and the doors standing open for the incessantly moving mass. Frequently, on these occasions, rain occurs, when the condition of the people, in want of sufficient shelter, is very detrimental to health, and where many a one lays the foundation of rheumatic diseases, which neither the holy water of the Panhagia, cotton-wool, nor even her picture itself can cure. At the present time, however there was no need for anxiety on this account. People walked about, conversing and enjoying the illumined summer air, in the marble courts and open galleries. The poorer class of people seemed to me earnest, and full of devotion; the higher class somewhat vain and frivolous, and more occupied by mutual civilities and chit-chat than by the religious festival. Some handsome

young ladies from the towns of Asia Minor and the islands thought unquestionably more about the worship paid to themselves than to the Panhagia. I made amongst the gentlemen some interesting acquaintances, from whom I obtained considerable information on the condition of some of the Greek as well as the Turko-Greek islands.

I ventured but once only into the church. It was one human mass packed together in a perfectly stifling manner; the priests were performing service—horribly; the people stood listening, and crossed themselves reverently. They endeavoured to make room for me, but it was in vain, and I was glad that, having entered in at the one church door, I was able to make my exit at the other safe and sound. The whole night through there was a peaceful and cheerful sound of thronging people in the open air. The report of the Panhagia miracles began to circulate. Filth and bad smells increased every hour. Very soon after midnight, I went home to rest.

The next morning was Good Friday, March 25th, according to the old style, when I was able to spend two glorious hours alone in the garden of the church, surrounded by beautiful olive-trees and fragrant flowers. It is the custom, in these Greek islands, as in Southern Italy, never to leave the stranger or the visitor whom you would honour, alone. It is considered as a part of the duty of hospitality and politeness to be always in attendance upon him. And thus, this morning, I had as my companion a polite young cavalier, the nephew of Senator Paximadi, whom I found it very difficult to convince that I loved solitude, and that he really would confer a great pleasure upon me if he would leave me to myself in the beautiful monastery garden, and only fetch me thence when the procession began to move. For this was the great day of the Evangelistria festival, the

acme of the whole solemnity, when the picture of the Virgin would be carried over the hills and fields of the island. At length I was alone.

It is difficult for me to describe the enchantment of this morning. The garden itself is a half-wild park, with umbrageous olive and cypress trees, and the most lovely views to the sea. The sea was like a mirror. Every now and then came a zephyr, and lightly curled up its surface, after which it again became calm. Out of the retreating morning mist, arose in a half-circle along the horizon, the islands of Zea, Syra, Myconos, and some others in the distance, Delos, the native island of Apollo —where, afterwards, nothing mortal could be born, neither could die—Naxos, where the daughter of Minos was forsaken by a demi-god and consoled by a god; Paros, from the marble bosom of which a world of heroic and divine forms have come forth, all islands celebrated by their legends of gods and their temples, and which—as I felt clearly this morning—would one day become the homes of thankful children—children worshipping in spirit and in truth the one eternal, All-good Father above all that is called father, in heaven or on earth. Although the horrors and desolations of war may have thrown back these islands for many tens of years, yet still they are, by situation, character, climate, and population, destined to become the home of such. They are situated together as the members of one family; they constitute a kind of natural bridge between the East and the West; they are possessed of a soil which produces the vine, the olive, and the fig, and most of them have good harbours as well as salubrious springs, warm or cold baths. They have all a climate so attempered that none of them suffer from cold or from heat. The inhabitants are said to be remarkable for their good-heartedness, pure morals, and industry. That which is now wanting to these islands,

beyond everything else, is the means of unity and intercourse. As yet, no steamer appears in their harbours, except it be on an occasion such as the festival of Evangelistria—as well as other means of cultivation, temporal and spiritual. What enchanting, healthy residences would these islands be for cultivated Hellenes and Philhellenes, when once homes, such as those of Switzerland or England, arise by their "living waters," and good clean inns relieve the stranger from the grievance of the country vermin! At this time it is only the naked, rocky island of Syra, amongst all the Cyclades—thanks to its considerable and wealthy town—which possesses an hotel for travellers. Patience! It will be different in awhile. People will one day have more regard to the intention of a Fatherly providence in His gifts, as well those of nature as of mercy. Then will the glorious fountain of Poseidon—now inherited by Panhagia, be visited not merely at the festival of the Evangelistria; and the weak, and the sick, who then, by a prolonged residence at Tenos, recover health and strength, will be legion. The beautiful life of light of these islands must become that of humanity.

Whilst I was thus silently meditating in the shade of the olive-trees this bright morning, a very merry little guest came and nodded his approval of all my thoughts of the future. It was a bird of about the size of a starling, grey in colour, and with a tall, reddish-brown tuft upon his head; he alighted now here, now there, on the ground before me, with incessant short, abrupt bows or nods, which had a most comic look. He appeared to me to be a grand seigneur of the woodpecker family, and seemed to be quite at home in the garden, as its natural possessor. Little green lizards were sporting in the sunshine, and peeping curiously about; the old gardener, Nicolo gave me a bouquet of fragrant gilliflowers

and stocks. Seigneur woodpecker did not allow himself to be disturbed, but hopped hither and thither and nodded and bowed.

At ten o'clock we were interrupted by the firing of a cannon, and a ringing of the bells from the tower of Evangelistria; soon after which my young cavalier made his appearance to take me to see the grand procession.

Borne under a canopy, surrounded by singing priests in great state, with standards and banners painted with images of saints, the miraculous picture was carried out of the church and down into the town, the many-coloured populace thronging after; a gay, animated scene, amidst the thunder of cannon and the joyous ringing of bells. Nevertheless, there was nothing imposing in the scene, for the insignia of the procession were poor and ill-conditioned, and the Greek priesthood has nothing either in manner or bearing of the high-festival demeanour which characterizes that of the Roman Church. The Greeks, who so zealously kiss painted representatives of saints, have an abhorrence of any plastic images of the same, and they regard it as gross idolatry to pay either reverence or worship to them. Therefore you find no statues in their religious processions, nothing but painted canvas, and the paintings have all a family resemblance to the one ancient original type from Mount Athos.

The procession advanced with the holy picture through the town and its immediate neighbourhood. This was considered the most splendid part of the festival. Throughout the whole day service was still performed in the church, which was all the time full of people. I observed amongst the crowd a new-married pair, from a town of the coast of Asia Minor, who deserved to be painted, so ideally beautiful, and so splendid and picturesque were they in their attire; greatly pleased also with themselves and with the whole world were the two young people, with

whom I exchanged a few words. But they represented a type of Asiatic luxury and weakness, which I am afraid is only too universal amongst the Greeks of Asia.

In the meantime, a great amount of crowding and crushing took place about the peristyle and steps of the church, when one of the servitors came out, carrying upon his head a large dish heaped up with bread cut into square pieces, the bread having been blessed and crossed by the Bishop, and afterwards freely distributed amongst the pilgrims, who were each eager to receive a piece.

In the afternoon, in company with my young new Greek acquaintance, I took a longer ramble up the hills into the interior of the island, by roads which it would be difficult to imagine worse. You are obliged to clamber perpetually over larger or smaller blocks of stone. Every where white marble crops out to the day, sometimes, however, with beautiful blue veins, so that you might suppose the entire soil-covering of the island lay upon a marble mountain. The marble of Tenos is not as transparent, fine-grained, and brilliant as that of Paros, but still it is very beautiful and valuable. The sculptor, Siegel, is in part proprietor of the great marble quarries on the northern side of the island.

All the hills of Tenos, even the highest, are cultivated in terraces, which produce vines—the celebrated Malvasia vine is cultivated here—olives, figs, and many other southern fruits. This island, which suffered less than most of the Greek islands during the War of Independence, is now one of the richest of the Cyclades; it possesses sixty villages, and a population of more than twenty thousand inhabitants, who are celebrated for their industry, their good temper, and good morals. Many of them leave the island for one or more years, take service in Athens or Constantinople, and other

cities of the coast, where they usually obtain high wages; but always return to their native island, where they end by settling down, cultivating the earth, or pursuing trade. Every village has its own saint, and every saint has its own annual festival, which draws together the inhabitants from near or more remote villages, and even from the surrounding islands. Then every house is thrown open to the stranger. The inhabitants emulate each other in hospitality, and by no means inconsiderable is the wealth which then meets the eye of the traveller, partly in the means of life and fruits, partly in household furniture and clothing. Handsome porcelain and gold and silver plate may not unfrequently be seen in the houses of the villagers, and these valuables will often be found to be honourable testimony of faithful service in wealthy families on the mainland.

During our ramble I had an opportunity of looking down into two small valleys on each side of the road, with their murmuring water-courses, pasture meadows, and grazing herds. Trees seemed to be few in number and small in size. But I was told of valleys on the island much larger and much more beautiful than these. One of them is called Agapos (Love), and is said to be enchanting, but the road thither is neck-breaking, or leg-breaking, to those who are not accustomed to the roads of the island and the mode of travelling upon them. On our way back we met crowds of people, who, on foot, on horses, or asses, were returning from the festival to their homes; kindly, well-dressed people, all of them, and innumerable were the *Kalispera! Kalisperases!* (good evening! good evening to you!) which were exchanged between us. As we descended towards the town the illumination of the white marble tower of the Evangelistria shone beautifully against the dark-blue sea. In the rooms of entertainment belonging to the church

gigantic loaves of bread were cut into pieces, which are distributed amongst the guests, who have come hither for the festival; I, too, obtained a piece of well-baked, good bread, but not exactly suitable for delicate stomachs.

And now the great festival was come to an end. During the evening and the night the greater number of the visitors who had come from a distance departed, carrying away with them various indistinct rumours, which had come into circulation, of the miracles of healing, which the Panhagia had performed on this occasion.

"Have some such really taken place this time?" asked I, from the Archbishop of Syra, an old gentleman, with an immense nose, who was on a visit to my host the senator.

"Yes, certainly; of course," was his reply.

"But how? What has indeed taken place?" inquired I again.

"I cannot exactly say," returned he. "Panhagia always performs miracles. Of course she does; no one can doubt of it!"

"Of course, nobody can doubt it," chimed in gravely a highly cultivated Greek, who was present, and who afterwards said to me, with equal seriousness "no cures are possible, excepting those which take place in a natural way by the regular powers of nature. To believe in miracles is superstition."

What after this could I believe of this highly cultivated Greek's own faith and confession?

The pilgrims have, on the occasion of this festival of the Evangelistria, been able to hear a kind of sermon, which probably might leave a more durable impression on many minds, than the dubious miracles of the Panhagia. In a general way there is no preaching at these festivals, but at the suggestion of the Senator Paximadi,

a young professor on this occasion addressed to the assembled people a discourse in which, with reference to the religious solemnity, the King and Queen of Greece were praised, as well as the peace and freedom enjoyed under their protection, to which also this festival bore witness. The speaker therefore dwelt upon the gratitude which all Greeks owed to them. Prayers and blessings for them, for Greece, and all Greeks, closed the discourse, the first of this half political tendency, which has been given at the festival of the Evangelistria.

April 7th.—In the morning the reverse side of the festival is exhibited. The courts of the Evangelistria, the passages and the more immediate neighbourhood of the church are in a state which cannot be described. I wished to take a closer survey of the remains—the ramparts, aqueduct, etc., of the old temple of Poseidon, but it was impossible. The filth and the abominable stench drove me away.

I went to seek for fresh air on one of the projecting tongues of land which the island sends out into the sea—an incomparable place for a promenade. The winds from the sea blew caressingly over it, the waves flowed sportively around it; the grass was full of flowers; all round, wherever the eye turned, shone the sea and the islands in the splendour of the morning. Eros and Amor seemed to be sporting together in the atmosphere, which breathed forth the spring and the resurrection. It was wondrous!

I wandered here for a long time, in company with a young professor, a native of the island, an amiable and well-educated man, who had resided several years in Moldavia and Wallachia, and who sketched for me some scenes from the social life of those provinces. Even there also a struggle is going forward between the decayed old, and immature new, which as yet, however, seems to lack the

conditions of a favourable result, popular education and representative constitutions. Between the Boyars (the word signifies proprietor of oxen), the aristocracy of the country, and the people, who are for the greater part serfs, without any legal rights, is wanting a middle class —an enlightened middle class. The Boyars, the possessors of the land, are generally educated men, but of a worldly, exterior cultivation, and amongst the people prevail rudeness, poverty, ignorance and barbarism. Some Boyars, of the old princely families of the country, are, however, earnest friends of the people and of freedom, and have placed themselves at the head of the movement party, as supporters of those ideas of the future, which ferment in the small and better educated portion of the people. As is the case with the families of Ghika and Kantakouzenos. The elder prince, Ghika, gave at once freedom to all his subjects, who had hitherto been serfs. But, unprepared as they were for the change, without preparatory education, they became lazy, good-for-nothing people, and finally robbers. Bitterly censured and persecuted in consequence, by the aristocratic party in the country, the noble-minded Prince fled to Paris, where he, a short time since, in a fit of melancholy, committed suicide. A union, of a democratic character, between a part of the Boyars, and the people of the Danubian provinces, has lately been suppressed by the *status-quo* party. For how long? Oh! that the martyrs of freedom had only the right faith in the eternal truth, for which they strive; then they would not be disheartened when their purest endeavours are turned against them, or even when they are compelled to acknowledge in them some mistake! The testimony of good intentions, and two words spoken, from a cross upon which, at one time, the supreme darkness struggled against and was overcome by the eternal

light, should save them from despair; but what do I say? Should make them bow their head in peace, or raise it for new combat, and—for victory.

Formerly a battery stood on the tongue of land where we were walking, caressed by the breath of spring. One day, during the War of Independence, when Tenos saw the Turkish fleet sailing by, the commander of the battery, quite beside himself with rage, determined to let it know what Tenos thought, and for that purpose fired off the three cannon of the battery against the Turkish Admiral's ship. It might have cost little Tenos dear. The officers of the fleet, greatly excited by this insult, besought the Capitan Pasha immediately to punish severely the population of the little island, which, with its battery of three guns, presumed thus to act grandly. The Admiral contemplated for a moment the battery through his telescope, and then said:—

"Let them be! They are children, and do not know what they are doing!"

An instance, this, of Turkish magnanimity, which ought not to be forgotten amongst the many of an opposite character which people's memories so carefully preserve.

Amongst the interesting communications which were made to me during this time I must mention those which I received from a Greek judge relative to the condition of Crete, where a population of two hundred and thirty thousand Greeks live together with one of sixty thousand Turks. The Greeks are described as in general very ignorant, but deeply devoted to their religion and nationality, which feelings are maintained by oppression on the part of the Turks. The estimable Kyrios N—— was of opinion that the conduct and sufferings of the Cretans during the War of Independence had indeed deserved a better fate than that of being com-

pelled back under the Turkish dominion. He described the longing of the people to throw off this dominion as extremely great.

Some years ago the Jesuits went about in the island and promised its inhabitants the support of France if they would subscribe a paper written in Latin, by which they bound themselves to give their faith and obedience to the French monarch. The ignorant Greeks, believing what was said, signed the document which was laid before them in the best manner they were able. Nor was it till a considerable time afterwards that they discovered that in so doing they had signed a renunciation of the confession of the Greek Church and obedience to the Romanist or Papal Church. Many thousand Greeks are said to have been befooled in this manner. They now united in a protest against the deceit which had been practised on them, which document was shown to me, together with several writings of renunciation, mostly signed with a cross, or by a few ill-written letters. Very small could have been the profit derived to the Romish Church by such proselytism.

The Nomarch of Syra, and other islands belonging to the same Eparchi, gave me the following description of their condition. The prosperity of the towns decreases, whilst that of the villages, on the contrary, increases. The greater landed proprietors reside in Athens, and by so doing lose their influence in their islands. You find in the villages handsome houses, well-furnished shops, and *cafés* abundantly supplied with the necessities of life, the most delicious meat, wine, milk, cheese, fruit, and many other things. The agricultural population are extremely industrious, but still, like the soil in most of the Cyclades, they have not yet recovered from the devastations of the war.

I had before me daily in the house of the Senator Paximadi a beautiful picture of the life of the Greek grand seigneur on his native island, and at the same time one which livingly carried me back to the times of the ancient patricians and clients, thousands of years since. Senator Paximadi is, by his family, position in life, character, and manners, a patrician of that class which never will fail from the earth so long as noble cultivation and true humanity, united to the means to make them availing, form a natural aristocracy with equal natural privileges. I see him in his paternal home, at this time accessible to all kinds of visitors. As the breezes of the spring and the sea blow freely in through the windows, so come and go people of all classes through the doors the whole day long, relations, friends, clients, who either wish to welcome or to present petitions to the Senator, the chief notability of the island.

Seldom is a single hour free from visitors. All are received with the same mild urbanity, one might say that they all appear to be regarded as belonging to the aged statesman's family. With his komboloj, or rosary of amber, in his hand, and his little gold-embroidered toque on his head, he welcomes one and all, man or woman, high or low, with the same calm, dignified kindness. It is beautiful to see it, as well as the cheerful confidence, yet devoid of any intrusiveness, with which people come to him. Some young men, brother's, sister's, or cousin's sons, live in the family like children of the house. Relations and strangers are entertained daily at his hospitable board, where both the food and the wine are extremely good, but without Lucullian luxury. A more excellent dish than the Greek pillaff —mutton with rice—is scarcely to be imagined, and the Malvasia wine is an earthly nectar. Pity it is that it

will not keep longer. Of all the persons whom I have seen during these days in the house, and many of whom were inhabitants of the villages in the island, not one has given me the impression of moral or physical decadence; on the contrary, I have seen here only a well-conditioned and self-dependent people, amongst whom one or another, it is true, may desire a service or assistance to be kindly rendered to him, but there is nothing amongst them in the form of beggary. Besides, they all seem to know that they have a benevolent protector or friend in Kyrios Paximadi. For my part, I shall always remember him as one of the most agreeable of hosts; for he not only left me at liberty, which made me feel his house to be like my own home, but he silently paid attention to my wishes, and his conversation during the few moments we were alone together proved to me that I was with a man equally of refined education and amiable character. Contemporary with Capodistria, and one of the committee who prepared and signed the invitation for him to become President of Greece, Paximadi afterwards saw much of him, and was, as he expressed himself, regularly in love—*amouraché*—with him, like many another of those who came into contact with his fascinating character. Paximadi, however, released himself afterwards from this captivating influence, but yet never became the enemy of Capodistria, and ceased not to do justice to his patriotism as well as to his great talents.

A character inclined to despotism, which had been developed by his training for diplomacy in the service of Russia, seems to have been the cause of Capodistria's errors and fall.

As one can sometimes say with certainty that a portrait must be faithful to its original, even though one may not have seen that original, so have I been able,

from some of the traits given me by Senator Paximadi, to obtain a vivid impression of the individual character of Capodistria. One of these, which struck me as living portraiture, I will here give.

Amongst the innumerable claims for rewards and compensation for sacrifices which had been made, with which the President was beset during the term of his government, those of the Hydriotes were the most urgent —not without reason, it is true, because none of the Greek patriots had done more than these people for the maintenance of the war—by the equipping of the Greek fleet, as well as for the establishment of the new order of things, and they had, in so doing, lost nearly the whole of their wealth. But their present demands for compensation were without any regard to the means of the new Government; and they gave, at the same time, support to a newspaper, published at Hydra, which was inimical to Capodistria.

Impatient and irritated by this circumstance, the President one day gave vent to his indignation, in presence of a deputation from the island, in these violent words:—

"I see that you Greeks do not deserve to be governed by kindness and moderation; you ought to be ruled by rods of iron!"

The surrounding crowd stood as if struck by lightning at this wrathful outburst from the usually calm and self-possessed President, who resembled at that instant a *Jupiter tonans*. All were silent for a moment, when a voice was heard—it was that of the young Paximadi, which said:

"Your Excellency! After so long a struggle, so much blood, so much suffering, so many sacrifices, yet to be ruled with rods of iron—that is too severe! You have not reflected on what you have said!"

A glance, like that of lightning, shot from the eye of Capodistria upon the young man; but in the same moment it changed, and became calm and almost mild. When he again spoke, it was in a different tone. He recommended them to have patience and faith, and gave them advice regarding the future.

A few days afterwards, the young Paximadi, who was one of Capodistria's staff, was a guest at his table—always remarkable for its republican frugality—and was about to retire with the others as soon as the meal was over, when the voice of the President stopped him.

"Wait!" he said, "why are you in such a hurry?"

"It is out of respect to your Excellency's much occupied and precious time," replied the young man, modestly.

"I have just now an hour's leisure. Wait, I wish to speak with you," said the President.

Paximadi obeyed; and, alone with him, Capodistria expressed to him the trouble which embittered his life, between the impatient demands on the one side, and, on the other, the pressing necessities which prevailed everywhere in Greece, as well as the want of means to satisfy them. He spoke unreservedly and slowly, and the young man's bold reprimand, in an excited moment, was ever afterwards rewarded by proofs of esteem and confidence, of which, for the rest, Capodistria became, with time, more niggardly. The temper of the Greeks, the difficulties of his position, the spies to whom he listened—all these conveyed early to him the conviction that he would not die a natural death in Greece. He moved along his thorny path with the firmness of the martyr—too severe, perhaps, towards his opponents; but severe, in the first instance, towards himself.

I have spent festal days at the feast of the Evangelistria; but the most precious memory which remains of

them is not the festival itself, but the Greek nobleman, who has given me a home; and of thee his niece—one of those children to whom he is as a tender father—pale, amiable Jacintha!

Gifted by my host with a beautiful letter-weight, made from the marble of the temple of Poseidon, together with Malvasia wine of Tenos, and cheese of Myconas, I this day left the hospitable island to return to Athens.

EIGHTH STATION.

Easter Festival in Athens—Folk's Festival at the Temple of Theseus—A Grand Wedding—Small Excursions—Colocothou and Phalerus—The Greek Chambers—Political rumours and excitement in Athens during the month of May.

ATHENS, *April 18th.*—I returned from Tenos in the most beautiful weather, and in pleasant companionship with Greek acquaintance to Athens, in sufficient time to witness the preparations for Easter, and to be present at its great solemnity in the Church of Irene. But nothing is solemn in the sense in which we grave northerners accept the word, especially at this church festival, which is devoted to the memory of the highest fact in earthly life—the triumph of life over death.

Good Friday in the Greek Church is not a holiday in Athens, but a day full of worldly devices, partly childish, partly, according to my feelings, repulsive. As the fast ceases with Easter day, or, more properly speaking, Easter night, and the Greeks celebrate this moment with a festal repast in the middle of the night, in which roast mutton is the principal dish, you consequently see for a week before Easter great flocks of sheep and lambs driven from all sides to the fields around Athens, where, under the care of shepherds and dogs, they graze freely,

in preparation for the approaching festiva.. On Good Friday itself the whole upper portion of Eolus Street, as far even as to the Tower of the Winds, is converted into a market for these poor creatures, which, with their feet tied together, are pushed about, hung up, and thrown down, often in the most savage and inhuman manner. You are scarcely able to get along through the crowd of sellers and buyers, as well as their victims, which, in the meantime, endure their fate as submissively as if they knew that it was not worth the trouble of striving against. Some of the sheep are so tame that they stand unbound beside the women who offer them for sale. In the market-place, with the handsome white marble fountains, not far from the old Agora, great numbers of newly-cut stakes of pine wood are offered for sale, upon which the sheep are to be roasted. All this, especially on that day, makes a most repugnant impression. All along the Hermes aud Eolus Streets, which are the principal streets in Athens, booths are erected, and decorated with all kinds of gewgaws and trumpery, wax candles, coloured paper, pictures, flowers, gold and silver fish in little aquariums, living and stuffed birds.

Let us now enter the Irene church, with the people, who are streaming thither. A large cloth is spread upon a table in the quire, and through the white gauze which is laid over it you see a painting which represents the institution of the Lord's Supper. An expensively bound Bible is also laid upon the cloth. Men, and women, and children come in and kiss the cloth and the book, whilst they twice touch them with the lips and once with the forehead. After that they go—but not all of them—to a papa, who distributes living twigs of wild roses from a large basket. Any one who wishes to obtain a rose kisses the priest's hand, and slips a few leptas, copper Greek coins, into a silver dish at

his side. In this way several hours are spent. Later in the evening is a grand procession. The whole Hermes Street is filled with burning candles, because every man, woman, and child in the street, on the balconies and roofs, must have his lighted candle, and as the procession approaches, and wherever it moves, red and blue Bengal fire is lighted. The scene reminds the spectator of the Moccoli evening on the Corso in Rome, but in the same degree that moonlight reminds you of sunshine. The procession also is deficient in the Roman splendour. Ten priests, walking, like other people, in a somewhat negligent manner, carry a cloth embroidered with gold and silver, on which is represented the Saviour's interment in the sepulchre. A crowd of small boys scream around with all their might, "Kyrie Eleison!" and by their shrill tones overpower the singing of the priests, the murmur of the people, and even the thundering military music. In the meantime the procession halts, and a papa reads aloud a passage from the history of our Lord's Passion. Whilst this is going forward, the crowd remains perfectly silent and still. But scarcely has the reading come to an end, when again begins the murmur of the people and the cry of the boys.

Thus advances, amidst shrill shouts, lively murmurs and music, the procession up to the great square below the royal palace, whither also some other lesser processions from other churches are seen to be approaching, each one bearing a separate symbol of the Saviour's suffering. The crowd is dispersed on the great square with as much rapidity as if it had been blown away, and the priests quietly convey their banners and holy insignia, cloths and chests, back again into the churches were they are kept. Some boys, still all alert, run with their candles, like link boys, round the empty square, shouting their "Kyrie Eleison" to the last. Such are the doings

in Athens, in commemoration of the day of Christ's death.

The following day, the day of Easter Eve, the selling of sheep and of gewgaws is continued in the city. A square gallery has in the meantime been erected and decorated near the church of Irene. It is for the use of their Majesties and their Court. At eight o'clock in the evening it is illuminated with a great number of candles in a rich and tasteful manner, and to the music of an opera march the royal party arrive and take their seats on thrones beneath the open sky. Fortunately the night is beautiful. Yellow, red, and blue Bengal fire blazes out upon the roofs around, and brilliantly lights up the many-coloured spectacle. The military are drawn up in the streets to keep the dense mass of the population in order. The church is almost empty, although candles are lighted and priests are performing service therein. Music, Bengal fires, and expectation continue till twelve o'clock at night, when a cannon is fired and the officiating bishop of the church exclaims "*Christos anesti!*"—Christ has arisen. The King and Queen rise and go into the church, accompanied by the Court and all the higher officials. "*Christos anesti*" is repeated on all hands by the people, both within and without the church, to the ringing of bells, the thunder of cannon, music, and bonfires. People salute one another and kiss one another with the words, "Christ has arisen —He has actually arisen!" (*Alethes anesti.*) It is a universal jubilee and continues for two or three hours; after which every body goes home to seat themselves at table, and—it is not I who say this—eat to repletion of the savoury roast mutton and the abundant repast which it is then customary to serve up after the forty days rigid fast.

On the morrow, Easter-day, a grand service is per-

formed in the churches during the morning. In the afternoon all the world streams out to the music square, where they exhibit their splendid clothes, their handsome horses, go round in a circle, gazing at one another and bowing, whilst marches and other lively music are played.

Both on that day and the day following the greeting of *Christos anesti* is continued amongst acquaintance, and kissing between relations and friends, a beautiful, cordial, and significant custom which is said to have come down from the most ancient times in the Greek Church. On the other hand, one cannot but wish to aid the police in their endeavours to prevent the incessant firing of guns which goes on at this time both night and day, by which it appears as if every Greek who was possessed of a gun considered himself justified in exhibiting his Easter joy by its means. This interdict of the police has not hitherto produced much result, and at every succeeding Easter you hear of many accidents which have occurred through the inconsiderate use of fire-arms. In the half savage district lying around Lycabettus there has been one incessant cracking of guns and pistols for the last four-and-twenty hours.

On the third day of Easter a folk's festival was celebrated at the Temple of Theseus, a counterpart of the onion festival at the Olympion, for the inauguration of the fast. But the scene is now more cheerful and brighter in colour. Little *cafés* are erected on the hills and rocks which surround the old Temple, and ornamented with small blue and white flags. Instead of onions and bottles of water, you find a display of cakes and sweetmeats of all kinds. Boys go about shouting, "Kulouri! Kulouria!" offering you at the same time bread formed like large arm-rings strung upon sticks, and which are made from a dough resembling our sodden

cracknels, as well as brown sugar-candy, pistacio nuts, oranges, and the favourite cake of sugar and white of egg, called *kalevà*. Every stand and tent is ornamented with flowers, pictures, and little streamers.

We are now on the site of the most ancient city, and are surrounded on all sides by its temples and grand memories. But very few of this crowd of two or three thousand people who are here assembled in their many-coloured costumes, making bright the old grey hills, think about these things. They dance or look on at the dancing, according to old custom, and wait for the advent of their Majesties. As the dances which are here going forward do not present anything more remarkable or different to those which we saw at the onion festival, I shall say nothing more about them, neither of the advent of the royal party, which again seemed to constitute as well the acme of the festival's splendour as to give the signal for the dispersion of its crowds and its termination. For although here and there a *sirto* might continue its monotonous circles and leaps to the usual music and singing, and although the little coffee booths still had some customers, yet the greater number of the crowd dispersed as soon as the royal party had left the place.

The wind was violent and cold this day, which took much from the pleasure of the festival. And with this festival terminates the Athenian Easter holidays. Although less boisterous and dangerous than that of Jerusalem, yet, at the same time, it cannot be said to leave behind any other impression in the soul than that of spiritual emptiness, and here the thoughtful stranger is ess disposed to excuse it. Here the spiritual preacher might and ought to teach the people to reflect on the significance of the Easter festival both for life and for death, and to awaken a more beautiful, a deeper joy

than that which expresses itself in thoughtless merriment and physical entertainment.

I must now say a few words about another festival, which was celebrated two days before Easter, and to which I, with the greater part of society in Athens, was invited. The son of the grand old general, Hadschi Petro, the adjutant of the King, was married to the daughter of one of the most respectable editors, both as regarded talent and character, Mr. Lividi, the publisher of the newspaper, *Elpis (The Hope)*. The marriage took place at noon, in the church of Irene. Guards were stationed at the doors to prevent the entrance of unbidden guests. The old general, in his rich, gold-embroidered uniform, stood in the centre of the great aisle, and received, with a greeting of princely dignity, the guests as they arrived, who all assembled in the quire, where they grouped themselves as best they could, so as to see the bridal pair and the nuptial ceremony. No one had his place appointed; but, nevertheless, there was room for all, without crowding or difficulty, and the kind politeness of those present secured me a place whence I had a most excellent view of the whole scene and the church.

The bride was dressed in snow white, with a lace veil and orange flowers in her hair, like a French bride; the bridegroom wore the uniform of a Greek adjutant. Both were tall, and perfect in figure; they were in the flower of youth and beauty—a regularly lovely couple. The marriage ceremony was very like that which I had formerly seen and described in Arcadia, only accompanied with more pomp and circumstance. About a dozen priests stood in a circle, officiating in grand state; the greater number of them were vigorous old men, with splendid beards, sunburnt countenances, expressions and hands as of respectable peasants who had left their field-labour to perform service in the church. The bride and

bridegroom carried large wax-candles in their hands, ornamented with large bouquets of white flowers. Their heads were not, like the Arcadian bridal pair, bound together with ribbons; but the exchanging of the garlands three or four times by the godfathers and godmothers, as well as the three times repeated promenade round the altar; the drinking out of the same vessel; the kissing first of the bishop's hand, then of the Bible, then of relations and friends—all this was precisely the same as in Arcadia. The ceremony lasted for about an hour, and I could not but wonder at the bride's ability to stand the whole time, and to go through it all in the great heat. Two young girls from the islands, enchantingly pretty, and graceful as the graces themselves could have been, continually attracted the eyes of the diplomatic gentlemen, and mine also, from the bride, nobly beautiful although she was.

After the ceremony, the whole company repaired, either on foot or in carriages, to the house of the General, Hadschi Petro, which was also that of the young bridal pair. It was situated in an open square. Music was playing in one of the front rooms; the wedding guests assembled in the larger—simply furnished apartments—and were regaled with ices, and with those white and coloured sugar-plums, handed about on large waiters, which are always customary on such occasions. The doors, all the time, stood wide open to the broad marble peristyle. The spring sun shone, and whichever way you looked you saw happy countenances, and heard the sound of cheerful voices. The young bride came in; she looked pale, but yet calm and happy. As she could not speak French, I could only exchange a few words with her. For my enjoyment, during this gay scene, I am chiefly indebted to another young lady, who compelled me to exchange my rather uncomfortable seat in the

middle of the room for the much more agreeable one by the window, which she was occupying. If this young lady should, some day, by any chance see these lines, then they may assure her how amiable she seemed to me, and how pleasant, also, it would have been to me to have become better acquainted with that pale, charming mother of four of the handsomest little boys in the world.

After an hour's entertainment and gratulation, everyone went to his own home. Some days after the marriage, people pay a visit to the bridal pair, and they too, somewhat later, return a visit to the bridal guests. But the wedding banquet, which, on such occasions, is customary with us, and which is so wearisome to the parties most nearly concerned, is not usual here. And if the marriage ceremony were not so long, and if the priests did not perform their part so horribly, then a Greek wedding would appear to me to be a beautiful and rational festival.

June 28th-30th.—Much work, and many interruptions have prevented me, for some time, making an entry in my diary of the daily occurrences. I will now, however, bring them together, in a hasty review of my late experiences.

During the months of May and June.—In the first place, Nature's vernal festival on the soil of Greece has a something about it, in truth, enchantingly beautiful! In the middle of May, nevertheless, the wind was cold, and the weather chilly and uncomfortable enough, not unlike royal Swedish May weather; towards the close of the month, however, there were abundant showers, which were succeeded by very warm and most glorious weather. This change came with our Lord's Ascension Day, according to the Greek reckoning. The day was celebrated by the population of Athens with a festival on the banks of the Ilyssus, on the plain below Lycabet-

tus. The people assembled here in the same way, and for the same pastimes as at the Olympion and the Temple of Theseus. Perhaps the numbers might be somewhat greater, and the decorations somewhat more brilliant. With us, people are accustomed to say that the sun dances on this day, and that any one can see it, if they only gaze steadily at it for a little while. The Greeks do not look at the sun on this day. They see too much of it for that; but they themselves dance in honour of the day, and intoxicate themselves with the spring and with wine, yet not so as to become drunken. The dances are the same as those which we have already witnessed; royalty comes, as before, and after its departure the people disperse, as usual. By nine o'clock in the evening it is all over; a few dozens of people only linger still around a *sirto*, the leader of which, crowned, like Bacchus, with vine leaves, and gifted with an actual Bacchus-like physiognomy, took such lofty leaps that one was tempted to believe him, under the influence of Bacchanalian intoxication, wishful to leap up into heaven, an Olympus for him, where nectar is eternally dispensed.

Scenes after this day of greater worth adorned the soil of Attica with increasing beauty. A thick, richly-coloured carpet of flowers covered its hills and its shores. Camomile, red poppies, a little golden yellow flower of the papaveraceous family, *Ipecoun procumbens*, made the fields brilliant in colour. The fruit-trees were full of bloom, of all shades of tint, from dark crimson to pink, and snow-white, in the gardens along the Cephissus, rising from the dark olive-wooded bosom of the Valley of Athens. In particular tracts of the Attic soil prevail particular species of flowers. How is it possible to describe the splendour of the Queen's garden, its cascades of flowering creepers, its bushes and bowers of all kinds

of roses, its groves of lemon and orange trees, covered with fruit and flowers at the same time; its beds of native and foreign beautiful plants, its luxury of colour, form, and delicate and strong scents? It is nearly too much for mortal senses, at least for mine, especially in the evening, when the flower odours were almost oppressive.

Let me conduct you, however, to the places where I have this spring enjoyed the glorious beauty of Nature, more even than in the Queen's garden, to Colocothou, to Phalerus, to the Bay of Eleusis.

Colocothou is a spot in the olive-wood on the plain, which you can discern from Athens by the group of lofty poplars which rise up, like a bouquet of light green, high above the olive wood. When arrived there (by carriage or horse, in preference to walking, that we may avoid being over-fatigued), we find an old church, some coffee-houses, perhaps a ring of *sirto* dancers, always *luccumi* and fresh water in the shade of the trees. But the pleasure which we enjoy here consists, properly, in rambling about, for, from Colocothou we can walk along the banks of the Cephissus, here a little murmuring brook, with plenty of water, beneath the tall poplars in which the nightingales pour forth their songs. They sing, it is true, in the Queen's garden; but here, by the fresh stream, their songs sound much fresher and more delicious—at least, so it seems to me, although I also think that the song of the Athenian nightingale is far from being so rich and continuous as those of their relatives in Switzerland, Germany, and even in Southern Sweden. The nightingale of Greece begins its song again and again, always interrupting itself, so that the song never seems regularly to go forward. The exulting song of the lark, the song which fills our woods in spring, is not known

in beautiful Greece. The Lord of Nature will not lavish all His gifts upon this land; He will give some good and perfect ones also to other lands in His great garden of the earth.

Phalerus.—I advise you, dear reader, if you come to reside at Athens during the months of May and June, and feel yourself in danger of perishing by the heat, of being dissolved, or changed into water;—I advise you to seek your remedy at Phalerus, the ancient Athenian harbour, now abandoned by sea-faring men; but for that very reason all the more zealously visited by bathing guests from Athens. Every morning, from the time when the great heat begins, at the end of May, the Queen drives thither at day-break, with her young maidens, bathes and swims in the fresh waves of the Bay of Phalerus. Later in the day come carriages with other bathing guests. It is only in a carriage or on horseback that you can, without danger to health, make this little journey of an hour over the sun-burning champaign. And that is an inconvenience for all here who are not rich, because horses and carriages are expensive things in Athens, and omnibuses have not yet come into operation to Phalerus. From this circumstance you derive, in the meantime, one advantage—you do not meet much company either there or on the way thither. Gentlemen of the *corps diplomatique*, and now and then a carriage with Greek ladies and their children, you may meet if you go there later in the afternoon. And this is what I advise you to do. The breeze is then astir, and a pleasant freshness breathes over the bays and promontories of Phalerus; the waves splash merrily shoreward over rocks and blocks of stone. Wandering along upon the thick, fragrant carpet of camomile, gnaphaleum, and other flowers, amongst which is a kind of delicate, vanilla-scented gillyflower *(mattiola)*, which I

have only found here. Over the hills and hollows of the shore you obtain an air-bath, the vitalizing effect of which they only can estimate who come out of the hot vapour bath of Athens. And when you advance along these projecting promontories, from one sea-rock to another, till you are quite surrounded by the great waves, which break foaming and thundering at your feet, and look down into their green, crystalline depths, and drink in the air which breathes out of them towards you, then the sensation is wonderful, and the legends of naïads, and of the birth of the Goddess of Beauty from the sea, seem to you no longer incredible.

What glorious afternoons and evenings have I spent at Phalerus! You can always have your own room at the bathing-house, and you are at liberty from it either to wander or to swim out into the open bay, whilst you are protected by the building from the inquisitive gaze of those on the shore or elsewhere. And if you have taken a bath in these clear, salt, deliciously cool waves, you then feel as though the heat could no longer affect you—could not transform you into a water-brook or any other formless thing; and, calm and cool, as if new-born, you return, and can, on your homeward way, rejoice over the splendid colouring of the evening, over the well-known temples and hills of Athens. Bathing at Phalerus and the Piræus are the salvation of Athenian society during the month of June—after that they will not suffice. You have then to drive to the Piræus through a cloud of dust, for ever agitated by a stream of carriages. Phalerus is in all respects a calmer place of refuge.

To Eleusis. But before I conduct you thither I will accompany you to the Chamber of Deputies, and the Senate in Athens, not because these places exhibit anything remarkable, but because when you are in Athens you should, if it be possible, see everything which

belongs to the future of Greece, and that the popular representation belongs essentially to the new order of Government, everybody knows who knows anything about modern history.

The new constitution of Greece is formed very much upon that of France, as also its representation in the Chambers. The Deputies are chosen by the people for three years—the Senators are nominated by the King, and for life-time.

Athens still wants a building for its Chambers. The halls where they at present assemble are temporary, and in conformity with that condition. That of the Deputies is small and dark—the walls, benches, and floor not remarkably clean. Here about a hundred men were seated, some of them wearing the Greek national costume, some in white sheepskin cloaks, but the greater number in dark broad-cloth coats, like European gentlemen. The galleries—one of them is for the ladies—were, on the day of my visit, filled with auditors, who seemed attentively to follow the discussion, which was very animated on this occasion, but had reference to no very important question, simply formalities or personalities. It was not very edifying, but, nevertheless, amusing enough for me, who, by this means, had an opportunity of witnessing Greek inflammability during parliamentary discussion. They spoke, now rising up from their seats, now advancing forward below the Speaker's gallery, and standing, turned towards the assembly.

A Moreote, by name Lysander, a little man in the Greek costume, full of fire and with natural grace in his action, spoke long and violently. He belonged to the Opposition, and is said to be a quarrelsome agitator. One Deputy, Mr. Boudouri, attacked ministers very severely, because they were not present, although they had been informed that an important question relative

to the import of corn, in consequence of a probable deficiency in the country this year, would come under discussion.

"It showed," he said, "want of respect to the Chamber of Deputies."

The Finance-Minister, who, however, was present, replied to the reproach with tolerable nonchalance, as it seemed to me. Other attacks were made, and violently replied to, but no prolonged quarrel and no prolonged speech followed. One puff of wind dissipated another, and towards two o'clock the assembly began to disperse, when I, accompanied by my kind guide and interpreter, Mr. Hill, went to the Senate.

Here were seated somewhat above thirty Senators in a large and light hall, looking somewhat sleepy. A great number of the Senators now present are pensioners for the services which they rendered the State during the War of Independence. These gentlemen have, for the most part something marked in their exterior; one can read an earnest history in their furrowed countenances, in their strongly-marked features. But few of the Senators wore the Greek dress. Amongst them was the Minister of the Interior, Rhiga Palamides, a very corpulent gentleman, who was speaking when we entered, and was immediately afterwards charged by another Senator with recommending, from self-interested motives, a proposal which, in order to gain popularity, he had opposed some months since, before he was minister—namely, that regarding an increased allowance to the representatives during the Session of the Chambers, to which accusation the minister merely replied by repeating, *Ochi*! *Ochi*!—not, not, or no! no!—whilst he wiped the perspiration from his forehead. The heat was excessive.

In the same degree as business seemed animated in

the Chamber of the Deputies, it seemed sluggish and dull in the Senate—at least, so it was on this occasion. When the Senate rose, the Speaker, an old gentleman, with the exterior of a polished courtier, as, indeed, he is said to be—I am sorry that his name just now escapes me—bowed to me, and said in French—

"I hope that you are going to say something good of Greece?"

To which I replied, "I hope so, too."

Certain it is that I wish to do nothing else. And it is no fault of mine that when I inquire from well-informed persons what good the Chambers, during this winter, have done and resolved upon, I receive for answer, "Nothing."

At the close of May, a great political excitement prevailed in Athens, occasioned by certain dark rumours which were, at one time, in circulation, and which were now taken up by the Greek newspapers, and treated in a prophetic tone. People knew that the Sultan, Abdul Medjid was dying, was almost dead; they knew that the Great Powers of Europe had formed amongst themselves a secret agreement on the solution of the "Eastern Question." The new *brochure* of the Frenchman, About, and the map of the world, were regarded as its programme. But something still more was contained in this agreement. They knew that the Great Powers needed Greece for the accomplishment of their plans, and that the French Court, therefore, "sought to Greece," because Greece was to play a principal part in the approaching crisis, and to obtain a great increase of power and territory. "Without a sword being drawn, Constantinople, before the year was ended, would fall into the hands of the Greeks, and become the capital of the now augmented realm." This, and much more still, people knew, and could foresee with certainty.

The effect produced by these predictions on the Athenian Greeks resembled an intoxication. They regarded themselves as already the possessors of Constantinople; and many people talked of removing thither immediately. Ground, upon which houses were about to be built in Athens, fell in value during three days of excitement thirty per cent. Athens, they said, was not to be compared with Constantinople as a capital and place of trade. Athens must be left to the learned. All people engaged in business ought to remove to Constantinople.

I cannot but believe that some of these political rumours have some foundation, and may be prophetic; but the Greeks most assuredly are mistaken as to the time of their accomplishment. They are Frenchmen in vivacity, frivolity, optimism, and are too much disposed to trust in their own ability.

From public business, I now turn to that of a more private character. But I observe that the month of May already occupies too much space in my diary. And as with May I bring my spring season in Athens to an end, and as with June summer enters into its excessive heat; besides which it presents me with new acquaintances and new objects of interest; I consider it as no more than right that, with the new month, I should enter upon a new station.

NINTH STATION.

A new Corinne—A Pupil of Madame Recamier—Eleusis and its Mysteries—Examination in the Arsakion—The Amalion—Young Greek Ladies—Morning Watches—German Friends—Massacres in Syria—The Sympathy felt by Greece—King Otho's Hospitality—Conversation with the Queen—Countess Dora d'Istria—Athens during June—Excursion to the Islands.

THERE arrived this spring in Athens two foreign ladies, who created a sensation throughout its society, each in her own sphere, or rather, each one in her own way. Both affected me agreeably, although in a very different manner.

The one is the Princess Koltoff Massaltsky, known and already celebrated as an author under the cognomen of Countess Dora d'Istria. After a brief acquaintance with her by letter, already in Sweden, it was not until towards the close of my residence in Switzerland that I read her great work, written in French, "La Suisse Allemande." This work, in four large volumes, is extravagant beyond measure. Nevertheless, I have seldom read a work of this class with greater pleasure or more true enjoyment. The spirit which pervaded it was so strong and high-minded, there was such a warm feeling for the ideal of social life, so clear an insight into

the endeavours and condition of the people of the free States, as opposed to those where despotism prevails, so noble and so daring were the scenes she portrayed, and the language in which she expressed herself. She was a woman of genius of a peculiar and powerful character.

But little was known of her in Switzerland. People said that she was of an ancient princely Roumelian family, married to a Russian prince, who lived in Russia, whilst she lived in Switzerland, and who, it was said, was coming to fetch her home, but who, in the meantime, did not come. She lived in deep retirement, partly at Zurich, partly at Aargau, and nobody knew or could say anything about her, excepting that she was good and did good to the poor. Her incognito was so profound that gossip even forgot to busy itself about her. The dimensions of her works had placed them beyond the reach of the greater portion of the reading public.

"Madame Dora d'Istria," said a great bookseller of Geneva to me in an oracular tone, "will never write a book that will be read."

But he was mistaken. A year afterwards and the Countess Dora d'Istria's work, "Les Femmes en Orient," was one of the best-read and most celebrated books in the circles of the cultivated French reading-world. I had been able to meet with it even in Athens. The union of masculine judgment and precision with feminine insight and feeling, the affluence of poetical beauty derived from the popular songs and life of races hitherto but little known, the number of interesting anecdotes and facts, as well as the clear view of her object, which the authoress never loses sight of, combine to make this work as unusually entertaining as it is instructive. The authoress proves herself to be a perfect artist, and her learning and many-sided knowledge are produced

merely as a foundation for the living descriptions in which she so greatly excels.

It had been a real loss to me not to have become acquainted with her in Switzerland, but—it did not so fall out. When it was said that she was coming to Athens to see the instructor of her youth—a Greek who now has a large school for boys in the city—the news was very agreeable to me. People knew more about her in Athens than in Switzerland. And here I learned that she was of the Moldavian princely family, Ghika, and had, when very young, been married to the Russian Prince Koltoff Massaltsky, but that her marriage had not been a happy one. It was said that she had been celebrated in the higher society of Petersburg for her unusual talents in music, painting, &c., but that she did not find herself at home in these circles, where her liberal turn of mind met with no sympathy. Finally, it was said, that her peculiar views one day, during the war in the Crimea, found vent in a toast which she gave for "the Allied Armies," whereupon she very soon received a passport to travel abroad. On this she went to Switzerland, lived there in deep seclusion, and wrote the works I have already mentioned.

Such was the report in Athens; and it was added that she would there see relations and friends, but would not be received at Court, because, in consequence of her strongly expressed anti-Russian sympathies, and her disgrace at the Court of St. Petersburg, she could not be presented by the Russian Minister at Athens.

These stories gave her for me an increased power of attraction, and shortly after her arrival I went to discover her. I found her in the laurel-grove in the aula of the learned instructor of her youth. I have since then, and during these last few weeks, seen her frequently. That which I saw first in her was the woman of the

world, still beautiful, in age between thirty and forty, with a well-developed, strong, physical frame, and a countenance whose refined features, delicately pencilled eyebrows, handsome dark eyes, with a refined rather than ardent glance, reminded me of the type of beauty which I had observed in the aristocracy of Roumelia. The voice struck me as masculine, and the tones as a little dogmatical; her manners as extremely polite, but not quite natural, and for that reason not engaging. I saw in her a woman of the great world, accustomed to be on her guard against the world, and not to exhibit her inner self.

Afterwards I came to see a different person in her, a deeply sensitive, loving, noble, and even humble woman, a soul which was well acquainted with suffering, which would endure a great deal without complaining, and who, although accustomed to keep guard over her expressions, yet never to conceal her convictions; a peculiar character of rare inner wealth and originality; a woman to admire and to love at the same time. As an author she is unquestionably one of the most important of the present day. From the glimpses which she has now and then allowed me to have into her soul and her past life, I can well understand how a soul like hers, thirsting for light, warmth, and the intelligence of life, must, of necessity, suffer in a severe climate and in a social sphere of artificial cultivation.

"Sometimes," she said to me on one occasion, "I dream that I am still *there*, in that cold, damp atmosphere, under that sky without a sun, and I awake weeping! And it will then be some time before I can believe that it is the sun of Greece which I see!"

For the rest she says little about herself. There is a something mysterious and sorrowful in her history which she evidently will not reveal. Study and work seem to be her only passion, her chief consolation and

enjoyment. And even in this she is an extraordinary woman. In Athens she is for the present celebrated as a new Corinne, and spite of all the talk about her disgrace at the Court of St. Petersburg, she has been, within the last few days, presented by the Russian Minister Baron Ozeroff to Queen Amalia.

The second of the two foreign celebrities is a French lady, the widow of the French Philhellenist and archæologist, Lenormant, who died here last autumn. She has now come hither with her son, in part to be present at the inauguration of the monument which the Athenians are erecting to his memory, beside that of the young Ottfried Müller, on the hill of Colonos; and partly to accompany her son, who, at the expense of the French Academy of Antiquaries, will commence excavations at Eleusis, and endeavour to bring to light all that remains of its ancient temple.

The first view of Madame Lenormant shows a gentle, engaging character, perfected by education, and the oftener you see and hear her the more convinced you are that this impression is correct. But to this agreeable and confidence-awakening personal character there yet appertains a quality which is not so easy to describe. Who is there in the cultivated world who has not heard speak of Madame Recamier, and of the power of fascination which she exercised on all who came near her, and which cannot be explained alone by her beauty, or by her goodness, or by her fine understanding, but which seems to have been derived from a something which can as little be described, as the perfume of the rose or the vitalizing warmth of the May sun? Well, then, Madame Lenormant is the daughter either of Madame Recamier's brother or sister, educated with her, and by her from her very earliest childhood, and through the effect of her spirit and of her teaching is

possessed of, as I also have experienced, somewhat of her magical influence. Do not expect, my reader, that I shall be able to tell you in what it consists; I cannot do it, and if I could, neither you nor I would be able to acquire it, let us wish ever so much, any more than by seeing Raphael paint we could have been able to learn his art. I can merely say that the first effect you experience in this lady's society is the feeling yourself in such perfectly good spirits, calm, and yet excited in an agreeable manner to conversation. The kindness, the natural goodness, which are expressed in her glance and refined smile, remove all fear, whilst her easy and agreeable mode of conversing draws you out, unconsciously to yourself, as the vernal breezes expand the flower. The sentiments you express may, perhaps, call forth the opposite from her; to your views she opposes her own; you feel yourself gainsaid, but not offended or wounded, you can maintain your own opinion and advocate it, or also give it up—it will be all equally easy and equally agreeable to you—perhaps, the latter the most so; because you have learned something, and that without the teacher herself thinking that she has taught you anything. She has merely candidly and beautifully expressed her own thoughts. But the thoughts proceed from a source which resembles the gold backgrounds in the pictures of certain old masters, which shine through the painted heads with a peculiar clearness and brilliancy.* With her you would never fall into a spirit of controversy. When she has expressed her own thoughts and you have expressed yours, she gives, with a gay, half-

* The same pure character of beauty distinguishes the work edited and published by Madame Lenormant, though without her name: "Correspondence et Mémoires de Madame Récamier," and which renders it so extremely interesing in perusal.—*Author's Note.*

jesting air, the last touch of light to her view, and then passes over to another subject, not, as it were, with a leap or with violence, but like a butterfly flitting from flower to flower. Do the same if you can!

Something, however, we may learn from her manner of receiving her friends "at home." For you may probably, like myself, in such circumstances, have satisfied yourself by introducing one person to another, and then gone about your own business, leaving it to the two to work themselves into a better acquaintance in the best manner they could. In such a case Madame Récamier, or her niece, would teach us to remain a little while with the two persons whom we wish to bring acquainted, and to introduce ourselves the subject of conversation, which we knew beforehand would be interesting to them both, and then only leave them when we perceive that they have almost forgotten us. For this purpose you need not, with the right tact, require more than from three to five minutes, after which you can then go and do the same in another direction, until your entire drawing-room is filled with conversation, after which you can go and rest on a sofa or easy chair, as Madame Lenormant does, but not to be silent, because it is only now that she seems to be regularly animated, and can devote herself to conversation with one or two of her own select circle, whilst the servants go round with sherbet and other refreshments, and everything moves on easily and pleasantly, as of itself. Yes, you can study all this, pay particular attention to it, and even act upon it the next time you give an "at home;" but, nevertheless, I am afraid that, unless you are a French-woman of the Récamier school, something will still be wanting—something—I know not what. Comfort thyself, however, my reader, who art doomed to a life of society, "It is not every one who is able to get to Corinth."

But "what does Hippocleides care for that?" One can live very well, and be amused into the bargain, without figuring much in society.

I will now speak of an excursion to Eleusis, which I made in company with this fascinating French lady, invited by her, together with a Greek family belonging to the circle of cultivated Greeks who speak French, which Madame Lenormant has assembled around her during her short residence in Athens, by that mysterious magic-power of which we have been speaking. This Greek family of Philemon is a beautiful flower which has sprung up from a tragic soil.

During the bloody scenes which occurred in the War of Independence, a little girl ran crying one day through a Greek town seeking for her home and her family, when she was met by a Greek officer who was riding by. Touched by a noble compassion, he saw the child, took her upon his horse, and conveyed her to a place of safety. From that time forth he provided for the friendless little one, and gave to her the best education which Greece at that time afforded. Afterwards he made her his wife. Still to this day, thirty years afterwards, she is a woman of rare beauty, and this beauty, of the antique type, has also become the inheritance of her children. It was with the eldest son of the Philemons, who is co-editor with his father of the Greek daily paper, *Aion*, the Age, and with his two young sisters, accompanied by Madame Lenormant, her son, and another young Frenchman, M. Boulanger, that on a beautiful June morning I found myself on the road to Eleusis.

I had already once been there, but it was before the present excavations had been commenced, and without a competent cicerone. I had, therefore, seen nothing remarkable at Eleusis, except the beautiful view of the sea from the rock on which stood the ancient Acropolis of the

city, with the massive ruins of marble columns, capitals, &c., lying all in confusion and half buried in the earth in a place at the foot of the rock. It was now, therefore, an actual feast to me, under the guidance of the young archæologist, to see what the industrious excavating of two months had succeeded in bringing to light of the far-celebrated sanctuaries of Eleusis.

We drove along the old "sacred way," first through olive-woods and across the Cephissus, which flows through them, then over naked, sterile, flat country, after which we entered the defile between Ægaleus and Mount Geranie, then passed the monastery of Daphne with its memories of the Temple of Apollo and Daphne and the graves of the French dukes. We halted a little way beyond, to take a nearer survey of the rocky wall on the right of the road, in which a number of small niches showed that they had been intended for votive statues. Greek inscriptions, but which are for the most part obliterated by the hand of time, show that here formerly stood a temple dedicated to Venus Philæ. Archæologists consider this Venus Philæ to have been the wife of Demetrius Phalerus, celebrated for beauty, but not for modesty, and thus that the temple raised to her dates from a period in which the Greek divine knowledge and art had lost all its higher inspiration: viz., under the Macedonian rule, three hundred years before Christ.

One of these inscriptions shows that a lover here sacrifices two doves to Venus Philæ; another that a certain man, whose name was once given, though now illegible, devoted his "good thoughts" to his beloved. These small, empty niches glanced towards me sorrowfully, looking, to me, like empty eye-sockets in the skeleton of a departed time. The loving souls who here conceived and sacrificed "good thoughts," are in the hand

of God's love. For love—the true—is stronger than death.

From this point we drove down to the Bay of Eleusis, the beautiful bay which resembles in character a Swiss lake, as I have before observed. We then turned to the right, at the foot of the rocks, which bore deep traces of wheels from the ancient sacred way; and, after that, proceeded along the shore, close beside the beautiful bay on the left. To the right of the road, you see the two small salt lakes, called Rheitoi, which were dedicated to Ceres and Proserpine, and the fish of which the priests of Ceres alone had the privilege of appropriating to their table. After a journey of two hours, for the greater part along the sea-shore, afterwards through sparse olive-woods, we arrived at Eleusis. On the right, opened inland an extensive fertile plain, in the wooded background of which you see the large affluent village of Mandri. The ancient, ruinous city of Eleusis lies, with its Acropolis, upon a tongue of land which shoots out into the sea.

We were assisted in the frugal dwelling of the Dimarch by his two daughters, to establish ourselves and our belongings in a large hall, resembling a well-lighted garret. We were able to obtain a table and some chairs. The air from the sea wafted in freshness through the opened window-shutters; and thus we could remain here without suffering from heat. After we had made ourselves a little at home within doors, we hastened out to see the excavations, in which a considerable number of workmen are engaged, under the management of young Lenormant.

A chaos of broken marble and ruinous remains of the ancient glories of the Temple, had been brought to daylight—a great proportion of which belonged to the time of the Roman Restoration, as, for instance, some beautiful capitals, though overladen with ornament, and many

statues, amongst which is one of Antinous, the unfortunate favourite of the Emperor Hadrian. The beautiful marble steps and floors of the large and small propylæa of the two Temples, each separated from the other, although adjoining, constitute the most ancient Greek work of art which has yet been here revealed to light. They are of white marble, finely polished, and in a perfectly good state of preservation. You see upon one of these floors the deep marks made by the opening of the doors. Amongst other valuable discoveries, is a large altar, on which two torches are sculptured in bas-relief, and an inscription, which says that it was given by the Acharnians to Ceres; there are also some smaller altars, as well as a few monuments, covered with inscriptions, consecrated to men "who had assisted at the Mysteries."

The excavations are continued at this moment, still more deeply into the face of the rock, in which many grottoes have been discovered, which, however, do not appear to have been deep. In one of these is a marble fountain, the uppermost edge of which has been deeply cut into by the rope which was let down to fetch up the water. At the present time the well is empty. Amongst the latest discoveries are many spacious subterranean walled vaults, which were evidently connected with the Temple. You descend into them by a narrow flight of marble steps; but the vaults themselves are formed with burned bricks. The purpose for which they were used is not known. The two temples, dedicated to the mysteries, are supposed to have been situated here, at the foot of the Acropolis of Eleusis, and to have stood close to the face of the rock. The whole road up the rock is believed to have been ornamented with statues of the gods. On the summit of the hill, where now stands a Christian church, once stood a Temple of Ceres, of which some beautiful

remains are still to be seen. Another large Temple of Ceres lay higher up in the city; but no excavations have been there instituted, because a large church and many private houses cover the spot.

Eleusis seems originally to have been a little city of sanctuaries, amongst which human dwellings sprang up, partly for the service of the temples, and partly for the use of the pilgrims who resorted thither.

It is thought that the excavations which are now in progress will clearly elucidate the position and style of building of the temples employed for the mysteries; but, as regards the mysteries which were there performed for the initiated, the same darkness rests upon them as in past times, and the most erudite, most conscientious inquirer bears the self-same testimony on the subject, "It is very little that can be known about them."

From this little I will, however, here bring together one or two small considerations which seem to me important.

I have already, in my journey in Sicily, given a little sketch of the myth which is the basis of the worship of Ceres, and the origin of the temples of Ceres at Eleusis; because it was in Sicily that Ceres was first worshipped as the benefactress of mankind, inasmuch as she gave them wheat, and instituted mild laws, laws which humanized and ennobled life; it was also in Sicily that her beautiful daughter was carried off by the monarch of the Under-world; it was there that Ceres lighted two torches at the flames of Etna and went out into the world to seek for her lost darling. But the flames of wrath can make no one clear-sighted. The torches, which were lighted at Etna, did not assist Ceres in the discovery of that for which she was in search. It is Helios, whose clear eye beholds everything, and who,

compassionating the suffering of Ceres, tells her what he had seen on the flowery plain of Enna, and how Proserpine had been carried away by Pluto. He adds that it had been done with the consent of Zeus. Excited in the highest degree, Ceres smites the soil of Sicily with sterility, and threatens to abandon Olympus for ever. Alarmed at this, the father of the gods began to offer terms. Ceres can have her daughter restored—shall have her restored, provided only she have not partaken of any food in the subterranean kingdom. It seems to have been during this season of capitulation when, according to the myth, Ceres still entirely occupied by her solitary wandering, arrived at Eleusis, then called Elephsina. The Homeric hymn "to Demeter," in which this myth is preserved, relates how the goddess, weary and sad, attired in homely garments, sat down to rest, near the city, by the fountain of Callichorus, or the fountain of the beautiful dance. The daughters of Celeus, the King of Eleusis, coming to this fountain for water, fell into discourse with the poor, aged woman, in whom they recognized something out of the common way; and Ceres, whose maternal sorrow caused her to forget her native rank, as one of the divinities of Olympus, inquired from them whether their mother had a young child, the nurse of which she might become, and live in this capacity as a servant in their house. King Celeus's daughters took her home with them to their mother Metaneira, on whom the tall, disguised stranger produced the same impression as she had done on the royal young ladies, received her kindly, and consented to entrust her little son to her care, inviting her, at the same time, to rest, and desiring a servant-maid to prepare for her a refreshing beverage called *kykeon*—a drink composed of water and meal, flavoured with a kind of mint and other spicy herbs. It was then that

Iambé, the faithful old servant of Metaneira, succeeded by her questions and her good-humoured jokes, in alluring Ceres to smile for the first time since the loss of her daughter.

Ceres remained with Metaneira, and nursed her son. In the meantime the negotiations between the Rulers of Light and the Under-world came to an end. Pluto was obliged to consent that his abducted wife should again behold her mother and the light of the world. Before, however, he parted with her, he placed in her mouth the kernel of a pomegranate, the symbol of fruitfulness amongst the Greeks, by which he bound her to the subterranean world. But the decree of Zeus remained, that Proserpine should remain half the year with her husband under the earth, but the other half on the earth with her mother.

It was in Eleusis that mother and daughter again beheld each other; and when the reconciled Ceres returned to Olympus, she removed the curse from the soil of Sicily, entrusted to Metaneira's eldest son, Triptolemus, the precious gift of wheat, the ability to diffuse the knowledge of its use, and of the gentle laws of Ceres to foreign peoples. Ceres, who is also called Demeter and Deo, left Eleusis when she had appointed certain sacrifices and festivals which should then be dedicated to her, and by which mankind might assure themselves of her continual favour.

We now leave the realm of fable and pass over to that of history. The festivals of Eleusis are the oldest in Greece. They were already celebrated there before the light of history arises upon us. They seem to have come thither from Crete. The Eleusinian festivals were also celebrated in other places in Greece, and seem to have been of many grades and classes; but Eleusis was and continued to be their chief seat. When the terri-

tory of Eleusis was conquered by Athens the celebrity of Eleusis increased under the protection of that city. The mysteries which were celebrated there, were called the high mysteries—the highest on earth. They were considered as being able to prepare mankind for a holier and a happier life, as well as to afford light regarding the state after death. They were divided into two grades, the lesser and the greater mysteries. The lesser were celebrated in the spring, in the month of February—in the sowing season in Greece; the greater again in the autumn, when the harvest was reaped. From the lesser they could enter the greater by observing the purifications and other ceremonies which were required for this purpose. Women were admitted as well as men,* but foreigners and barbarians were, with few exceptions, excluded, whilst every criminal or any person stained with blood was rigidly interdicted. The festivals which were called *Thesmophoria*, or those of Legislation, because they were given in honour of the legislative goddess, lasted for ten, or according to others, nine days. Fasting, in memory of Ceres' time of fast, purifications, principally by means of bathing, together with processions, in which the fruits of the earth were borne as a symbolical expression of the transition from savage to orderly, civilized life, occupied several days. Plants, also, which were considered to be potent against the

* Some of the more closed circles of these orders, if I may so call them, are said to have consisted almost entirely of women and married citizenesses, because, in the earliest times they were almost exclusively women who tilled the earth, sowed and reaped the grain. Herodotus relates that during a season of war and popular emigration, the customs at the celebration of the Eleusinian festivals were forgotten. The Arcadian women, however, had preserved them in their memories, and by this means they were again adopted into the divine worship.—*Author's Note.*

temptations of love, such as the asphodel and vitex (Agnus castus), and many others, were carried in this symbolical pilgrim procession, and it was forbidden at this time to partake of the fruit of the pomegranate. One procession, during the night and with torches, represented the sorrowful search of Ceres for her lost daughter; another festal procession took place in the day around the plain where the corn was first sown, to the place where it was first thrashed, and where an altar was erected to Triptolemus, then to the fountain Callichorus, where Ceres seated herself to rest, and where the dances of the women were first performed in her honour, as well as to several other places consecrated to her memory and to that of her gold-crowned daughter. Then came the day of initiation, when the mystai, or such as were to be initiated, went, wreathed with myrtle, to the Temple, to become participants of its mysteries, and Epopteres, that is to say, beholders, at least they who were initiated into the greater mysteries. At the conclusion of the festival a number of amusing scenes took place, a kind of carnival, in which was celebrated the remembrance of Iambé's good-humoured joke, and of the smile which was thence called forth on the countenance of Ceres after her long season of sorrow.

But the mysteries? I hear you ask, what do you know about them? Yes, that is the problem, and almost an unsolveable one.

A hymn of Pindar's says:—

"Blessed is he who goes down into the depth of the earth after he has beheld the Eleusinian mysteries! He knows the object of life, he knows the law of Jupiter!"

But neither this object nor this law is declared by Pindar.

"Three-fold happy are the dead," exclaims Sophocles,

"who descend into the realm of the Under-world after they have beheld these sacred mysteries, for them alone can the abode on earth be a life, to all others it is a misfortune."

In his "Fragments," Sophocles likewise says, "Man has in the mysteries a foretaste, as it were, of the felicity of the gods."

"Aristotle," so says the learned Synesius, "considers that the initiated do not learn anything decided, but that they receive certain impressions, which produce certain conditions of the soul."

Cicero says, in his treatise on the nature of the gods, that the Eleusinian mysteries gave knowledge of the being of nature, but not of theology."

It is also known that Æschylus was accused before the Areopagus in Athens, for having, in one representation of the Eumenides, revealed a scene from the Eleusinian mysteries.

Reliable antiquarians consider themselves sure as to the following facts.

The fable of the seeking for and the finding again of her daughter by Ceres, is principally represented in the mysteries of the holy drama.

The same idea is also symbolically expressed by a representation of the mysterious dying of the seed-corn in the earth, before it rises again to a new life.

Scenes of corresponding character are deduced from the myth of the Phrygian Dionysius, who was also called Iacchus, and Dionysius Zagreus, or the torn-in-pieces. This myth, which is supposed to have been introduced at Eleusis by the Orphic priests, says that Dionysius, the son of Zeus, by Proserpine, was torn in pieces by the Titans. Athena, however, saved his reeking heart, and took it to Zeus, who swallowed it, and afterwards gave birth to a new Dionysius. This scene,

which is also believed to have been exhibited in the sacred drama of Eleusis, forms, together with the refinding of her daughter by Ceres, as well as with the dying of the wheat corn, and its springing up again, a group of symbolical scenes, which seem to form the kernel, as it were, of the Eleusinian mysteries. To us they appear, at the same time, as prophetic dreams, dark, but not without significance as to the fact, which death concealed, but which would one day stand forth on the earth in the power of an historical revelation. There is, too, one distinct feature worthy of deep regard in this Ceres-myth, that it is the mother's grief for her lost daughter which compels the gods, and which brings Proserpine out of the realm of shadows.

Dionysius, whose worship was united at Eleusis with that of Ceres and Proserpine, is represented by the best Greek statues as a noble youth, with an expression of melancholy and yearning in his beautiful countenance. The noble head of Ceres has also a similar expression. It might be said of them that they are still lingering in the world of shadows, and pining for the light.

Antiquarians also consider it certain that, in the representation of the mysteries, scenical influence of light and darkness was made use of to enhance the effect produced, and that, finally, statues of the gods made their appearance from shadowy concealments before the gaze of the initiated, illumined, as some believe, through an opening in the roof, in an astonishing and dazzling manner.

I have now brought forward all that I have to say from the best ancient and modern sources of knowledge, regarding the Eleusinian mysteries, and it is, as I have already observed, but very little. That little compared with the great reputation of the mysteries, and the strict oaths of secrecy by which both the priests and the

initiated of Eleusis were bound, have led to the conclusion that a little of the charlatanism of free-masonry had something to do here, and that the mysteries did not contain any knowledge essentially bearing upon the mystery of life and death, which was not to be met with in the popular faith, either in a darker or lighter form, although, by means of theatrical representations and effects, it might here be given with an increased emphasis. It assuredly appears to me that, if Sophocles had really been seriously convinced of the truth of his exclamation regarding the blessedness of the mortals "who had beheld the mysteries of Eleusis," he then would not have allowed his noble, heroic Antigone to die without a ray of light, or hope of a life and a reward beyond death. And amongst all the heroes and heroines of the Greek drama, I know none who say anything more to us on the subject.

But a still more decided evidence than the silence of these, makes me believe that those sagas regarding the dwellings of the blessed after death, and the abode of the accursed, of the Elysian fields and of Tartarns, and many other sagas and scenes which we are accustomed from our childhood to regard as part of the religious doctrine of the Greeks, did *not* belong to the popular faith of Greece, neither were represented in the Eleusinian mysteries, at the time when these latter were in their highest ascendancy.

I have already mentioned that Socrates did not trouble himself to be initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries. He considered himself, probably, to be acquainted with higher, more beautiful doctrines than those which these mysteries represented, and this is also apparent in a dialogue, written by one of his disciples, Æschines, about 406 years before Christ, of which I give the following sketch.

Axiochus, the priest of Eleusis, feeling himself to be at the point of death, is greatly distressed in his mind in consequence. His son, the young Clinias, goes to Socrates, whom he meets at Ilyssus, near the fountain of Callirrhoe, and beseeches him with tears to come and console his father. Socrates accompanies the good son, and coming to Axiochus, upbraids him for the dejection with which he meets death, which, nevertheless, must be regarded as a blessing, since it liberates the immortal soul from the body, its prison, which, from its sufferings, is a torment to our being. Axiochus replies to this consolation by the question, why the wise Socrates himself still continues in this life when he regards it as a blessing to leave it? Socrates acknowledges that he *almost* longs for death when he reflects upon the condition and suffering of this life, which he illustrates with examples drawn from daily life over the whole earth, and especially from the history of Athens and the life of its citizens. It is singular enough to hear this testimony given regarding the life of a people, and during a period which we, above two thousand years afterwards, often hear extolled as classical, that is to say, exemplary.

"Do not one and all complain," says Socrates, whatever handicraft or art they may practise? And are not all dissatisfied with their circumstances? Let us look nearer at the labouring class and the artisans. They labour day and night, and can scarcely acquire the necessaries of life—they bewail themselves, and occupy the night watches with lamentations and tears. Shall we now look amongst the sea-faring people? They float in so many dangers that, as Bias expresses himself, they belong neither to the living nor the dead. Because the human being who has obtained the solid ground for his habitation, has, in his case, thrown himself, like an

amphibious creature, into the sea, and there committed himself wholly to the power of fate. But, nevertheless, agriculture is pleasant. It may be so. But is it not also full of troubles? People always find in it occasion also for vexation—the farmer complains now of drought, now of too much wet, now of fire, now of blight in his crops, now that the season is too hot, and now that it is too cold. And those highly honoured statesmen, how many sufferings have they not in their train! The joys which they diffuse burn like a boil, and increase to fever the action of the pulse, whilst the uneasiness which they bring with them is more painful and more intolerable than a thousand deaths; for he who wishes to live to please the people ought indeed to be happy! Yet if he be now received with the clapping of hands, like the people's plaything, he will again be also cast out, hissed, punished, murdered, miserably entreated. Tell me, Axiochus, thou statesman, where died Miltiades, where Themistocles, where Ephialtes? And where —only just lately—the ten generals?" *

Axiochus concedes to all that Socrates has brought forward, and agrees especially with him in speaking lightly of the people and of popular favour. But all this does not make him more satisfied with death.

Socrates now attempts to convince him that death need not be of any concern to him—

"Because either he lives, and then has indeed nothing to do with death, or he is dead and insensible, and in that case knows nothing about it."

* The leaders of the Greek fleet at the battle in the Arginusæ Islands, 406 years before Christ. They were accused of having, after the sea-fight, neglected to care for the dead and wounded, and were on that account condemned to death by the Areopagus. Amongst these captains was a son of Pericles.—*Author's Note.*

Axiochus declares such assertions to be sophistical talk and special pleading, and that they may sound very well, but that they have no truth in them, nor can they produce conviction. He grieves over the loss of the good things of this life, and he must still continue to do so, even if Socrates persists in bringing forward still stronger arguments of this kind.

"The sufferer cannot tolerate such subtleties of reasoning. He can be only satisfied with that which finds its way into the soul."

On this Socrates touches other strings, and now begins to speak of the immortality of the soul, and of the proofs thereof. He finds them first in contemplating the wondrous powers in the human soul which render it potent enough to govern nature, to subject the animal world, to build cities, to found states, to calculate the course of the stars, and to note down in writing their observations to all time.

"Of a truth," says he, "the mere mortal man could not have raised himself to such great works had not a Divine Spirit really dwelt in the soul. And this power and all the joys which it confers must always remain the portion of the man who seeks for and who loves the truth. Death, which liberates the soul from the bond of the body, can only increase this joy.

"And wilt thou," continued Socrates, "hear something further on this subject, which was related to me by one of the magi, Gobryas by name? He said that during the campaign of Xerxes his grandfather Gobryas was sent to Delos, to keep guard in the island where the two divine children, Apollo and Diana, were born, and here he learned from some bronze plates which had been carried thither by Opis and Hecaergus from the Hyperboreans, that after the soul's release from the

body it goes to an unknown place under the earth, where Pluto has his royal realm, which is no whit smaller than that of Jupiter. The entrance to Pluto's kingdom is secured by iron locks and bolts. When these are withdrawn you arrive at the river of Acheron, and then at Cocytus. You must pass this, and then arrive at the field of truth, at Minos and Rhadamanthus.

"There sit the judges, who inquire from every one who comes, about the life he led and the occupation in which he was engaged whilst he dwelt in the body. To tell lies is here impossible. All such as during their lifetime allowed themselves to be guided by a good genius come into the fields of the Blessed. Here the seasons bring forth a great abundance of fruits of every kind—clear streams of water run murmuring along, and the fields are adorned with all the splendour of the flowers of spring. There are here places of conversation for the wise, theatres for the poets, the dance and the pleasures of music; well-ordered repasts are there also, which of themselves cover the tables—unchanging innocent joy, a life of blessedness. For here there are no extremes either of heat or cold, but a delightful atmosphere, warmed by the mild rays of the sun. Here the initiated have the chief places, and perform the holy customary offices of the divine worship.

"Why then shouldst not thou, Axiochus, become partaker above all of this honour, when thou art hereditary priest of the goddesses Ceres and Proserpine? It is, moreover, asserted that Hercules and Bacchus, when they descended into the Under-world, had been beforehand initiated at Eleusis, and that it was in the sanctuary of Ceres that their courage was excited to dare the journey thither.

All they, however, who, during their past life have

been in the practice of evil actions, are chased by the furies through Tartarus to Erebus and Chaos. There are the regions of the wicked, the endless water-fetching of the Danaïdes, the thirst of Tantalus, the entrails of Tityus, and the rock of Sisyphus always falling fresh—there the end of the old sorrow is ever the beginning of the new.

"This is what I heard from Gobryas; but thou, thyself, Axiochus, mayest form thine own judgment upon it, because my own opinion on the subject wavers. One thing alone I know with certainty, that every soul is immortal, and that he who leaves this world of the body is also released from its suffering. Thus must thou, Axiochus, of necessity, become happy, whether it be above or below the earth, because thou hast led a pious life."

Axiochus on this declares himself to be so convinced by Socrates that he now, so far from fearing death, longs for it, and despises this life, certain that he leaves it for a better habitation.

It is evident from this that Axiochus, although a priest of Ceres, and initiated into the highest Eleusinian mysteries, had yet learned nothing from them which afforded him light and consolation in death, and that Socrates considered the doctrines by which he finally reconciles the priest of Ceres to his fate, to be derived from the East and from the Hyperboreans. And when the great dramatists and poets of Greece cannot tell us anything about a life after death, which transcends the representation of a dark, gloomy world of shadows, we may be justified in taking it for granted that the mysteries of Eleusis did not conceal any higher light, any more distinct, more beautiful teaching regarding "the object of life and the law of Jupiter." What progress the Hellenic consciousness of the soul's condition in the Under-world

might have been made from the time when Homer let the shade of Achilles lament—

> 'Rather I choose laboriously to bear
> A weight of woes, and breathe the vital air,
> A slave to some poor hind that toils for bread,
> Than reign the sceptred monarch of the dead."*

Thus it is evident that even in the age of Pericles it had not come out of Hades, the realm of the shades.

There is one feature, however, in the celebration of these mysteries which seems to me, in more than one sense, beautifully significant. They who were initiated in the larger mysteries, which were celebrated in the autumn, brought back with them a measure of wheat. This also was given as a prize of victory in certain games of combat which had taken place. When we take this in connection with the ceremony in the mysteries, which represented the dying of the seed in the earth in order that it might arise thence bearing manifold increase, together with the myth of Ceres and Proserpine, it becomes evident to me that they who were initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries carried away thence a living seed of a noble doctrine of immortality, although it as yet lay hidden in its husk. Thoughtful, pious souls might learn *something* from the measure of wheat which they carried away from Eleusis, something for hope and anticipation to rest upon. They might think "human beings are likewise grains of corn, they die, are forgotten in the earth, in order to live again, like the grain of corn." † Alas, small enough was this

* Pope's Odyssey, Book xi.

† And surely with reference to this view of the subject, the words of the Apostle Paul gain still greater significance: "Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die," etc. —*Translator's Note.*

measure of hope and consolation, but still it was something for the questioning, loving soul. The greater number of those who went to Eleusis could not have needed more. The Greeks lived energetically in the realities of the world around them, and their glance beyond this life was less keen than that of more earnest and deeply-thinking people. Souls, such as those of Socrates and Plato, might yet not be satisfied with the measure of wheat and the light which was obtained from Eleusis. That which lay concealed in these, in the realm of shadows, they developed in the pure atmosphere of thought. Plato pronounced, as the result of the ancient world's consciousness of life, the want of certainty regarding the personal resurrection, the continuation of life after death, and of rewards and punishments agreeable to the highest laws of the conscience. Thus the Greeks allied themselves, by means of their mysteries and their noblest philosopher, to the great nation anterior to Christ, who in doctrines and prophecies sought comfort in life and hope in death, whilst they demanded a revelation which "should remove the shroud in which all nations were enfolded." Thus was Greece prepared to receive in due time the seed of a higher doctrine of immortality. When the eternal grain of wheat, not the earthly seed, was sown in the earth to spring up again and bear fruit of eternal life for all the nations of the earth, then was Greece ready also for its reception.

At noon we were obliged to beat a retreat from the burning sun on the marble floor of the Eleusinian Temple into the shade of our large garret-like apartment. Here we dined and conversed gaily, and the young Frenchmen emulated each other in starting up from the table and rushing to the door at the slightest sign that the ladies wished for anything; on which they,

the gentlemen, generally caramboled in the doorway, and laughing, turned round to ask themselves and the others what it really was which was wanted, and which was often found to be nothing at all. In the meantime, everybody was very merry.

In the afternoon the two young sisters Philemon went out, and soon after returned dressed in the Eleusinian costume, a long white jacket embroidered with black cord, a white linen garment fastened at the neck, and on the head a kind of bandeau, over which falls on the shoulders and down the back a long white gauze veil. This costume—like that of all the Eleusinian women—is simple, but very poetical. The handsome young sisters might in it have represented priestesses of Ceres.

Nearly the whole population of Eleusis is Albanian, and speaks the Albanian tongue—a language altogether different from Greek, and which is asserted by many to be a descendant of the most ancient Pelasgian tongue. It is still the popular language of Albania (Epirus), the country in which the Pelasgian Zeus was worshipped.

On the 17th of June, the examination commenced in the large girls' school of Athens, the Arsakion (also Hetairia). The Queen is the patroness and promoter of this institution, which affords to six hundred young Greek girls the accomplishments and graces of European ladies. The large and handsome building used for this educational establishment is the gift of a Greek, named Arsakion, who resides abroad. The school is managed by a committee, and under that by a lady-superintendent from French Switzerland. For here, also, are the Swiss teachers considered to be the best and the most reliable as to character. Besides which, the Greeks have great tolerance for Protestants, but not for Catholics, of whose proselyting spirit they are afraid.

The large hall of the Arsakion presented on this day a very beautiful aspect. The queen, surrounded by the dignitaries of the Church and State, occupied the lower end of the hall, whilst in the opposite end you saw the six hundred young girls, all dressed in white, and with blue rosettes in their dark hair, sitting upon an elevated amphitheatre. It presented the most beautiful appearance. These young girls who, seen singly, appeared to me plain rather than handsome, looked, so dressed and so grouped, in the glad morning sunshine, like an ideally beautiful crowd of human rosebuds. During the examination they came down from their elevation by fours, went forward to the Queen, curtseyed, and then turned to the examiners, who interrogated them in Greek and in French, and on various other subjects—sufficiently near the Queen, that she and they who surrounded her might hear them. I admired the young girls' beautiful curtseys, and their calm, excellent bearing during the whole of this scene, which appears to me a very trying and painful ceremony for young girls. Then came also the musical performance, in which a young Swiss lady, Fräulein Meijer, appeared as a charming and happy teacher. Everything went on well, and did not last too long. One leading member of the direction, Kyrios Melas, whose earnest countenance, full of strong character and expression, shows him to be a fatherly and excellent director of the institution, opened and closed the examination by a speech. Never had the Greek language appeared to me so manly and beautiful, and never have I more regretted my ability to understand it so little, or rather not at all.

To this succeeded the presentation of various teachers, male and female, to the Queen, who were received, especially the young Swiss lady, by the exalted patroness with the most beautiful cordiality. A cheerful murmur

arose of conversation and greetings between children and their parents and relatives; no one seemed willing to leave the halls, filled, as they were, with light and youth, into which the sun and the summer-wind of Greece freely entered, as if to be present at the vernal festival of the daughters of Hellas. For the Arsakion is the first large educational institution, according to the European model, founded by Greeks for the young girls of the country. The school of Mr. and Mrs. Hill has, in the meantime, been the precursor, and has still considerably the advantage of the Arsakion, in the healthy appearance of the children and in their beautiful and agreeable manners. It is for the children not only a school, but also a paternal home.

Another beautiful institution, in which Greece exhibits herself progressive in the path of European civilization, is the Amalion, a home for the bringing up of fatherless and motherless girls, commenced by Greek men and women, but perfected and carried on in its present beautiful manner through the sympathy and energy of the Queen. The institution was, in the first instance, devoted to the daughters of the men who fell in the War of Independence, and was afterwards extended to the indigent daughters of their kindred, and principally to fatherless and motherless children. These are educated as skilful servants, and for good wives and mothers of the lower classes; nor is instruction sparingly dealt to them. The work of the children, which was exhibited at the school examination, might be favourably compared with that of the Arsakion. The Queen appeared here surrounded by the ladies and gentlemen who had taken an active part in the founding of the institution. Amongst the former I observed the noble, handsome Princess Ypsilanti; amongst the latter, her brother-in-law, Kyrios Trikoupis, whose name I had heard as being

particularly active in the literary and benevolent development of Greece. He appeared on this occasion as a speaker. It is evident to me that the education of the young girls of Athens is, as yet, entirely outward, and the outwardness of their religious instruction may, in no small degree, have something to do with this; nevertheless, it is clear, also, that it cannot remain stationary as it is, for the Greeks, both men and women, are becoming more and more alive to the necessity of a more fundamental culture for the female sex.

During the winter, and especially during the spring, I have made the acquaintance of some ladies belonging to the higher society of Athens, and have amongst the young become aware of a just dissatisfaction with the life and lot of the young female Greek at the present time, and with many of the longings after a nobler and freer life, which is the best pledge that it may be looked forward to in the future. I have become acquainted with beautifully gifted, high-minded, young Greek girls; one of whom has become dear to me almost as a youthful sister. It is not the noble grace of her manners, it is not her remarkable musical talent: not the pleasure I have derived from her young, fresh affection, which has made Lily C—— so dear to me. It is her seeking soul, her soul which cannot be satisfied with anything petty or imperfect. Some time, Lily, when I am far separated from thee, I may, perhaps, remind thee of that which thou saidst to me beneath the star-illumined heaven of Greece. "I will become good, very good! I should not dread a great misfortune, for instance the loss of my sight, if it would only give me inner light and goodness." She who so spoke was a young girl of princely birth, rich in everything which can flatter the worldly sense.

One day I was at dinner with one of the most influential, wealthy, and benevolent ladies of Athens—

one whose personal character, simple and charming manners, had attracted me to her. Everything in her home, the handsome rooms, the furniture, the aula filled with flowers, the fresh, pure air which entered by the windows of the openly situated mansion, everything seemed to testify of affluence and pleasure. Nevertheless, happiness did not dwell there. There was a young girl in the house, silent, reserved, peculiar, people said. I knew it, and saw it. In the evening we drove out to the olive-wood. The stars came forth in the twilight heavens before we reached home. We had, I know not how, come to speak about the martyrs. I declared myself willing to suffer a martyr's death, only not by burning or boiling alive. I confessed my want of courage for cruel and prolonged tortures. On that, some one spoke, who had hitherto sat wholly silent, and said,

"We know not what we can bear, until we have been tried. The martyrs were sustained most certainly by a strength which was not their own, and with which they became first acquainted in the moment of suffering."

It was the silent, reserved young girl who uttered the great, strong thought. I looked at her with astonishment. The twilight prevented me from seeing the expression of her countenance, but I seemed to see a beaming star shine forth from a cloudy veil.

In another home I have seen lovely young daughters longing after a sphere of *good activity*, after an innocent liberty, which is denied to them by the manners and customs of Greece. They were not able to go out in freedom to enjoy the beauties of nature; they could not undertake anything by which to alleviate the wants of their fellow-creatures; they were obliged to sit inactive at home, or to employ themselves merely in trifles, and experience weariness of life, until they were married away, through the intervention of their relatives. For here as

yet prevails the Oriental system, which the influence of the West has not been able to break through. The women of the labouring classes are happier than these foster-children of fortune, for they, at least, enjoy the privilege and the reward of labour.

I have also made some interesting acquaintance amongst the men of Greece. One of them is a young student of theology, with the beautiful name of Lycurgos. He has studied several years in the German universities, and now lectures at the University of Athens, and endeavours to awaken the slumbering seed of life of the Greek Church by the theology of the Evangelical Church; and the applause which his lectures receive from the youthful students seems both to him and to us the sign of a good time coming. He is a cheerful, frank, communicative young man, of an Herculean build, and comes every now and then I find to talk with my deep-thoughted host and friend, who encourages him to think about preaching.

My chief conversational enjoyment, however, occurs occasionally in the evening in company with our German friends—Mr. von Wendtland, the friend of the King and of the Greeks; the clever astronomer, J. Schmidt, who takes into his great inner observatory the phenomena both of earth and heaven, and at the same time does not exclude those spiritual phenomena which I gladly place within his telescope; the gay and good young diplomatist, Baron Maltzen, with whom we talk politics, and are very merry, and many others besides. At the observatory, on the hill of the Museum, I have been able to observe a new comet, which made its appearance quite unexpectedly in the Greek heaven, and resembled a weeping veiled nun. There I have also made a little nearer acquaintance with the moon, to the study of which Mr. Schmidt devotes particular attention, as well as with some

beautiful double stars; have cast some glances abroad into the universe and its wealth, which is good for the extension of the inner gaze, and for preventing it from attaching itself to the earth. Under the guidance also of Mr. von Hildreich and his assistant, the Italian, Mr. Guicciardi, I have become acquainted with a portion of the animal and vegetable world of Greece in the Zoological Museum and Botanic Garden of Athens. All this has been both interesting and agreeable to me, during a time when the extreme heat, a great amount of intellectual labour, and consequent violent headache, produced much suffering both of soul and body.

In the meantime I finished on the 16th of June, and sent off to Stockholm, a clean copy of my work on Switzerland and Italy for the press, since which I have breathed more freely. This work I have literally accomplished in the sweat of my brow. I am not, however, the only one who finds the heat of June this year almost insufferable. The Germans who have resided in Athens twelve years or more, complain that they never before felt it anything like this—that they can neither think nor write; and the Greeks themselves pant and puff, and find it almost too much. Yet I see the stone-cutters in the streets and square the whole day through, in the extreme heat, labouring without any defence from the sun, in rough-hewing the dazzling white marble.

A subject of sorrowful interest has during the whole spring excited Athens, namely, the massacres of the Christians in Syria. The feud between the Druses and the Maronites, which had already begun last year when I was at Beyrout, has this spring, strengthened by the rancour of the Turks against the Christians, proceeded to the most violent outbreak, and given rise to actions

before which humanity shudders. Little Greece has come forward nobly in this bloody tragedy. Its free flag has been amongst the foremost which has shown itself on the coasts of Syria in the defence of the Christians, and a considerable amount of money has been raised in Athens for their aid. I have heard with pleasure that the young sisters Philemon and many other Greek ladies have been active in its collection, as well as in the succour of the unfortunate Maronites who fled hither, and whom you now see daily on the promenades around the royal palace. That their Majesties are amongst the principal helpers of these unfortunate people, is a matter of course. The fervour of the Athenians to settle down in Constantinople has, in the meantime, considerably abated.

I have to thank the royal pair for an especial favour, which, during the oppressive heat of these June days, has opened a refreshing prospect for my summer. The King has a small, swiftly-sailing yacht, in which, during the first years of his residence in Greece, he made pleasure trips to the islands, and which he has ever since kept in condition, and placed at the disposal of certain foreigners, or, also, Athenians, during the summer months. The commander and crew of the "Leon" are in the pay of the King, and the traveller thus voyages at free cost, and can proceed wherever he pleases within the Greek territory—a noble, royal hospitality, which I conceive to be of inestimable value, now that it has been conferred upon me, and which will enable me to visit freely, and without anxiety, the islands and coasts of the Ægean Sea.

It was to express my thanks for this royal kindness, and at the same time to take leave of the Queen for the summer, that I, yesterday, on the 28th inst., requested an audience of her. The Queen was particularly ami-

able and communicative, and as the conversation turned on the subject of the examination at the Arsakion, the education of women, and their position in life, the Queen spoke very warmly in reprobation of the emancipation of women, as she understood it, and zealously maintained that the woman ought to hold a subordinate place with reference to the man, especially when she was married.

"A wife may, indeed, express her opinion, but must afterwards act according to that of her husband. It may seem strange to you," continued the Queen, "that *I* should so express myself, at the same time that I sometimes direct the government here. But I only do it because it is the wish of the King."

The Queen went on to establish her argument by examples from the Bible and Revelation. Nor did I in any way weaken it by the assertion of my opinion that "man and woman are altogether equal before God, alike called to be His servants, and alike essential to His service, each one according to his own nature and his own gifts."

The Queen was willing to allow my independent views to be in some respects valid, as regarded unmarried women, but she was very rigid with respect to those who were married, and would not, under any consideration or circumstances, allow that a wife might separate from her husband, or place her will in opposition to his. Whilst we were conversing on this subject, in the most earnest manner, the King came to the door, and softly called "Amalie!"

"Otho, Otho!" called the lively Queen in return, "Otho, come in!"

The King entered, greeted me kindly, and expressed his satisfaction with my intention of becoming acquainted with the islands of Greece. I was glad to be

able to thank him for the pleasure which his kindness had prepared for me. He made a few inquiries about the plans for my journey, advised me to stay at Naxos, the beauty of which island he spoke of in high terms, and to extend my trip to Santorin. Then wishing me a happy voyage and a safe return, he said that business required his presence, and went out. The Queen soon followed him, evidently anxious not to keep him waiting for her.

She left our discussion unconcluded—and so it remained—but as she gave me a smiling parting glance, and with a movement full of feminine grace disappeared through the door into the King's apartment, I could not but think—"It is no difficult art for a woman who loves her husband to take a secondary place, when she, in fact, possesses the first place in his heart and in his council. But if the Queen were, for example, the Princess M——!"

In the evening I stood with this lady on her balcony. The full moon poured through the twilight her silvery splendour on her head, a spray of double white jasmine in her dark brown hair diffused around its strong perfume, whilst, with a melancholy expression she glanced forth into the free, dark space. She was romantically beautiful at this moment. That she was not happy was evident, and I knew it. But within her soul there was nothing dark or selfish; that, too, was evident, and that also I knew. Ought indeed a richly-gifted woman to suffer bondage, the annihilation of her existence, for a husband who was incapable of appreciating her sacrifices for his sake, for a man, besides, whom she, according to Greek custom, married whilst yet a dependent girl, without either her taste or her heart having had a voice in the matter? All the world's queens, and all the world's female judges, could not convince me that such

a thing was right. I shall never forget her glance, this last evening on which I saw her in Greece, that sorrowful glance, directed into distance, which told me that she sought for herself and for her buried life a judge—but not of the earth.

I remember also with pleasure another occasion when I saw in her, not the silent, suffering woman, but rather the courageous Amazon. We had spent the evening at the Bay of Eleusis, and whilst we regaled ourselves with coffee and cakes, which Mrs. Agnes set out upon the shore, our conversation turned upon the ancient theologians, with reference to Christianity. The Princess, in heart and soul a Greek, advocated the humanizing of the divinities, as we find it in the ancient Greek mythology. I spoke in favour of the Hindoo Buddhist attempt to raise man up to the divine life. Mr. Hansen controverted both doctrines, the former because it merged the divine in the human; the latter because the human was lost in a divine nothingness, and adduced on the contrary the independent, normal truth in the Jewish conception of Deity—a God and Governor, who, Himself a personal existence, educates mankind to independent and perfected individuals. Whilst we were thus conversing, the sun set in quiet splendour behind the mountain of Eleusis, the shadows deepened on the shore below, and amidst these, just in the place where had stood the Temple of the Mysteries, gleamed a red fire, with a strange, gloomy radiance. The planets Venus and Jupiter arose, beaming brightly from the paling glory with which the sun at his setting had overarched sky and sea, Eleusis and Salamis. Its splendour was still gleaming in the west, when the full moon poured her silvery light over the landscape, causing the waves to shine as they softly broke upon the shore; afar out at sea the magnificent planets were mirrored on the

calm surface of the deep. I contemplated this spectacle of unspeakable beauty and peace, whilst I listened, rather than took part in the conversation of the others. The light above and below, the memory of antiquity, the life of the present, the quiet talk of God's continued revelation on earth, the murmur of the waves upon the shore, the beauty and calmness of the evening and of the scene, all this made my heart full, but my lips silent. Hour after hour passed on thus. It was late when we reached home.

Arrived at home, newspapers and supper awaited us. A severe criticism written by the learned German, Fallmereijer, on one of the Countess Dora d'Istria's works, and upon the Greek sympathies, was contained in one of the German papers. The Princess talked about it, and of this anti-Greek critic's renewed attack on her authorship, but spoke of it as of a something by which she neither felt herself attacked nor crushed, but, on the contrary, rather encouraged.

"It is a satisfaction to me," I said, "to see that this criticism neither wounds nor depresses you."

"Depresses me!" replied the Princess, with the cheerful air of one ready for combat; "the very contrary! It creates in me a desire to give as good, and still more, in return, and yet more strongly than hitherto to express my convictions, and I shall do so too!"

"Where have you derived your liberal turn of mind, Princess?" I inquired.

"From my own race," she replied. "The family of Ghika have, from father and son, loved freedom and the people, and have considered the well-being of the people to consist in their true comprehension of freedom. They were first and foremost of the landed proprietors of Moldavia who emancipated their serfs, and they stand at

the head of the movement for freedom in that country. I am a Ghika by birth and by disposition!"

She is a noble and gifted woman, in whom a man's head and a woman's heart are united with singular harmony. Her ideals of individual and social life are not altogether the same as mine, are not sufficient for me, but she is still young, and with her bias of mind and her gifts I know no height on the path of human development to which she may not attain.

Long life and health to her, both of soul and body!

July 1st.—I have returned from the final examination at the Arsakion. The heat is violent and oppressive beyond all description. People are covered with perspiration, and groan, and puff, and blow, and think of nothing but how within doors they can keep themselves together day and night; and through the whole past month it has been the same. Already by the middle of June was the harvest reaped, and the fields burnt up. At Phalerus one might still enjoy a refreshing bath, and breathe new life in the sea breeze, but of the carpet of flowers there was an end. If it were not for the dark green olive woods, and the sap-green vinelands, you would not any longer see a green blade in the valley of Athens. It is true that the Queen's park is yet gloriously verdant and blooming, but the atmosphere there is oppressive, and the song of the birds is over. All who are able to do it, hasten to leave Athens, go to Cephissia, Patissia, the Piræus, or up to the mountains, that they may be able to breathe. Yesterday Mr. Hansen set off to Germany to see his aged mother, happy in being able to do so, and happy in the kindness which the Queen showed towards him on this occasion. And in the morning—I can scarcely believe it—in the morning, if I live, I shall proceed on board

the "Leon" to the islands of Greece. I shall be accompanied by my kind hostess and friend, Mrs. Hansen, and a young German archæologist, now travelling in Greece, whom I have invited to share our trip, partly for the sake of the gifted young man himself, partly for my own sake; because I need indeed a guide in my excursions amongst the great ruins of antiquity. The good, philanthrophic Dr. Rœser, beloved alike by Greeks and Germans, King Otho's physician, has furnished us with letters to the notabilities of the various islands, and with these, my friends and my travelling-genius, which I perceive clearly enough is with me on my journey in the old world, even as he was in the new, I shall visit Ægina, Naxos, Delos, Paros, Siphnos, Ios, Santorin, or Thera, and as many islands, in short, as I can manage to see. I shall then select one of them as my place of residence during the summer, that is, if I live through it, and do not melt away before it be past.

TENTH STATION.

Trip to the Islands—Ægina—Morning at Sunium—Sail to Syra—The Lovely Polyxene—European Life at Syra—A Day on Delos—Delos and Rhenea—Three Days in Naxos—Acquaintance and Hospitality—Station at Ios—Homer's Grave—Santorin.

NEITHER pen nor pencil can describe the feelings which take possession both of soul and body when, worn out with a residence in the hot, dry, dusty Athens, you find yourself upon the sea, breathing its pure air, and cooled by its breezes, sailing along on its glittering waves through a succession of brilliant days and nights. To describe it is impossible, therefore I shall not make the attempt.

We left Athens, my friends and I, in the evening of the 3rd of July. For the first time for many weeks there was a shower of rain, just as we seated ourselves in the carriage. But a wind soon carried away the rain and the cloud whence it had come, the setting sun cast a beaming glance upon the Athenian mountains, and our drive to the Piræus was little less dusty than usual.

On board the pretty little cutter, the Leon, which, through the royal favour, was now to be *mine* for forty

days, we were greeted by German friends from Athens, who had come hither to give us a friendly farewell and their good wishes for our voyage. I afterwards sat long on deck conversing with the young archæologist, Michælis, my travelling companion, but gazed still more upon the bright lights along the shore, and the light-house reflected in the transparent ocean-mirror below, and on the bright firmament above, inhaling the while the pure night air. All this seemed to me so delicious and so new.

Immediately after midnight we put to sea. The passage seemed to me uneasy; early in the morning, however, we lay in a little bay outside Ægina, and the sea shone around calmly and gaily. Mr. Michælis and I went on shore and wandered by tolerably difficult paths, or rather no paths at all, for about an hour, up to the ruins of the island's celebrated Temple of Athena. It is situated upon the highest ridge, six hundred feet above the sea, so that it could be seen from every direction. Of the thirty-six or thirty-eight columns of the temple, twenty-two are still remaining, with a great portion of the architrave. The columns are of the Doric order, not so lofty and massive as those of the Parthenon, but of more beautiful proportions than those of the Temple of Corinth. The sculptures which decorate the architrave have been taken to the Glyptothek of Munich. They are said to represent some of the achievements of Hercules, the fight of the Greeks and the Trojans for the body of Achilles, and many other half mythical, half historical occurrences which are continually repeated in the ornamentation of the Greek temples, and which, exhibiting their heroic disposition, yet seem to me also to exhibit a certain poverty of mind.

An old Palicar who had fought in the War of Independence now guarded this decayed but still noble

temple of Minerva, and had built for himself in the midst of these ruins a hut of leaves as a shelter from the heat of the sun. He lived here as the pensioner of the Government, and had a drachma per day. The old man was cozy and loquacious. The view from the hill is of the most beautiful description. You see Athens, several of the islands, the coast of the Peloponnesus and the sea to a vast extent around. The scantily-planted and inhabited champaign lay at our feet. On the lofty rock of the Panhellion, the noble, pyramidal form of which has so often delighted me when seen from the gardens of Athens, shines a little white chapel of Elias, built on the site of the temple of the Hellenic Zeus, like a cottage on the ruins of a palace. But Elias is a spiritual advance from Zeus. Neither the city of Ægina, nor the pillars which still remain of an ancient temple of Venus, could be seen from this point. • Capodistria established a school in the city, also an orphan house, the first after the War of Independence, but this house is now uninhabited. Ægina is now evidently merely a shadow of what it was at the time when the island emulated Athens in warlike power and plastic art. It then possessed above fifty thousand inhabitants, now it is said to have scarcely five thousand.

Whilst Michælis bathed on the shore, I took a bathe also in the glorious morning air on the temple hill, sitting upon or wandering amongst its marble fragments, and enjoying the extensive view. On the island itself life seemed to be dead. Vast fields capable of cultivation lay untilled.

After I had thanked the old Palicar in a substantial manner, we returned to the cutter for breakfast; for as the young archæologist very justly remarked, "a man does not possess his full humanity until he has had his morning coffee." We then bore away with a favour-

able wind over the shining, dancing waves. An enchanting sail!

The lofty mountain Ocha, in Eubœa, on which Jupiter and Juno are said to have celebrated their marriage, crowned our horizon on the left, but its summit was concealed the whole day by soft summer clouds. We steered our course between the islands Zea (also Ceos) and Thermia. Zea, the birth-place of the poet Simonides, looks frightfully prosaic and desolate, but it is said to have within its rocky walls some beautifully fertile valleys, with olive groves and monuments of antique grandeur, amongst which are mentioned a colossal lion of stone. The poet Simonides is celebrated for many good, patriotic epigraphs. That upon the Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ is by him. I suspect, nevertheless, that there was in him a strong substratum of unpoetical materialism, and I do so from his well-known remark, so often repeated by later authors, "Money makes the man."

Thermia is known for it warm, salubrious baths, which are annually visited and commended by great numbers of sufferers from gout and other outward diseases, and it merely requires better accommodations and more comfort to attract strangers thither. The last rays of the evening sun lit the shining white houses of the little city, situated on a lofty plateau, and sheltered from the north wind. A pretty and peaceful picture. The population of the island is celebrated for being hospitable and industrious. A calm kept us stationary a considerable time between Zea and Thermia. It seemed as if we could not leave the spot. At length a fresh breeze sprung up, and carried us into a little bay on the harbour-abounding coast of Attica, where we lay for the night. Some claps of thunder were heard; black thunder-clouds gathered above the heights around us,

as it were, for battle above our heads, and a steady rain began to pour down. Think if this were an omen! Think if a rainy time were now to begin, and our trip become a——Bah! who can think of such a thing under the heaven of Greece, and with a Swedish travelling-genius on his voyage?

The lamp was lighted in the saloon, and Mrs. Agnes gave us from her abundant stores a delicious supper. Our captain, a comfortable, weather-beaten sea-bear, an Albanian Greek, who spoke a few words of Italian, and who had managed King Otho's yacht for five-and-twenty years, partook also of our meal, as did the *Grammatevs* (writer), and lieutentant, a handsome and well-educated young man. These gentlemen were our guests as long as we remained on board. The crew of the yacht, a helmsman and five sailors, one of them a cook, are all Albanian Greeks, and remarkably kind, nice people.

The rain pattered softly and slumberously on the deck above our heads till midnight, then all became silent.

In the morning of the 5th of July, we sailed, under a perfectly cloudless sky, in the most beautiful weather, in the direction of the Cape of Sunium, of which the beautiful row of white columns, the ruins of its ancient Temple of Minerva, shone in dazzling splendour against the dark blue sky.

The little jolly-boat of the Leon, called after the beloved of Achilles, the beautiful Briseis, took us to land. The lofty promontory of Sunium, called also Cape Colonna, shoots out directly into the sea. Its temple can be seen afar off by the mariner. The ascent thither is more steep; but the way considerably shorter than to the Temple at Ægina. The design and aspect of the temple are of a grander character. The country

round it is a perfect wilderness, overgrown with low bushes of terebinth; but it rises in a beautiful billowy manner, as if by a flight of steps, to the height of the promontory, on which stands the temple, as a breast-work high above the sea! The foaming waves break in strength at its foot, for the wind seldom slumbers at this headland. Yet it did so this morning, or yet breathed merely sufficiently to make the waves dance and us to inhale the unspeakable freshness of the sea.

The columns of Sunium are celebrated for their radiant whiteness, which is, in part, owing to the kind of marble used in the building, and partly, also, to a saline incrustation with which the sea-air has covered it. The Temple of Sunium was formerly called *Athena pronoias*. The façade of eight columns, which are all still standing, facing the sea, is beautiful and imposing in its simple loftiness. The columns are deeply fluted, and of pre-Doric order, as are the columns of all the temples of Minerva. In beauty they approach those of the Parthenon, but seem more airy and elegant. Beyond the colums of this façade, is still another group of five columns—two are broken, and the others fallen. The temple is considered to be of the time of Pericles. The view must have been wonderfully grand when crowds, festally attired, ascended this height for prayer and sacrifice in the beautiful temple. But what, indeed, was the purpose of their prayer?

"Oh, Zeus! Let there be rain over the whole soil of Athena!" was, according to Marcus Aurelius, the ideal prayer of the good citizen of Athens.

"Our Father! Let thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as in heaven!" that is to say, "Let all the children of the earth be made partakers of thy gifts of love." That is the prayer of the true Christian citizen.

Small ants were dragging up their straws amongst the

stones of the rock, little shrubs were blossoming in the crevices of its precipitous front, whilst down below a flock of lively dolphins was gambolling amongst the waves. The sun shone over the sea and the islands round about. How unchanged was the life of nature, whilst in that of history, and of the spirit, what changes had taken place! The ruins of the Temple of Athena-pronoias stood deserted, and the prayer, how different now from what it was then! To God's worshippers, in spirit and in truth, the whole world is His temple, and no being which it contains is an alien to their sympathy or their prayer.

"May I appropriate to myself that measure of light and life, which is distributed to me, in the same degree as the people of Athens appropriated theirs to themselves!" was my prayer in this rich, beautiful morning hour, and such it remained to be ever after, during my progress from temple to temple amongst the islands of Greece.

Again on board, we directed our course to Syra; because it was easy from that point to visit Delos, Naxos, Paros, and many other neighbouring islands. We kept for a long time the beautiful colonnade of the promontory of Sunium in sight, it seeming to become more and more airy, more and more spiritual, if I may so say, the farther we receded from it. It is impossible but to praise the genius of the Greeks for the choice of situations for their temples. Their divine edifice must, in every case, be the first and foremost object to strike the eye, a continual reminder of the being and presence of the gods. It is a pity, only, that these gods——but I will not now say anything about them; it would be tedious.

The whole day's sail was an uninterrupted, indescribable pleasure. The wind was favourable, and fresh and delicious at the same time; the atmosphere and

the waves as clear as crystal. I sat upon deck, inhaled new life, and was afraid almost of speaking, lest I should, in so doing, break the spell of some lovely enchantment. The islands seemed to rise out of the sea, both near and afar. The lofty nuptial-mountain, with its summit softly veiled, was in sight the whole day. I was glad once more to salute Tenos, with its church of the Evangelistria, and its white villages and convents, shining out from the hollows between the hills. But the hills seemed to me now yellow and burned up. We sailed past Andros, the twin-island of Tenos, Myconos, and many other lesser islands.

The following morning, the 6th, we lay at anchor in the excellent harbour of Syra, amongst a great concourse of steamers and vessels from all quarters of the world. The chief town of Syra, Hermopolis, extends itself, amphitheatre wise, with clusters of bright, many-coloured houses, on three naked rocky heights, the middle one of which stands like a pyramid between the two others; its summit constituting the old Catholic town, with monasteries, and churches, and memories from that period when the Ægean Sea was the favourite scene of action for pirates, and when the people of the islands could only be in security against them on the highest rocks, which they, therefore, occupied and fortified. Now peace and commerce in connection with the large and secure harbour of Syra, and the position of the rocky island, have caused its town to extend itself, and to become the home of a population exceeding five and twenty thousand souls. Hermopolis is at the present time the most important and wealthiest trading town of the Ægean Sea.

The bells were ringing. It was a festival day for some saint, and therefore the town and the harbour were quiet. The male youth were amusing themselves by

swimming and diving, by throwing themselves down from considerable heights, as well as from vessels in the harbour. They seemed to be a species of amphibious creatures. In the afternoon we received a visit from the Austrian consul, Mr. Hahn, a learned and kind gentleman, who conducted me up into the town to make me acquainted with two of its most amiable ladies and greatest beauties. One of them was the wife of the Dimarch, the lovely Polyxene Damala. She was not in when we entered her drawing-room, which, furnished in the European style, bore evidence of wealth, and even of luxury. She herself entered soon after, and like a new Venus from the sea; because she had just bathed, and, in order not to keep us waiting, hastened in, after she had thrown a white muslin veil over her head and neck, with her dark-brown hair falling loose in wavy masses. She was really beautiful, if not exactly as Venus, at least as the loveliest of the Naiads, with a round countenance, and a gracefully rounded form. She was, besides, full of vivacity, and expressed herself easily and gaily in very good French. She was born and brought up in Athens, and had, after twelve years' residence in Syra, at length become reconciled to it, although she did not praise it, neither the effect which it produced on the soul and the character, reprobating the club-life of the men, and the solitude in which it left the wives and families.

"How do you spend your evenings?" I inquired.

"I? I go to bed at eight, or half-past, in the evening," she replied, laughing. "For what have I to do? My husband is at his club, as are all the gentlemen here; my children are in bed; my house is in order; it does not amuse me to read late in the evening. I should be glad to have a little company, some friends with me for conversation, reading, or music; but it is not the custom in Syra. At the present time we have the theatre,

which brings us together in the evenings; but the troupe is here only a few weeks in the summer. Then people sleep in their shells, as they did before!"

The handsome Polyxene talked on this subject so merrily, whilst arch satire played round her lips, and laughed from her orientally beautiful eyes, that it was impossible for me to believe her an object of great compassion. As an excellent wife and mistress of a family—and she is celebrated as such—as well as being the mother of four children, and with abundance of the good things of this world, her existence seems to have much that can enrich human life. But she missed the occupations and pleasures of cultivated society both for herself and her children, and she missed the sympathy of her husband in the family circle. She was more than right in this respect, and I said so, whilst I related to her beautiful traits out of the lovely domestic life in the New World. The handsome lady invited me to her box at the theatre for the evening.

After this visit the consul conducted me to the house of another lady, not quite so handsome as Polyxene, but with the same graceful, lively manners, and the same facility in speaking French.

We then clambered up a flight of steps to his own dwelling—a difficult ascent, but which well repaid the trouble, because his little garden is full of many rare plants, and the view over the harbour, the sea, and the neighbouring islands is of Greek beauty. The naked rock of Syra has no natural beauties of any other kind. Still grander and more splendid is the view from the town at the top of the rock; but as there was still half an hour's, if not a whole hour's flight of steps to climb, and the town was said to be an abode of filth, poverty, and ignorance, I felt no temptation to go thither.

We drank tea with the consul, Mr. Hahn, and con-

versed with the learned man, who, as regards his scientific pursuits, and his researches into the Pelasgian language, and into the resemblance which exists between the mythic creations of the Greeks and Scandinavians, finds himself as solitary on the rock of the Ulyssean swineherd as a hermit in the desert.

Finally we went to the opera, a barrack of wood, where an Italian company gave "La Figlia del Reggimento." We found the beautiful Polyxene in her box in *grande toilette*, less fascinating in this style than when she had stepped out of her bath in her picturesque *negligé*, with her wet, drooping locks—but always very beautiful. The theatre was not well filled; the prima-donna sang falsely from beginning to end, and her fellow actors followed her example. The best part of the evening's entertainment were the ices with which we were regaled in the box, and which were excellent.

During my rambles through the town I saw many pretty, blooming faces, as well as a prevailing character of neatness and prosperity. Yet they complained that the trade between the east and the west—the life's blood of Syra—had decreased for the present, and that the island had now a mere half existence.

The Dimarch Damala, the husband of the beautiful Polyxene, who is said to be a good and sensible man, as well as an active citizen, gave me much interesting information regarding the condition of Syra, and of the various institutions in which it is not behind its time as a city of European civilization. It has a gymnasium, which is annually attended by about two thousand youths from various Greek and Turko-Greek provinces. It has besides several schools, an orphan house, and a hospital. A magnificent building for the purpose of warehouses is now being erected near the harbour, of the marble of Syra.

These polite gentlemen, the Dimarch and the Consul, conducted us back to our yacht.

We sailed through the night to Delos, which island we approached the following morning with a falling wind and an ascending, burning sun. We glided into a semi-circular harbour. On the shore shone out large masses of marble fragments which had been piled up in great heaps.

"Die Insel Delos ist von der Natur mit der schönsten Lage begünstigt"—so wrote I at thirteen years of age, in my first attempt at authorship in German, and to create for myself in the distance those islands of the blessed which I saw within my soul, but not in the reality around me. Yet the description was less foolish than I afterwards imagined, because the position of Delos in the centre of the Cyclades is really highly favourable for its former destination as the island of Apollo and the spiritual centre of the Ægean Sea. But as regarded the "abwechselnden Höhen und Strömen und herrlichen Waldungen," and so on, with which my childish fancy adorned the sacred island, they were not to be found. There is not a brook in Delos, nor a tree —hardly a hill. It is a small islet of low wavy hills which scarcely elevate themselves above the level of the sea. Its highest summit, Cynthus, is not above five hundred feet in height. Delos is the smallest and most inconsiderable of all the habitable islands of the Cyclades. How has the low, little island, so unpretending by nature, been able to attain the high rank which it anciently possessed among its sister islands, the Cyclades? How has it been able to exalt itself to the sacred island of the Greek Archipelago. Let us listen to what the saga relates on this subject.

In the primeval ages of time the islands of the Ægean Sea were born amidst the violent conflict of the

Titanic powers. The sea cast forth fire and flames. Then came forth the islands after a long rainy night—but again they sank below the waves. When the sun again rose the islands again rose out of the deep. Last of all amongst them came Delos, and tremblingly floated around them, having no fastenings in the deep.

This was at the time when Latona, the beloved of Jupiter, fled before the wrath of Juno, and sought for herself an asylum where she could give birth to the child of Jupiter. The Olympian wife of Jupiter forbade, by the dread of punishment at her hand, all firm land in the world to give shelter to Latona. She came to the islands of the Ægean Sea, and besought for a place of refuge. All refused her from dread of the wrath of Juno. Delos alone, the trembling, unrooted island, afforded her that which she required. The vengeance of Juno could not fall upon this island, because it was not yet firm land. In nine days, relates the myth preserved in a Homeric hymn, Latona, embracing a palm-tree, gave birth to Apollo. Jupiter's daughters arrived there from Olympus, bathed the newborn babe and nourished him with nectar and ambrosia. Thus he grew up at Delos for the ennobling of the earthly life, to become the interpreter of Jupiter, the god of light and culture on the earth. Latona had promised to Delos, in gratitude for the home which it afforded her, that a temple should be built there, that thither crowds of worshippers should congregate. Pillars which soon sprung up from the depth of the sea afforded to the island a firm and stable foundation, and upon its shore arose the Hellenes' magnificent temple of Apollo. Here history began, which further relates how Athens, on the ground of the Saga, established at Delos the principal oracle of Apollo during the summer months,

and ordained that every fifth year should there be celebrated those beautiful festivals which were called Theoria. Nor, consequently, was it long before the Hellenes thronged thither from far and near to these festivals, which were celebrated with solemn processions, songs, and dances. Thus the little, lowly Delos became the Cinderella amongst the Cyclades, upon which the lofty twin sisters, Naxos and Paros, seemed to look down with scorn, the home of the Sun-god, the holy island of the Greeks, and for a long period the treasure-chamber of Attica. No mortal was born there, nor was either death or interment allowed to take place there. Rhenea, an island close by Delos, was the burial-ground of its inhabitants, and the place also to which mothers were removed as the time for the birth of their children approached. The Isle of Apollo became very exclusive.

We devoted the whole morning and forenoon to rambling on the island. It was an interesting but a sorrowful excursion over the ruins and debris of its former magnificence. You can scarcely take a step without treading on pieces of broken clay vessels, often bearing upon them the traces of fine painting, or on fragments of marble. In three or four places several broken fluted columns are still standing, with their beautiful pedestals and their ornamental capitals lying on the ground. These remains are partly of blue-grey and partly of white marble.

By the side of a little lake of stagnant water, the circular carefully constructed stone enclosure of which is still in good preservation, was comfortably walking a great sow with a whole family of little pigs. Probably, we and these creatures standing here by the sacred lake of Delos, were the only living things in the place, and the little pigs, as well as their mother, were perhaps

descendants of those holy little pigs, the blood of which had the remarkable quality of washing away sin, and of making even the greatest criminal pure, as, for instance, Orestes, who was cleansed from the blood of his mother by washing his hands in the blood of little pigs—a Greek dogma of religion in which it is difficult to find any deep thought.

Two or three large temples, one of blue-grey marble, seem to have stood here. Their remains, amongst which are hundreds of prostrate columns, are lying in huge heaps. It is a magnificent chaos of ruins. Many fragments exhibit traces of skilful work. But everything that was valuable or beautiful was carried away at the commencement of this century to Constantinople, to Venice, to Rome, and elsewhere. Some pillars from Delos are said to ornament the Church of the Evangelistria at Tenos.

We discovered, lying in a sand-pit, two immense pieces of marble, representing, in fact, the breast and hips of of the colossal statue of Apollo which anciently stood on the shore of the island; of the bronze palm-tree which, together with this statue, stood here in memory of Latona's protecting palm, we, of course, saw not a trace. The statue and temple of Apollo were overthrown in a manner which betrays savage fury, but their debris still dazzled the eye from the radiant whiteness of the marble.

I have heard and read that they were principally the Greek Christians who destroyed the beautiful works of art of their Pagan forefathers, which had been executed with love and religious patience, to the joy and edification of millions of human beings. But this have they done, not as Christians, but as poor, blind barbarians, who knew not what they did, who knew not that in so doing they served the powers of darkness and of evil.

Because even though the worship of Apollo, that of intelligence, must, of Divine right, one day give place to a worship of higher significance, and though the Grecianly beautiful but cold image of Apollo must fall before a Divine form endowed with a living heart which throbs for human weal and for humanity—what then?—should his temple, his dwelling, be therefore destroyed? Had not the god of intelligence and human cultivation opened in his own way the path for this higher revelation? Had not he illumined and guided and vitalized millions of souls and led them some steps forward on the path out of the ancient darkness? Oh, the blindness and ignorance of man!

Delos is now a desolate island, and a perfect wilderness. Saving some goats, and a few little goat-herds, we did not see a living creature—with the exception of the family by the little mere. The ground is covered with low bushes of terebinth, the fresh verdure of which delights the eye. Mr. Michaelis ascended the highest point of the island, Mount Cynthus, from which he had a view of the large and small Cyclades surrounding, in a circle, the formerly holy island. He found, on the top, the remains of a temple. The heat of the sun, the stones and the marble fragments which covered the hill-sides, deterred me from accompanying him. On the road thither you see the marble supports of a doorway which appears at one time to have led into the mountain.

The heat becoming upon this shadowless island oppressive to us, we were glad to return to our yacht, where we could find both shade and dinner. Towards evening, we were rowed in our boat to Rhenea, the island of Sepulture, divided only from Delos by narrow straits.

Here we immediately came into an entire city of graves, or what was at one time a city of graves and

monuments—a city of the dead. But here had fanaticism or vandalism, and lust of plunder, ravaged still more thoroughly than at Delos. For not only were the marble monuments overturned and broken to pieces, but the graves themselves were dug up, and the tombs plundered. The treasure-seekers had left only a few walls remaining. Such of the sculptured work of the monuments as could be carried away, had been so removed. Nevertheless, I saw some remarkably beautiful, low marble altars, resembling capitals of columns, ornamented with chaplets of fruits and flowers in high relief. On ascending the shore of Rhenea, I saw a grave-stone lying at my feet, representing one of those beautiful parting scenes which you often find on Greek and Roman monuments. One figure merely was remaining upon this, which was that of a man. He it is who is taking leave, and stands with his hands extended, probably to his wife. Although injured, the figure has yet a noble bearing, and this monumental piece was removed, together with some other fragments, to the yacht.

The side only of Rhenea which faces Delos, seems to have been populated with graves. The remainder of the island is a desolate field, like Delos, and, although more extensive, has no memorials, excepting some remains of a white marble temple on its highest ground.

It was not till after sunset that we left the devastated city of graves to go on board. As I approached the shore, the little vessel was lying so beautifully upon the mirror-like bay, the evening was so lovely, the sea and the sky shone so brightly in the crimson light of evening, that, spite of the mournful impression produced by the ruined temples and graves of the islands, I was captivated by the charm of the moment, and felt merely the joy of living and travelling as I was now doing. Apollo, the Grecian temples and monuments, have had their time

and their day. Why, then, should I grieve because it is past? "There is a time for everything," says the wise Solomon.

Again we had the most beautiful nocturnal sail to Naxos.

In the red light of morning we approached Naxos, which, with its lofty peaks, Monte Coronon and Monte Zeus, its large white-marble gate of the ancient temple of Dionysius, raised itself aloft before us out of the waves, the most elevated, the largest, and most beautiful of all the islands of the Greek Archipelago. Directly opposite Naxos, and separated from it merely by a broad strait, lies Paros, with its lofty, softly-waving marble ridge. We cast anchor in the roadstead of the town of Naxia, for Naxos has no harbour, which we soon discovered in an unpleasant manner, when a strong north wind, here called meltemm, began to blow, and caused the vessel to roll violently. We therefore betook ourselves to land, though not without difficulty, for pier and landing-place there are none —and went up into the town to present our letters of introduction.

The town of Naxia reminds me somewhat of Jaffa; but has no palm-trees, and looks prosaic and dull with its clusters of unadorned white-washed houses. Naxia lies upon a rock, yet not peaked, like that of Syra; and we clambered, in the first place, up to the house of the Catholic Bishop, Monseigneur Cuculla, whom we found to be a dignified-looking, kind old prelate. We next proceeded to the house of the Greek bishop, a handsome, polite gentleman, of middle age; then to the Dimarch of the island; its principal physician also, Mr. Damiralos, a man of European culture, and in whose excellent house, where all is in the European style, we have now been located these three days, because the storm, which continues unabated, prevents us from pursuing our

little voyage. And we thank our good stars that this first adverse occurrence in our course has happened just now when we are in so good and hospitable a home.

Here we have been visited by the bishops and the dignitaries of the island, which would be pleasant enough if it were not also a little difficult, for such of us as neither understand nor speak Modern Greek.

The Archbishop, Monseigneur Cuculla, sent us immediately on our arrival, the present of a lamb, and a dish of incomparably fine, sweet apricots and peaches. The next day he himself came, accompanied by four gentlemen, clerks or writers, and paid us a visit. Soon after him came the Greek bishop also, with his attendants, though fewer in number. The great gentlemen were received by Dr. Damiralos, in the oriental Greek fashion. Coffee was served in little cups, together with glyko and cold water. After this long filled tschibouks were handed round, and then lighted by a female servant with a red-hot cinder, which she held with fire-tongs. This done, people smoked and conversed; that is to say, if they could do so. The Greek bishop asked me how old I was, and when I replied fifty-eight, he discovered that he himself was precisely the same age. He mentioned the Valley of Melanés, at an hour's distance from Naxia, as being remarkably beautiful, and where we should be able to settle down, in case we wished to remain any time in Naxos, which he earnestly recommended us to do.

The next day we set off on asses to Melanés. This ride in the violent heat of the sun, and with a strong wind, was not at all agreeable; but some beautiful valleys and groups of palm-trees enlivened the excursion, whilst the Valley of Melanés, with its beautiful olive woods on the slopes of the hills, its gardens full of oranges, fig, and other fruit trees, its pretty villages in the bosom of

green woods, its affluence of running waters, its plane trees, and its oleanders, appeared to us paradisaically delightful. It would have been impossible to desire a more lovely summer residence. It is a pity only that you are there nearly two hours' distance from the sea, and have no view of it.

The largest and most beautiful gardens and olive plantations belong to the order of the Jesuits, which has a monastery in Naxia, and would have one in Melanés, but contents itself with having merely a master gardener there, as well as a brother, who is the steward of the property. Another beautiful estate, with a house in the Venetian style, and garden, belongs to a family named Somariva, but who are not now residing there.

On our arrival at Naxos, the old Kyrios Somariva called on us, and offered us his villa for the time we wished to reside on the island. I thanked him sincerely, and begged that in case we did so, he would allow us to rent the villa. But he would not hear of any such thing, which seemed quite to offend him. He desired me to regard the Villa Somariva as my own.

"By doing so, I merely do my duty, when you have the goodness to pay a visit to our island," he said.

This, indeed, resembles the legendary hospitality of the golden age.

Kyrios Somariva speaks French well, and is descended from the old French nobles, who, during the Middle Ages, possessed the greater part of Naxos, and whose arms may be seen chiselled over many gates and houses in the town. There are now living here merely somewhat above thirty descendants of these families; but they no longer possess either wealth or power. I am, in the meantime, glad to have found a home for the summer at Naxos, in case we do not fall in love with Santorin, its air, its bathing, its grapes, its *vino santo*,

and its unusual beauty, and so remain there. This is the question. And in order to solve it we must first see Santorin, and therefore I long to be off. I fear also imposing too much on the hospitality of the family where we now are, although Dr. Damiralos is quite too amiable and too well-bred a man to allow us to suspect anything of the kind, and his handsome young wife—who is now nursing her second son, the merriest and most magnificent of babies—is such a good and kind hostess, as to leave us nothing to wish for. We are regaled every day with the Greek soup, a savoury meat soup, rendered acid by lemon juice, thickened with rice, which I find particularly excellent, and with the most delicious mutton, and many other good Greek dishes, cakes, fruit, cheese, olives, aparanthus, or Bacchus wine, with the flavour of nectar, and the colour of liquid gold. Everything in the house besides is comfortable and excellent. But—I long for the sea again.

Just at this moment the wings of the storm seem to be wearied. Out at sea the waves seem less whitely foaming. This is the morning of the fourth day since we came to Naxos.

Our captain has now come with the news that we may go on board. Hurrah!

At sea, July 13th.—We are approaching Santorin. Its immense crater opening like a lofty, broken stone-ring, shows us a perpendicular, semi-circular, ascending wall, with its many-coloured strata or layers of earth, yellow, red, white, grey, violet, and many other colours; an extremely singular appearance! On the extreme uppermost edge of the crater shine out white towns. Outside of the ring it is beautifully green, sloping softly down towards the sea. It is towards this many-coloured volcanic embrace that we are advancing, as if in solemn

procession; for the calm permits our little vessel only slowly to proceed onward, whilst profoundly bowing between the swelling waves, which still heave after the storm. In the meantime, I write sitting on deck, and have a good opportunity of contemplating the volcanic island, through a wide opening in the natural wall around its immense basin.

There was a time—I know not how long since—when this island, then a loftly green hill, was called, from the beauty of its form and its fertility, Calliste, or the Beautiful. Then came a day when suddenly the top of the hill sank in, and smoke and flames burst forth from its place. When these subsided the centre of the island was found to be transformed into a basin, with sides from nine hundred to one thousand feet high, such as they are now seen standing at this day. From that period Calliste was called Thera, or the monster; and so it remained, until it was placed under the protection of the Empress Saint Irene, and from her received the name of Santorin. This was when it was discovered that the earth prepared by subterranean fires produced richer vintages and a better wine than it had hitherto done. And although, time after time, new irruptions in the interior of the island showed the danger there was of residing there, yet has it ever since been inhabited and cultivated by industrious people, avaricious of gain, so that it now constitutes one of the wealthiest and most populous islands of the Lesser Cyclades.

The wind is falling still more and more, the sails collapse; it seems doubtful whether we shall be able to-day to enter the bosom of the crater. I will, in the meantime, briefly give an account of our sail from Naxos. But to describe how glorious it was this morning and forenoon, as we *flew* southward over the glittering waves, our sails filled with the parting breath of the meltemm,

or north wind, is impossible. I sat on deck, as I had done on more than one occasion before during this voyage, silent, too happy to talk, and almost fearing to interrupt, even by a word, the music of the splashing waves, and of the caressing winds, and gave myself wholly up to the enjoyment of the fairy-land-like beautiful life of the time. Everyone else on board was silent also as myself; everyone seemed to be celebrating a holiday of life—even the lively, little, restless Pistie, the captain's dog, and the favourite of us all. By degrees the breezes became fainter, finally so faint that they no longer filled the sail. The sunset was indescribably beautiful behind the island of Siphnos, the rocks of which rose from the sea with their sharp outlines as of altars and pyramids; whilst the harmonious purity of the pale blue sea, and the sky with its ever-varying colouring of soft red and violet, as it approached the horizon, produced an incomparable effect. For half the night we lay rocking outside Ios; nor was it till towards morning that we succeeded in running into its harbour. The entrance is narrow; but the harbour itself is excellent, and enclosed by lofty verdant shores, almost like a lake. On the right of the entrance stands on its rocky terrace a handsome, newly-erected church, in the Byzantine style, dazzlingly white, dedicated to Saint Irene. Some of the hills, which ascend as an amphitheatre around the almost circular harbour, exhibit terrace-cultivation. On the loftiest of them lies, ascending pyramidally, the little town of Ios, with its white houses and churches, and highest above all an Elias Chapel. Down towards the shore shines out green a little plain, on which flocks of sheep and goats, together with some cows, asses, and horses, seek for pasturage and the coolness of the sea-breeze.

Here we remained the whole day; read, ate, and con-

versed, paying also a visit to the sacred soil which is said to contain the grave of Homer. Of this grave, and of the person of Homer, the learned have said, written, and contended so much, that I consider it is as most advisable for me to say nothing. That a person by the name of Homer, aged and infirm of health, really came hither on his way to Athens, that he was detained here by contrary winds, as well as that, being so detained, he died, and was buried here, are believed to be historically ascertained facts; but whether this Homer really was the "divine singer" or "arranger" of the Homeric songs is considered, on the contrary, to admit of doubt, although it is attested by the inscription on the grave-stone, which our young archæologist sought for and found.

We clambered up to the little town by a steep but well-paved road. It was that day the festival of the twelve apostles, and, as usual in Greek towns on such occasions, the women and children were sitting under their arched doorways, or outside their houses, unoccupied, gazing on the passers-by. They were well-dressed —many of them handsome, some decked out in the Arab style, with gold and silver coins, rings, necklaces, and bracelets. Both their dwellings and the people themselves exhibited signs of affluence. Here and there you came upon a house with a verandah, overshadowed with vine-leaves and grapes; in the windows stood flower-pots, with carnations and basilika. We passed several coffee-houses. Here the men had their places of rendezvous, and, though it was yet the forenoon, were playing at cards and billiards. The children followed us like a swarm of flies, and were merely kept from quite too close proximity by the violent threats of our guide. We counted from an upper terrace no less than twenty-five older and newer churches, and this in

a little town of a few hundred houses. But the worship of the Panhagia scarcely makes the people either wiser or more pious.

Ios, also called Nio, resembles Tenos in its formation and cultivation; but it is less extensive, and more fertile. The population, which is said to be on the increase, does not amount to more than about three thousand souls. They principally maintain themselves by agriculture and the keeping of cattle. You see here and there amongst the rocks groups of olive and fig-trees.

In the evening we went out upon the rocky promontory, which shoots into the sea, and upon which the white marble everywhere crops out from amongst a variety of different kinds of stone, of which a portion seems to be of volcanic origin. And again we were delighted by a golden sunset, and by the monumental forms which some of the rocks of the island assume, as they stand out, with their sharply-defined outlines, from the pale blue sea, calm as the face of a mirror.

During the night, the sea began to move, and in the early dawn a little fresh breeze arose, and carried us out; but then, dying away, left us again slowly rocking outside Santorin, with little prospect of arriving before noon.

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Phera in Santorin, July 15th.—Imagine to yourself a crater, larger than any crater which you have hitherto formed any idea of, and this with perpendicular walls, nine hundred feet high, surrounding a basin of the sea, which pours in through two openings in the wall of the crater—one northward and the other westward. Imagine to yourself, on the edge of this immense giant-caldron, many miles in circumference, three or four white towns and villages shining out, the houses of which are clustered close together, as if they were afraid of losing their

balance and tumbling down into the sea. Imagine that you are sitting up aloft on the edge of this crater, and that you see, down in the middle of the basin a mass of black lava rock, a little island in the centre of the island —which stripling volcano has had explosions on its own account, and has thereby formed a crater for itself. Imagine that you see vessels moored to this black rock-island, and neat white houses on its shore. Imagine yourself now on the other side of the crater, towards the sea, looking out, or down, over green slopes planted with vines, out of which peep forth here and there a church and some low dwellings, half concealed in the ground, but not a single tree. Imagine the sea lying all round these green slopes, as far as you can see, with scattered islands near and afar off—Anaphi, Amorgos, Polycandros, Siphnos, Ios, Naxos, and many more, with Crete in the remote distance, which, however, you cannot see excepting from Mount Elias, with its bare summit and white convent, elevating itself two thousand feet on the west of the island, and which constitutes its only sand-stone mountain. Imagine to yourself, above all this, a sky without a cloud; serene and bright as the sea which it embraces — then, when this has been imagined, you will behold precisely that which lies before my eyes, as I sit in the handsome house of the Dimarch Delenda, in the town of Phera, on the edge of the crater of Santorin. Then you will have some idea of Santorin.

How strange and dismal it seems, as you sail into the many-coloured striped crater, in which you feel yourself as little as a fly in the wide-open jaws of a sleeping wild beast. How uncomfortable to be moored fast to its threatening walls, and how unsafe to clamber up them, even upon the Dimarch's good and sure-footed horses, by the zig-zag road, which has been carried with great difficulty

along the rocky wall, but where a number of huge stones, which have fallen down from the overhanging rocks, give you a friendly hint of the fate which has befallen many a wanderer on the road, and which any moment may be yours—it is not easy to describe.

But when we have happily accomplished the undertaking, half an hour's ride on horseback, and have arrived at the house of the Dimarch—how politely we are there received by him and his pretty young wife, as well as by several persons who come to welcome us — how we are complimented, and how we compliment in return —how one politeness is succeeded by another—how there is no end of it, and apparently no bounds to it — how we are regaled with Bacchus-wine and night-wine, and many other wines of Santorin — how fresh the air is up here — in what good health they all are at Kyrios Delenda's — and how, whilst I availed myself of his hospitable invitation to remain over the night at his house, I enjoyed the sunset of yesterday, and the sunrise of this morning over the sea — all this is neither to be described by me, nor can you imagine it to yourself.

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